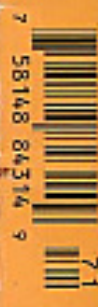


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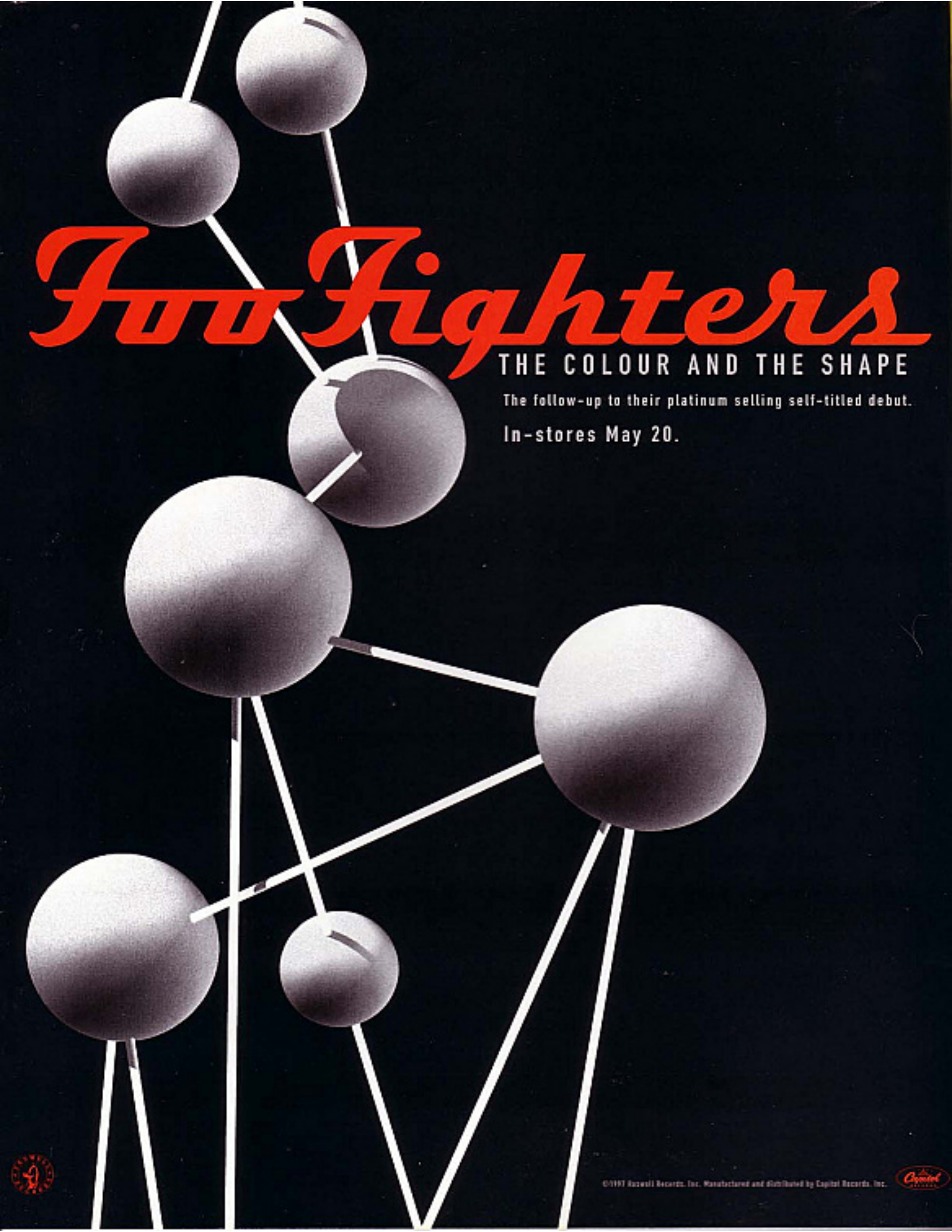


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GRAND ROYAL MAGAZINE ISSUE 1

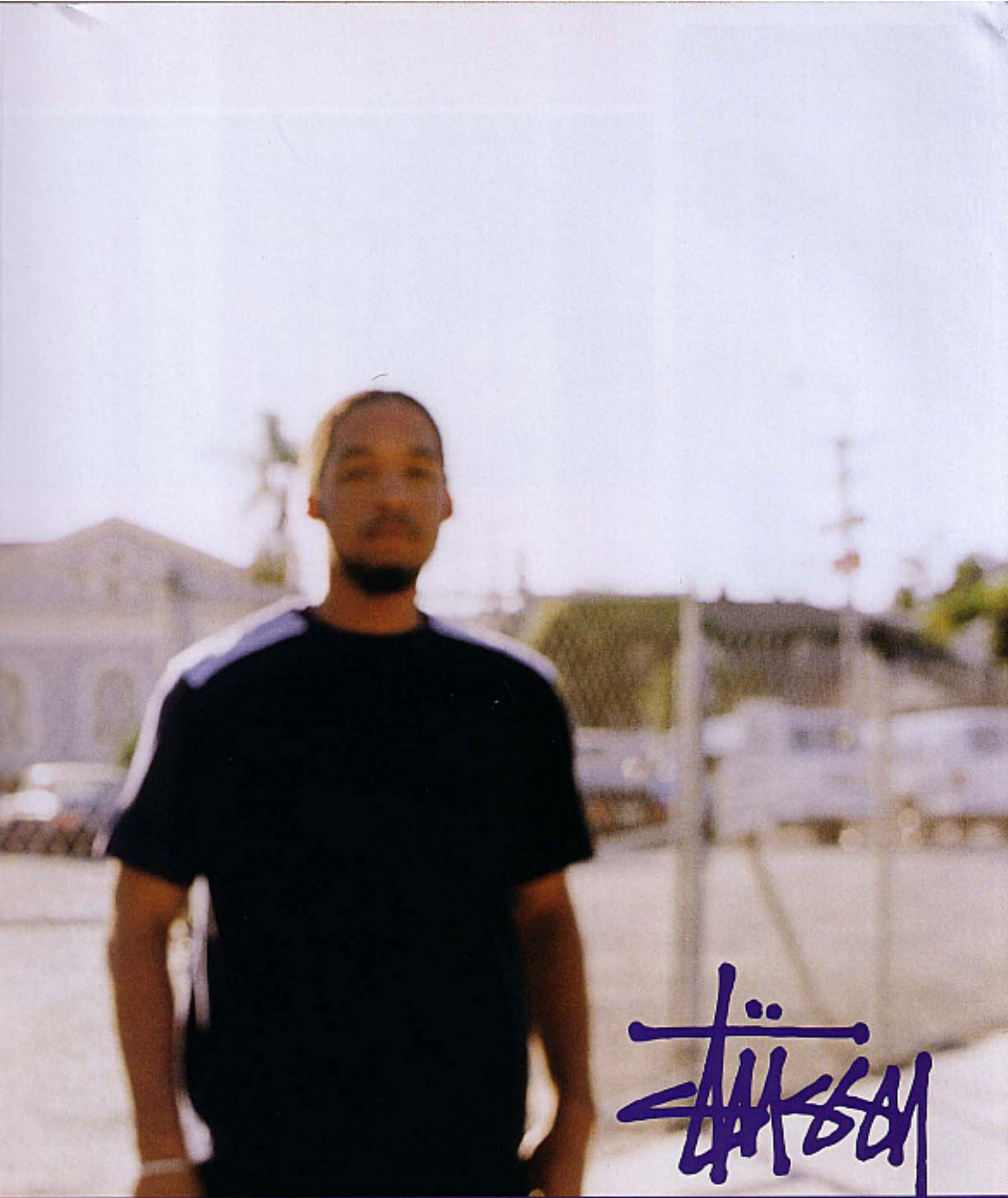


work hard play hard 43 pages long LEISURE SPECTACULAR!

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GRAND ROYAL MAGAZINE ISSUE 4



Partridge in tribute, see last page.

PHOTO: Spike Jones

editorial

It's beyond a fact that *Grand Royal* goes to press with all the difficulty and amplified drama of bathing two fully clawed, adult cats in the same tub at the same time. The magazine wouldn't be the same without this ordeal—living through weeks of deadline is a rite of passage that influences all subsequent moves. This issue, GR4, has of course fallen into place amongst the now expected overwhelming sensations of confusion, mayhem, anarchy, etc... followed by relaxation, followed by more confusion, followed by insecurity, followed finally by resolution: A finished magazine. So welcome

Random is in the house. The theme this time around is leisure, something that many of us don't take seriously enough (except in LA and DC) and something that in many ways is a very individual expression of personal freedom. From the wonderful world of the Wu, to eating soba and ramen, to model building, turntable scratching, mutant low rider bikes, pinball, and Mexican wrestling, we tried to provide but a small sampling of leisure possibilities. Also included, dope insights on Kojak, Kid Rock, Mike Watt's Knee operation, and more about Vincent Gallo and Neil Hamburger than anyone should want to know. Of course, we didn't forget your free bonus gift: The fold out visual turntable history poster. Perhaps our finest giveaway yet!

Also staying true to *Grand Royal* form is the tumultuous changing of the guard in another two-issue increment. Mark Lewman has departed us for the greener pastures of family raising, and regular hours.

So take the phone off the hook, grab some crunchy snacks (we like the oriental rice crackers), drop down in a comfy chair, and chill.

—The Corporation

kicking the facts

An Apology to Mr. Lee "Scratch" Perry:

Mr. Perry, it has been called to our attention that a number of errors appeared in Issue 2 of *Grand Royal* in an article devoted to your life and work. We would like to make clear to both you and our readers that we are aware some deceitful lies were included in the story, through the fault of our former editor Bob Mack.

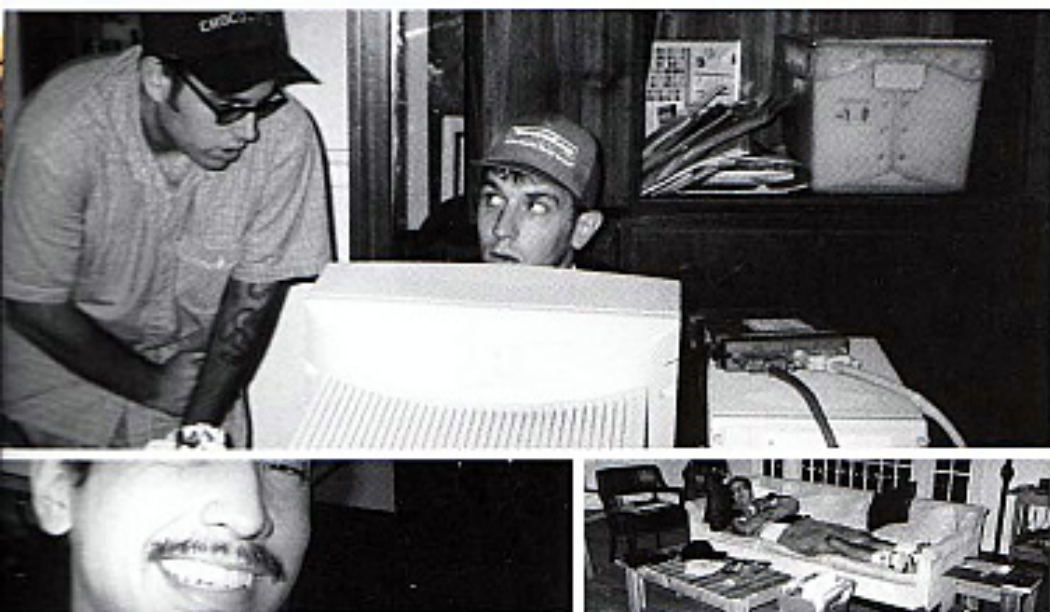
We hereby state that, according to you, Pauline Morrison was never your wife, as Bob Mack erroneously stated, nor did she ever engineer anything at your Black Ark studio.

Although Mr. Mack was warned by David Katz not to print these statements in *Grand Royal* because they were obviously untrue, Mack later said he decided to print them anyway. "to cause some controversy." Please note that Bob Mack has been relieved of his position at *Grand Royal*. *Grand Royal* regrets any inconvenience or anger the errors in *Grand Royal* 2 may have caused you.

also:

The star of Sara Jacobson's *I Was A Teenage Serial Killer* is Kristin Calabrese, not "Gina," as stated in GR2.

MASTHEAD



Henning Castle Magazine issue 2. Low and Peter R looking out crucial types, the groovy slash Geoff from during production, the notorious L.E.W.

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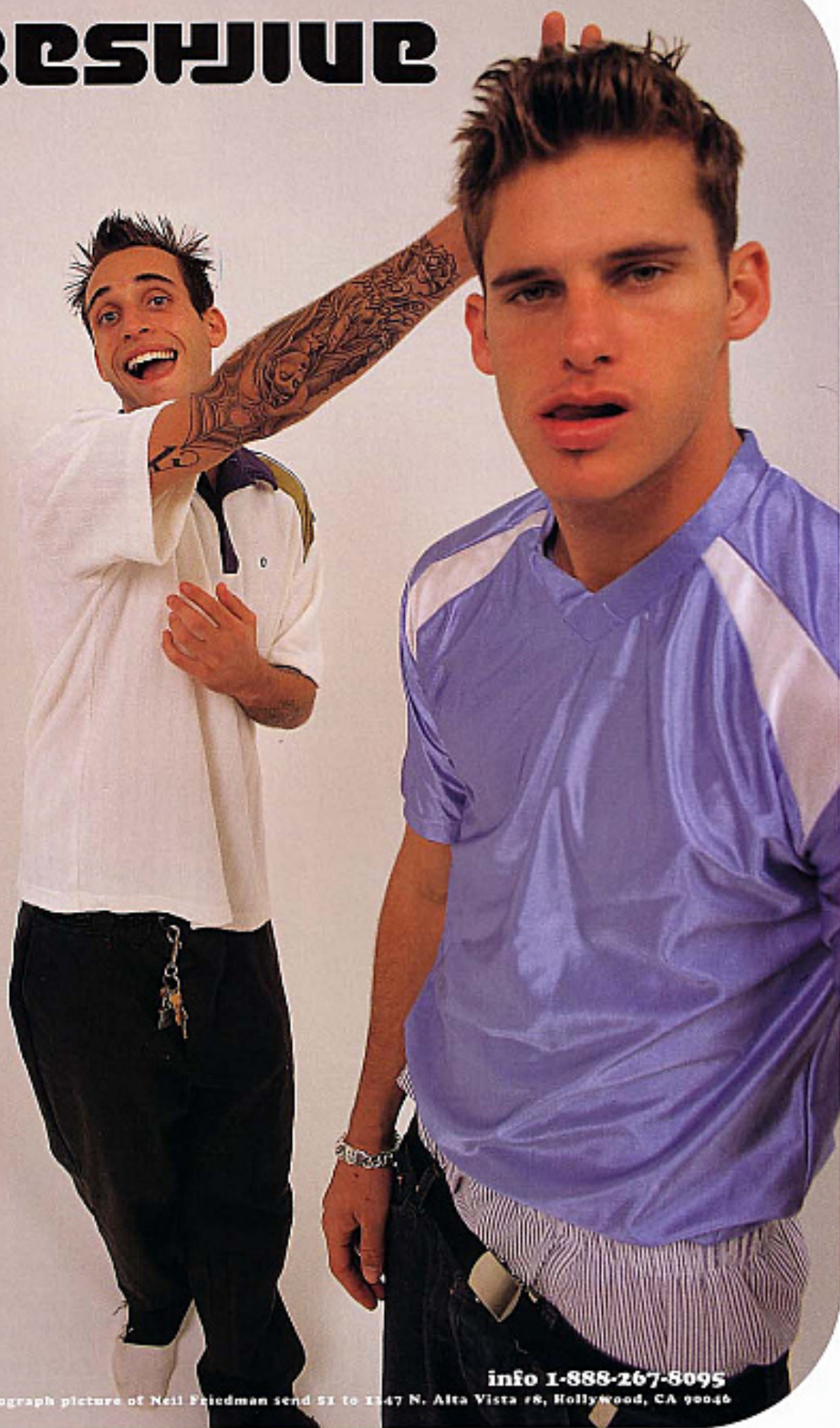
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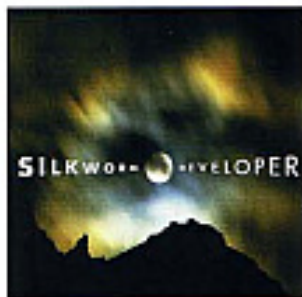
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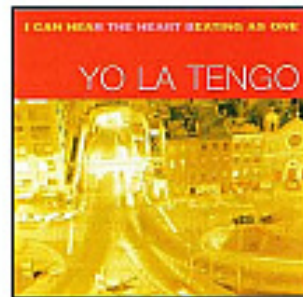
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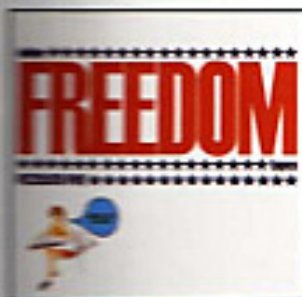
GUITAR WOLF -
Missile Me
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SILKWORM -
Developer
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YO LA TENGO -
I Can Hear The Heart Beating As One
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FREEDOM FIVE -
Freedom
LP \$8 CD \$12 CS \$7



PIZZICATO FIVE -
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10" EP \$7 CD EP \$7



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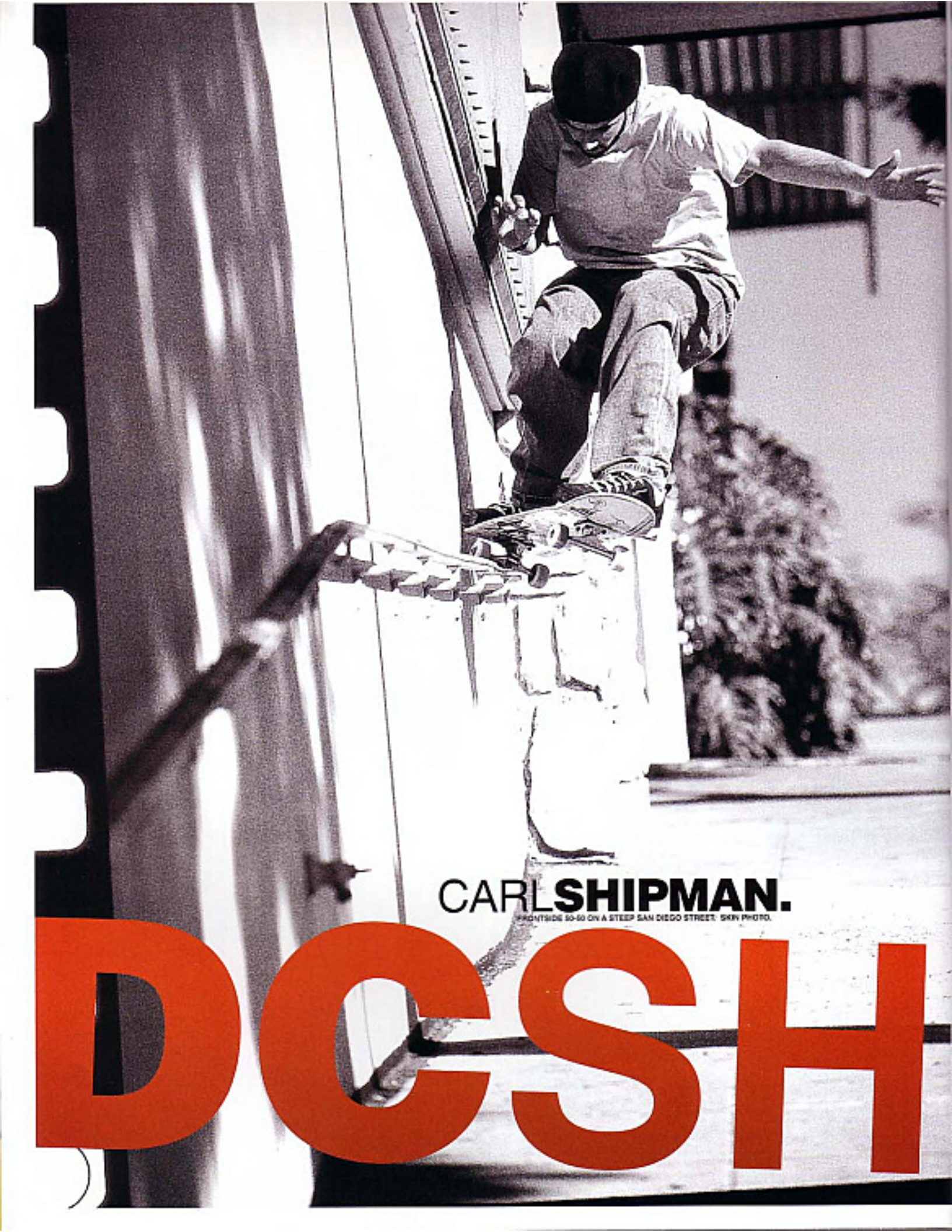


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* Study based on a total of six interviews.

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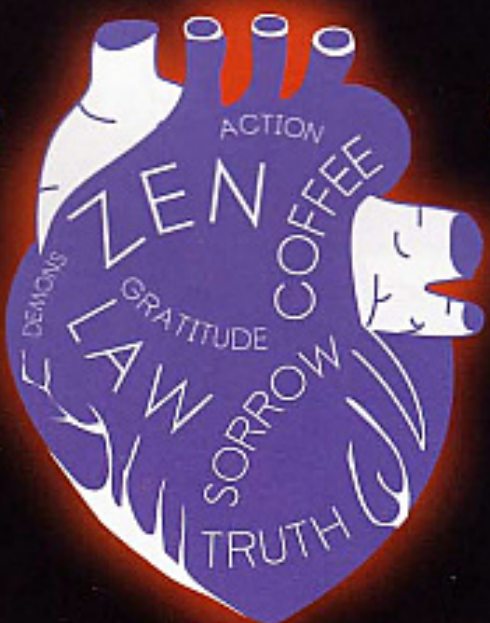
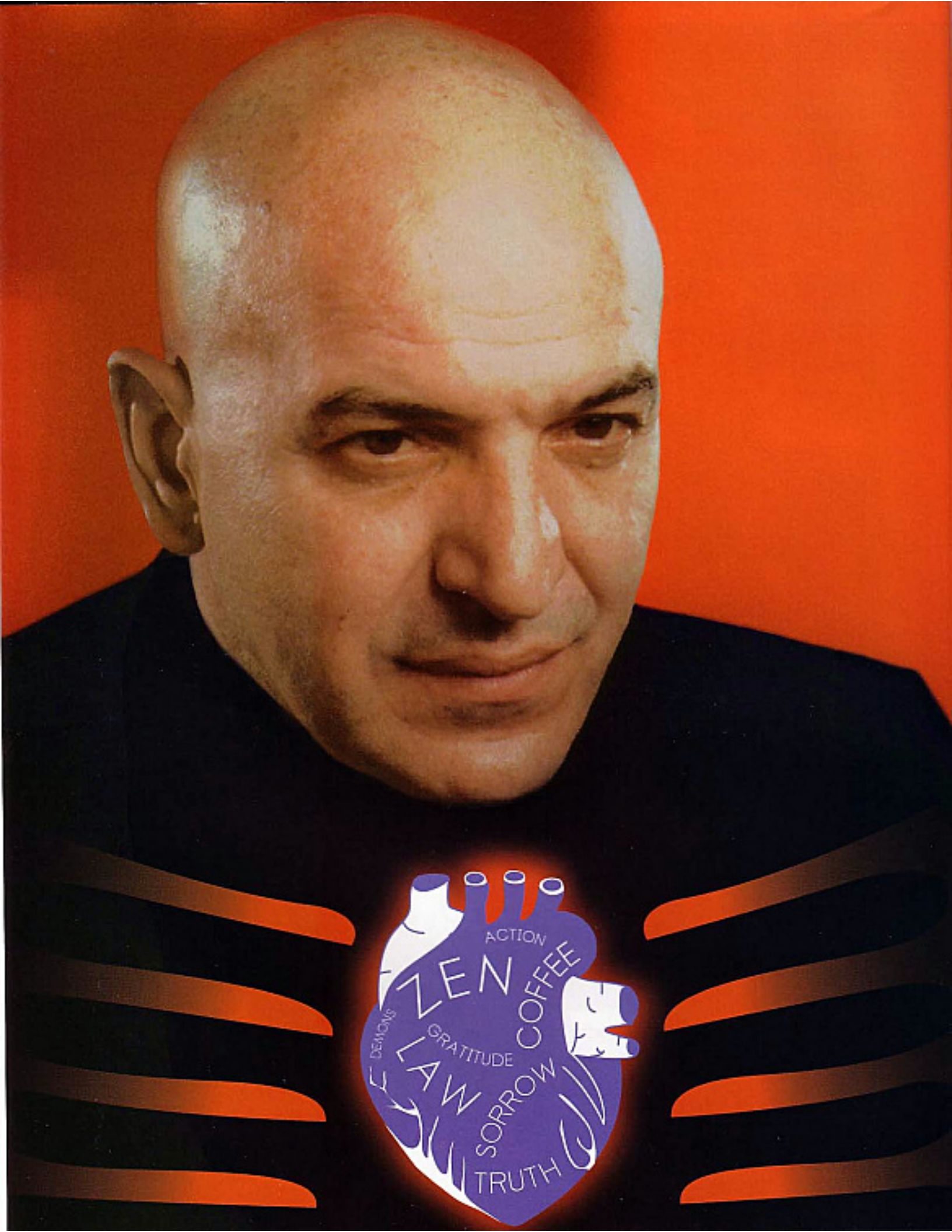
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KOJAK

WARRIOR WITH A BROKEN HEART

BY HUGH GALLAGHER

To understand Theo Kojak, you must understand what he witnessed in the trial and arraignment of one Louis Humes, a poor black kid from Harlem. It was Humes who took the fall for a rape he didn't commit. Humes who waited in jail for two years after the Brooklyn police kicked a confession out of him, and finally, Humes who was sent up the river on a mess of faulty evidence and coerced confessions. Two young, white, middle class girls had been stabbed and raped in Manhattan. The innocent young Humes was in the wrong place at the wrong time, too many fat cats had reputations at stake. The system needed a fall guy, and Humes took the hit.

It was Kojak, a man with a self-proclaimed "affliction for the truth," who took on the whole Brooklyn precinct to uncover the real story. He found the true killer and rapist: a no-good, white junkie cat burglar. Theo made sure Louis Humes didn't go away for murder, but even the bold bald warrior couldn't upset the trumped-up rape charges. And so, with a heavy heart, he watched the trial and conviction of an innocent man through the halls of justice.

"It was as though we were all sleepwalkers, watching a terrible pageant that nobody cared about anymore," Kojak intoned on that dismal day. This trial was the final blow by the hammer of fate, breaking against the anvil of tragedy.

"I've never been naive about human beings," Kojak had always maintained. But it was in the case of the Marcus/Nelson murders that the lieutenant fully inherited the sadness of the earth, and became a warrior with a broken heart. Some who have been broken dissolve into darkness. Others, like Kojak, return wiser and stronger. Embracing the system, with all its faults, Kojak became a warrior of the people, a street level hero, serving truth in the everyday toll of existence. Kojak hates the desk and everything that goes with it: the paper work, the lick spittle, the red tape all over the place. He's a Greek who needs to feel the beat of concrete under his feet, the gleam of a hot sun on his bald dome. As a Greek, he is no stranger to warfare and suffering. From ancient times, his clan was of mythos and pathos, peopled by heroes and warriors, bards and seers. Their tales are the foundation of modern drama, so it is no wonder that Theo has found himself enmeshed in the pantheon of the urban theater.

Truth can always be found, if only one can look with eyes as pure and unclouded as those of a bald, newborn babe. When the other dicks show up at the

scene of the crime, they bring their biases, their egos, their hopes, their hates. Kojak, however, shows up free from earthly ambitions, without even a single hair of vanity to mar his smooth head. His gleaming clean bald plate is a symbol of how free from worldly attachment the detective is. Promotions, citations, awards...these are not in store for Kojak. He knows himself, he knows he can't stomach the brass and the games they play. His element is the street. In his element, he is master. In his mastery, he is zen.

He careens through congested Manhattan traffic in his brown Century, a simple chariot of truth. Responding to a 411, Kojak weaves with speeding ease through the scum of mere mortals cluttering the roads before him. They are citizens, driving their ambitions, rushing helplessly between their earthly desires. But Kojak, although driving the same streets, is on a road all his own. And his parking space is wherever the Truth needs to be revealed. Screaming up on the curb, blocking out a fire hydrant, double parking in an Ambassador's lane, Kojak answers to a higher traffic law.

He is at once transcendent, yet as a cop, engaged completely in the material world. Police work is his life: the corner office of the Ninth precinct is his rightful domain. The door is falling off the hinge, the file cabinets are ten years outdated, but the coffee machine works and there's a phone on his desk. With a phone, a good coffee machine and a gun, Kojak knows you can solve most crimes. And it helps that he has his crew.

First, there is Frank, the captain. Although he is Theo's superior, it seems that he works for the Lieutenant. It is Frank's world-weary diplomacy which stands as a buffer between Kojak and the brass. The bald one has no bones for diplomacy, and pleasantries have no place in his world of action. Both he and Frank know the system is a farce, but it is the Irishman who can stomach the hypocrisies better than the Greek.

"CROCKER!"

Kojak's bark of command rings through the ninth precinct, as he unwraps another lollipop, ironic signifier of sweet, lost innocence.

Bobby comes through the door.

"Yes, Lieutenant?"

Crocker is the young one, a lover of danger, a kid still green and fresh to the thrills of the fight; in the raid, he'll be kicking down the door, double barreled shotgun in hand. He is a young warrior who has yet to have his heart broken.

"STAVROS!"

Stavros appears. He is a pudgy man, a plant lover, whose potted greens dot the ninth precinct office. However, his

gentle slowness is deceptive, and woe to the criminal who scoffs at his lumpy presence. Stavros is a student of Kojak, and thus, in a realm of considerable power. Vital in the Greek's crew, Stavros is content to follow orders from the lieutenant: fetching coffee, making phone calls, pulling all-night surveillance, all the while following, watching, learning from the master.

But the master, too, has his demons. A true warrior is not the one who has slain his demons, but one who faced them, reigned over them and lives with them held at bay. Kojak is forever in the struggle to keep his demons in check, and they are paradoxically the source of his great strength. They are the demons that demand the Truth, at all costs. Truth is essence, needs no defenders, only servants to its brilliance. Kojak, though a master, is a servant of the Truth. At times, though, he is an impudent servant. When the truth is so glaring, so bright, shining off his bald head and blinding anyone who dare cast an eye to see, the Greek can explode. He can rush the truth with threats, with cajoling, and with other tactics which are out of warrior bounds. Sometimes, he nearly caves into his demons, and demands from the weak a truth that only the strong can survive. But there is always Frank, Stavros or Crocker to pull him back from the brink.

These men are in the presence of a timeless crime fighter, and they know that one day he will pass on the sword to them. But before any man may follow Kojak's lead, his heart must be broken by this world. Chogyam Trungpa, Buddhist master, speaks eloquently of "the genuine heart of sadness" in his slim, enlightening volume *The Sacred Path of the Warrior*. It is this genuine heart that beats in Kojak's chest.

In order for a man to become a true warrior, Trungpa maintains that he must embrace the sorrow of the earth. The death, the pain, the loss which we cannot control must be faced squarely. Denial of these great forces inhibits all who wish to become warriors, for the true warrior must gaze unblinkingly into the abyss of human suffering. He must expose his heart, raw, to the pains of the world. He must let his heart be broken, so that in this way he may gain compassion for all souls. When death is acknowledged as a force vital to life, then life can be lived without fear. However, there is a price for this acknowledgment; that price is heartbreak. And Lieutenant Theo Kojak, of Manhattan's Ninth Precinct, veteran of the New York city streets, is indeed a warrior with a broken heart. He knows, like the Hindus, that it is foolish to love or hate our world, but only to bear with it. Bear with it in sorrowful gratitude...and enjoy the occasional lollipop.

The universal Kojakian Query:

"Who loves
ya baby?"

KOJAKIAN WISDOM

70

80

90

100

Kojak on life:

"You want a sore thing?
You become an accountant.
You want a guarantee?
You buy yourself a
washing machine."

Kojak on police work:

"It's a very tough job,
and I'm very good at it.
And that's the way the
cookies crumble, baby."

70

Kojak on Kojak:

"You know something,
Cracker? I'm an evangelist.
All I want to do is bring
truth to all my brothers and
sisters. Hallelujah, baby."

200

Kojak on public relations:

"Why don't you call a town
meeting, and give 'em a great big
sermon? Tell 'em it's a cruel,
violent world. Tell them that people
do nasty things to one another.
Tell 'em cops carry guns, tell them
the system stinks! But what's got
me that's better, huh?"

90

70

80

90

100

Kojak on the streets:

"There's no book on reason,
no lesson—just experience. You walk
into a hot situation, you're hoping that
you're acting right, you hope your
instincts take over. You act strong.
People sense this, they sense you know
what you're doing, and maybe you get
yourself out of an ugly situation."

Kojak on worldly goods:

"I ain't rich,
but at least I
dress well."



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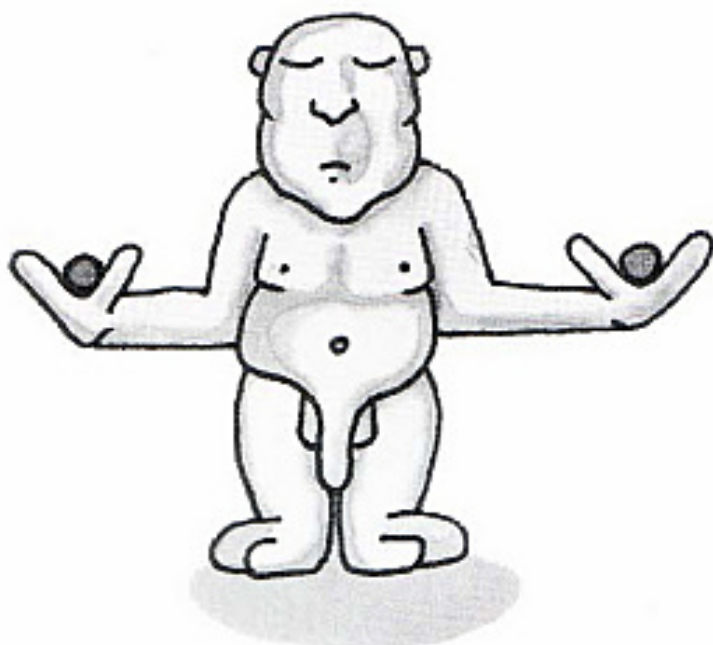


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REGURGITATOR

Tu - Plang...

Inside: "Blubber Boy"
and "Kong Foo Sing"



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after I had banged on her door and put the question breathlessly to her. The tension in my body abated. "He's sooo cute!" she gurgled, prompting me to have a minor convulsion. "I mean, I've met Beck, and his fingernails are really dirty compared to yours," she said, petting my hand in an attempted recovery. But I had been needed and the damage was done.

No matter how menial the job, one of the plusses about being employed is that it can help keep your mind off petty personal problems. As my jobless status hit the six-month mark, my daily goal of being productive enough on a daily basis to feel good about myself began to recede further and further into the shitter, taking my bank account along with it. Although a week had passed since I'd last been mistaken for Beck, I found myself cultivating an obsession with the guy without even trying. His media omnipresence made him unavoidable—when he appeared on the Howard Stern Show, I acquired the strong suspicion that Beck was merely a ploy to drive me nuts. I decided to do something about it.

Dollar's Virtual Celebrity Agency was the only one of the half-dozen such agencies I called who were interested in a Beck. ("Jeff Beck?" scoffed the receptionist at Twindonealike Productions.) "We don't have a Beck on our books right now," Dollar's agent said, "so why don't you bring the photo of yourself that looks most like Beck and come on in."

The agency's waiting room resembled a dentist's outer office right down to the vague smell of frying baloney. Karl Malden and Selena canoodled on a couch in the corner. I took a seat next to a nondescript middle-aged man wearing a velour v-neck top. "Paul Aska?" I said hopefully, eyeing his oily patch of black hair. He shook his head, raising a forked hand in the West Coast gangsta sign. I braced myself for the possibility that this man might actually believe he was Dr. Down, Camp-Lo or Mack 10. "I am Spock," he said, in a practiced bloodless monotone. He showed me the contents of his briefcase, including two molds he had constructed for quick-setting plaster pointed ear tips, and a copy of Leonard Nimoy's autobiography *I am Not Spock*, which he called "a case-study of one man's negation of his true self" and "an essential text for any true Vulcan." He said that there was a pretty steady demand for Spock out there, and that while he was most commonly employed to stand near the door at supermarket grand openings and say "Live Long and Prosper" to departing shoppers, he had once worked every night for five weeks at a neighborhood playhouse that was staging a theatrical adaptation of "The Trouble With Tribbles" episode. He asked me who I was. I began to introduce myself, but Spock cut me off—"Which celebrity?" I told him. He thought for a moment. "I don't really go for any of that sonic collage mumbletypeg folkrap stuff. It isn't logical."

A moment later a door opened. "Beck?" In my studied slacker saunter, I stepped inside. The agent was polite. She explained that Beck wasn't quite "mega" enough for them to sign me up, yet she credited me with at least bearing a passing resemblance to my celebrity, saying, "You wouldn't believe how many bogus Tom Cruises walk through this door, thinking being 5'4" is enough." She said she'd keep my photo on file should any Beck requests come in. Then her eyes lit up, and she began rifling through her filing cabinet, coming up with sheet music to "Me & Bobby McGee," mentioning that perhaps I'd be interested in a month-long spot in a Palm Springs casino doing Kris Kristofferson. I thanked her and left.

A week later I took a job selling long-distance mince in the Valley. True to self-prognosis, the Beck business was pushed from my mind. One lunch break, working my way through three tiers of pastrami at a Studio City deli, my female co-worker eyed me from across the corner booth and said, "Does anyone ever tell you look like Beck?"

I struggled to swallow and admitted that it had happened more than once, adding "but I don't really, do I?"

"I've met Beck," she claimed, "and your fingernails are much cleaner than his. But you can do that endearing boy smile. And the hair and sideburns of course."

As I began detailing the succession of mistaken identities, I noticed sitting kitty-corner across from me was Saturday Night Live's Victoria Jackson—eating the remains of her career, you might say, but I've got

a soft spot in my memory for the vision of her panty-revealing handstand atop the Saturday Night Newsdesk.

For a moment, not wanting to be guilty of the mistaking some innocent for a celeb, I doubted it was in fact she. Then I heard her ethyl-nozzled voice order potato pancakes. Sitting with her twin daughters and husband, Victoria caught me staring. I looking

away, then stared again until she caught me for the second time. Not wanted to embarrass her, I resolved to devote my attention to my meal, but when I looked up I caught her staring at me. I managed a quick smile before dropping back down into my cole slaw.

As we rose to leave the restaurant, walking past Victoria's booth, I couldn't resist one more furtive look—our eyes met, her twinkled, and with her elbow on the table she waggled her pinky at me and trilled "Hi Beck!" I managed a one-star-to-another wink, and stumbled from the deli.

Haven't cleaned my fingernails since.



"I don't really go for any of that sonic collage mumbletypeg folkrap stuff. It isn't logical."



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Booty Call

UBIQUITOUS VIRGE TAKES US BACKSTAGE AT THE



PHOTOS BY PATRICK SIMPSON



The HPV division is composed of five crews that cover various parts of the city: Central, Hollywood, South, Western and Valley. These are the guys that drive around in vans, running every license plate on a given street, searching for habitual parking violators via computer. If you're on the receiving end of their love, your car gets a bolt-on bonus which won't leave a smile on your face.

The best way to describe the so-called denver boot is like The Club which attaches to the tire and keeps your wheel from moving. It is accompanied by a big 5X7 sticker that forbids anyone to tamper with the vehicle, and announces to the neighborhood that you are a fool. This sticker is crafted in such a way that it is impossible to be removed without Simple Green and tedious scraping with a razor blade. Nice touch.

It's easy to become HPV-eligible if you've got a bad memory, can't read or simply don't give a fuck—all you need are five or more violations that have been delinquent over 30 days. You receive two notices in the mail for each ticket, so that's ten pieces of mail before you qualify for boot eligibility.

During its initial implementation in 1983, when the enforcement crew was part of the LAPD, revenues skyrocketed.

People could no longer get away with the parking equivalent of murder. In 1984 even I was smacked with the boot, but paid the fines and was freed within an hour. After 1986 the boot crew became part of the Department of Transportation. It's still no wasted effort—unpaid tickets in L.A. for January 1997 totaled nearly \$250,000, and HPV crews pulled in approximately \$160,000. The daily capture rate for LA is about 35 cars. The average offender owes about \$500, and is charged a mere \$35 for removal.

Even though there are many homeopathic remedies for unauthorized boot removal—ranging from slipping off the device via deflating the shackled wheel, to strategically chiseling the padlock that holds this bundle of steel—the escape rate is only 8 vehicles per month. Booting also has an important psychological residual effect in that if you see a booted car on the street, you'll probably take care of your tickets sooner than later so as not to get dissed by The Man.

There is a way of bucking the system, however. LA is the land of exotic vehicles and this can work for you: Boots are only put on the simpler vehicles that won't incur any damage when the device is applied. So if you drive a super expensive car that has fancy rims, or a sport utility vessel that has huge

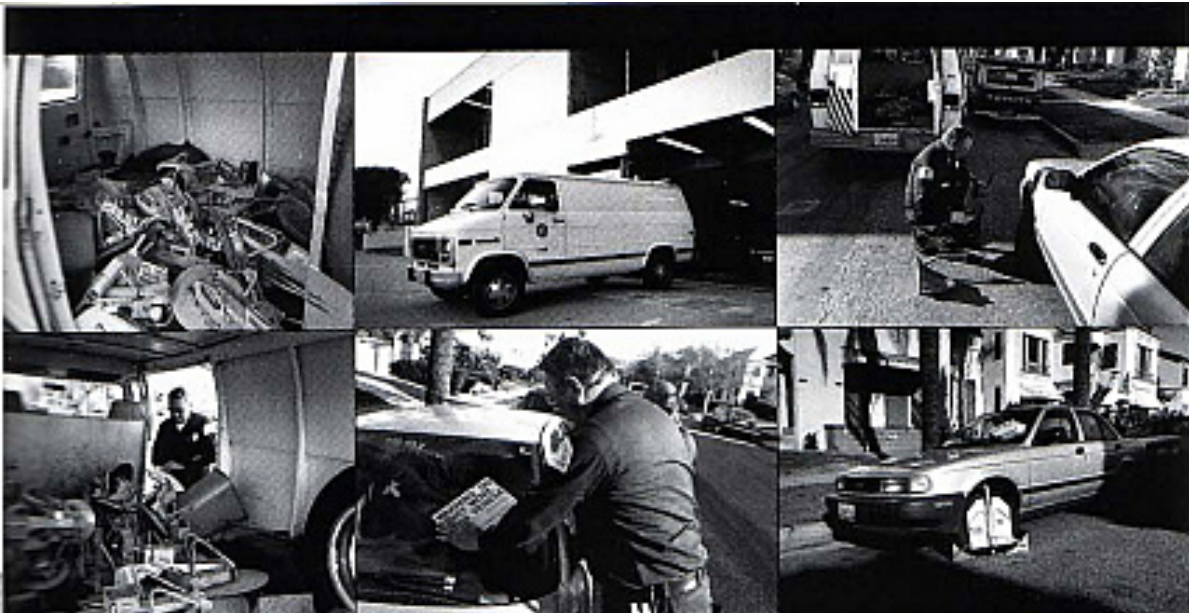


tires, they will leave you alone because these guys are liable for damage. Still, the boot crews come to the party prepared—they're equipped with three different devices. The most popular is the Palma Auto Boot which originates in Arlington, VA. These make up 70% of L.A.'s total inventory, which is close to 300 boots, each valued at around 300 bucks. It is rumored that all the boots in L.A. work off the same key...

the Interpreters

in remembrance of that fine fine evening...





- 1) Louis Ballast, owner of the Hamptons Dumpy drive-in, discovered and patented the cheeseburger in 1935.
- 2) In 1941 the Shwayder Trunk Manufacturing Company introduced Samsonite luggage.
- 3) The Barnes Dance (a/k/a the diagonal crosswalk) was invented by Denver traffic engineer Henry Barnes.
- 4) Originally called Pumpkin ball, Country ball, Kitten ball, Diamond ball, and Mash ball, the game of softball was invented here in 1887.
- 5) Soda jerk Otto Baur began selling customers cream charged with seltzer water, eventually stumbling onto the ice cream soda in 1871.
- 6) FTD stands for Florists' Telegraph Delivery, the nationwide flower service started in Denver in 1920.
- 7) The nation's first juvenile court was started in Denver in 1903 by Judge Ben B. Lindsey.
- 8) Temple Buell, a/k/a "the father of the shopping center" was a Denver architect.
- 9) Shredded Wheat was first cooked up in Denver by Henry Perky, a fellow who had trouble digesting food. After building a machine to press boiled wheat filaments into biscuits, Perky's bowel trauma eased and he eventually took his product to the streets of New York, where he made a fortune.
- 10) Denver likes to boast on busting out with the boot, but it is actually a French invention. It made its US debut in Denver in 1944. Also, John Denver is not, repeat, not from Colorado at all, in fact his birthplace is the home of the first reported UFO cover-up—Roswell, New Mexico. We at GR strongly believe JD is somehow involved.

To really see how these guys operate, Patrick and I met at the HPV office next to the CHP headquarters at Vermont and the Hollywood freeway. Ball call was at 6:30 am. We were allowed to follow a boot team. Their territory was Hollywood around Fairfax and Beverly, an area where street parking is scarce and the tactics for getting a parking space are obscene. The whole process is pretty painstaking. We were almost ready to abandon the endeavor when finally the crew found an offender. The whole ordeal took five minutes and the victim was a Nissan Sentra. They used a Wheel-Lok because it is the easiest one to install and will also puncture the tire if the car is moved. We were finally satisfied.

Upon departure I had a few personal questions for these veteran parking assassins. Who had the highest amount of fines? A Cadillac Northstar that racked up \$2,800, and this guy did it twice. The other thing I wanted to know is how many people go apeshit when they see their ride getting the boot. Well, these seasoned HPV officers know when to back off. It's not that important. The strangest incident recalled was when they were booting a car and the owner came out and saw what was going down. The car was kind of a piece of shit and this guy was not going to spend any cash rescuing it. He quietly walked back into his house and returned with a sledge hammer, then proceeded to smash every window and body panel on the car. The parking enforcer told him he could damage the car as much as he pleased but he must clean up the broken glass. No problem. The owner cooperated and said if the city was going to take his car then at least they were not going to get any money for it.

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cute van alert!

interview by Jamie Fraser

VAN SPECS for the '94 FORD ECONOLINE 150.

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COLOR INTERIOR: white, with bras & panties hanging, offset by crazy stickers.

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LARISSA CHAVEZ



cute retail alert!

About 1.5 years ago, Grand Royal records had a Ben Lee Grandpaw Would poster type contest for all the stores that support the label, with a promise that the winner would get their photo in Grand Royal magazine issue 3. Oops. Here they are, the gang at Sonic Rainbow in Casper, Wyoming. Yr 15 Minutes of Shoutout starts now.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GRAND ROYAL PRESENTS: THE DEMOLITION DOLL RODS AND THEIR VAN.

WHAT'S YOUR MOST MEMORABLE VAN EXPERIENCE?

Danny: Well, I was trying to get us to a show in Alabama, and there was an ice storm. I was like, "Oh we've got to get there on time. I want to make a good impression on the people at the club." Plus we were in Alabama and I thought I was all bad and shit, being from Michigan. I was like, "Oh man this is nothing. I drive through this ice all the time. All these wimps going slow! Watch this."

Christine: All the semis are pulling off to the side of the road. They blocked off the highway. You weren't even supposed to be on the highway.

Margaret: Nobody is going anywhere. And we're barreling down the road. They were all talking about us on the CBS...

Danny: And I hit a bridge that was all icy. Man, as soon as I hit that bridge, the van just started spinning.

Christine: It spun twice and then it bounced off a guard rail and flew into a ditch.

Margaret: It flew in mid-air like Bedknobs and Broomsticks. It was like, "Wooooo" [waving her arms through the air] and we landed this nice little landing in the ditch.

Danny: No, we jumped the ditch. We were on the other side of it. We jumped the ditch, and landed upright.

Christine: The worst thing that happened is, I think we spilled the sesame sticks and Margaret's wig flew off.

Margaret: Yeah, I had a giant wig on. And Christine doesn't see, she has a different kind of eyesight than we have. And my head flew forward and my wig flew off. So Christine's asking me over and over, "Are you O.K., are you O.K.?" And I'm like, "Yeah I'm fine. Why do you keep asking me?" And she's like...

"Your head's stuck in the DASH!"
I'm like, **"No, it's the WIG!"**

[laughter]

Christine: I was thinking, "Why is your head embedded in the dash?"

Margaret: And then she passed this gas, that like... (pause) It was deadly. And mind you, it's freezing and you didn't want to get out of the car...

Christine: I had to take a shit. I had to take the biggest shit for the longest time and I couldn't because we had to get to the show. That's why we were going 60 miles per hour. Margaret: And we couldn't get out of the van, because we were in this freezing ditch, and the windows were frozen shut. It was crazy. But miraculously, the man that lived in the trailer park behind the freeway had a tow truck and his wife saw us in the ditch. After he picked up his daughter from work, he came and pulled us out. We made it to our show.

Margaret: And we changed on stage. We threw our bikinis on and it was freezing.

Christine: Everybody was really excited that we made it, so it was really cool.

Danny: But that was like that biggest accident with the van.

Margaret: And we only lost like a bumper shield and a license plate out of the whole thing. It was no big deal.

Danny: Yeah, we were very lucky. But I did panic when we were spinning. I was like, "Well okay, here we go." I did my best to keep it under control though.

Margaret: We're holding on like it was Disneyland. We were like "whoa!!!"

Christine: "Grab the sesame sticks." That was my first thought.

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I live my life as I deem appropriate and fitting. I offer no apologies,
no explanations—I hate them. —Aaron Burr



**REAL
AMERICAN
BADASSES:**

AARON BURR

BY MARK DRIVER

Every morning he'd wake up, go into the backyard and pump lead into every major organ of a wooden target carved to resemble a man. He was probably the only vice president to go on the lam for murder while holding office. He hung out with the world's greatest minds, spoke nine languages fluently with no accent, got kicked out of every country in Europe and tried to invade New Orleans with his own private army. Far from suffering for his indiscretions, he died rich, old, and happy. He was Aaron Burr.

Growing up as an orphan with his sister, Burr blew away his first school after only six months. After finding a smart enough tutor, Burr not only learned to speak three languages, but was able to outpace even the top British swordsmen of the colony by the age of ten. He also became an expert shot with the pistol. At the mature age of 11, Burr decided it was time to go to Princeton (where his deceased father had been its second president). He wasn't let in until he was 12, although he got into the sophomore class. He aced all his classes with plenty of time left for drinking and chasing girls. It was about the time of his graduation from college that the Revolutionary War started. Seeking prestige and adventure, Burr went looking to rumble.

Serving under different generals (Benedict Arnold being one of them), Burr proved to be brave and resourceful. On a Canadian campaign he donned a priest costume and walked 200 miles behind enemy lines to get to Quebec. His fluent French even fooled other Jesuit missionaries. He was 19. At a later battle, an attack on a fort gate which he warned his general would lead to a massacre, every man (except for him) in his hundred-strong assault team was killed. He picked up his dead general and walked back to camp, the British ceasing fire in awe of his bravery. The rest of the war saw him getting shafted promotion-wise. He paid to equip his own men and trained them twice as hard as any other group, yet was constantly put down by Washington, who Burr deemed as "barely adequate." Burr accurately predicted every move of the British during the War, but was completely ignored, probably due to the fact that he was such a pain-in-the-ass-know-it-all.

After America kicked Britain's ass in the war, Burr went into law in New York City, which he predicted would become the largest and most important American city (Boston was the largest city of the time). Settling in

what is now Harlem, Burr soon married and had a kid. He also became known as the best lawyer in the state. He played with politics and won a bunch of offices like Governor and Senator. The famous Tammany Hall political machine was organized by Burr who started buying all thousandish members pints of beer and shots of rum every week. Eventually he got really tricky and ended up Thomas Jefferson's (the nickel guy) Vice President.

He was so tricky, in fact, that he almost ended up as President, using back room deals to tie Jefferson with total number of votes. Oops. His little play pissed off a lot of people, and his reputation became tarnished in Washington. Burr was widely regarded as a man of no integrity, a comment made public by his arch enemy Alexander Hamilton, who had been fucking with him since the Revolutionary War. Excited for any excuse to blow Hamilton away, Burr challenged him to a duel. Hamilton, no dummy, tried to squeak out of the duel with the master shot, but Burr left Hamilton no way to get out and save face.

They met on a New Jersey bluff overlooking the Hudson river on July 11, 1804. Dueling in the East was on its way out, holding about as much public respect as professional wrestling does today. By this time, when gentlemen met at a duel they would choose swords and fight until one was wounded, all polite-like. But Burr wouldn't miss an opportunity to kill an enemy; he chose pistols. Hamilton (whose son had died in a duel at the same place a few years earlier) knew he was toast and tried to fiddle down the trigger of his pistol to give himself an advantage. This resulted in him shooting over Burr's head. Burr smiled and pulled the trigger, laying Alexander Hamilton, champion of bankers and landlords everywhere, six feet under. Killing a respected American dignitary rarely gets you good press, and Burr had to go down South to escape being arrested for

murder. Down South, dueling, like professional wrestling today, was still perfectly acceptable. Burr spent the rest of his term being unpopular, his political career dying with Hamilton. His beloved wife died on him too. Deprived of legitimate political power and a woman's love, he soon began hatching crazy plots to take over the world.

Aaron Burr became obsessed with invading Mexico and starting his own country which he would rule as King Aaron I. First he tried to get Jefferson to make him governor of the newly purchased Louisiana Territory. Jefferson knew what a fruitcake he was and said no. Burr then went to the British with offers of leading an army to take over the Louisiana Territory, Texas and Mexico. The British humored him for a while and then politely declined. Burr went to Spain with the same offer. No sale. Frustrated, but not beaten, Burr decided to raise his own army.

Working with a few co-conspirators, Burr got a bunch of men together and begin training them. The plot was simple. With a forged declaration of war from Jefferson, Burr (who was still widely respected by the pioneers in the West) sailed down the Mississippi, raising an army as he went along. He was given men, warships, every-

Sweden, Spain, Denmark, and the Netherlands, hanging out with such great minds as Goethe, Napoleon, Bentham, Shelly, and Sir Walter Scott. Eventually he wore out his European welcome, and came back home, willing to accept whatever America had in store for him.

Most historical biographies get sad around this point. The person usually dies poor, sick and alone in a sewer. To be sure, Burr felt doomed as he stepped back onto American soil, but everything turned out okay. People forgave and forgot. He restarted his business, cut deals with the people he owed money, and made sure New York wouldn't arrest him for murder. He made a bunch of money, and spent a bunch of it putting disadvantaged kids through college. He got remarried and then divorced for conducting extra-marital

GO TO HELL ALREADY: PLACES HAUNTED BY AARON BURR'S GHOSTS

LINDENWALD

Built back in 1797, the house at Lindenwald sits 20 miles south of Albany, New York. It was here that Aaron Burr hid out after killing Hamilton. The place had been plagued with spooky floating white shapes, strange odors, squeaking from the attic and creepy parlor music for years, and then something even spookier was discovered: a secret room in the attic. In that room was found a rocking chair that had worn grooves into the floor, a whitened carving of a pig, and an old faded business card bearing the name "Aaron Burr."

QUANTUM LEAP CAFE

88 W. 3rd Street in Greenwich Village
Now a health conscious eatery, the land the Quantum Leap Cafe sits on used to house the horses of Aaron Burr. The stables were torn down in the 1800s, but the ghost of a handsome young man with black eyes, a ruffled shirt and riding gear is known to appear on the first floor every noon and then. Give it a rest, Aaron—the horses are dead too.

FIRE STATION NO. 2

84 W. 3rd. in Greenwich Village
Next to the Quantum Leap Cafe, on land owned by Burr, firemen are constantly being woken by a strange man staring down at them as they sleep. He wears an old helmet and disappears soon after his staring subject wakes. Just a little scary, I'm sure. Nothing to lose sleep over.

MORRIS-JUMEL MANSION

Corner of Edgcomb and 168th street in Harlem

Burr's second wife, Eliza Jumel, was rumored to have killed her husband a year before marrying Burr. Soon after marrying Burr, she divorced him because of his relationships with other women. After Burr's death (he died the same day his divorce was granted), Eliza was shunned by NY society. She eventually became a shut-in, went insane and died at age 53. Since then her ghost has continued to bother visitors. Eliza's ghost has been seen many times standing from the attic balcony, scolding noisy children. Burr's ghost has also been seen here, dressed in full Revolutionary uniform.

FRANCIS HOUSE

27 Jane Street in Greenwich Village
The house that Alexander Hamilton was taken to after being shot. It belonged to his doctor, and was also the location of his funeral. His ghost is still seen pacing and fretting, no doubt contemplating revenge against the ghost of Burr.

RAYMOND BURR VS. AARON BURR PARALLEL LIVES?

Aaron Burr: Undefeated New York lawyer.
Raymond Burr: Played undefeated L.A. lawyer Perry Mason.

Aaron Burr: Eventually returned to law practice after years of other pursuits.
Raymond Burr: Played Mason in *Perry Mason Returns* TV movie after years of other acting pursuits.

Aaron Burr: Practiced law until his death.
Raymond Burr: Made TV movies about practicing law until his death.

Aaron Burr: Fatally crippled Alexander Hamilton by shooting him in the side.
Raymond Burr: Played a wheelchair-bound cop crippled by an assassin's bullet in *Frontline*.

Raymond Burr: Born in Canada.
Aaron Burr: Invaded Canada.

Aaron Burr: Elected Vice President of the United States in 1800.
Raymond Burr: Elected lead role in *Godzilla* in 1955.

Aaron Burr: Reported by NY Governor to enjoy wearing fancy imported clothes.
Raymond Burr: Reported by ex-Scoops columnist to enjoy wearing women's clothes.

Raymond Burr: Played white-haired wife killer in Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window*.
Aaron Burr: White-haired lady-killer who tried to get into John Hancock's wife's rear end.

Raymond Burr: Cameo in *Airplane II* showed an ability to laugh at himself.
Aaron Burr: Committing murder while in office showed an ability to laugh at others.

Raymond Burr: Played a cold-blooded killer in movies like *Desperate*, *Ruthless* and *Rear Window*.
Aaron Burr: Was a desperate, ruthless, cold-blooded killer who got a raw deal.

Raymond Burr: Although married three times, his heterosexual relationships were reported to be cover-ups for his homosexuality.
Aaron Burr: Although married two times, his heterosexual relationships were reported to be cover-ups for the fact he was neither than a shithouse rat.

Raymond Burr: Acted in *Bride of the Goths*, where a man slowly turns into an ape.
Aaron Burr: First wife was widely speculated to be a gorilla.



thing that the good-natured territories could offer. His plan was to take over New Orleans, and use that as a base to invade Mexico, all with a bunch of men who weren't too sure of what exactly was going on. Burr became overconfident with his success in raising a military force and got too talkative about his plan. Word of the sham army traveled back to Jefferson, who sent federal warships after Burr, eventually arresting him a few miles north of New Orleans.

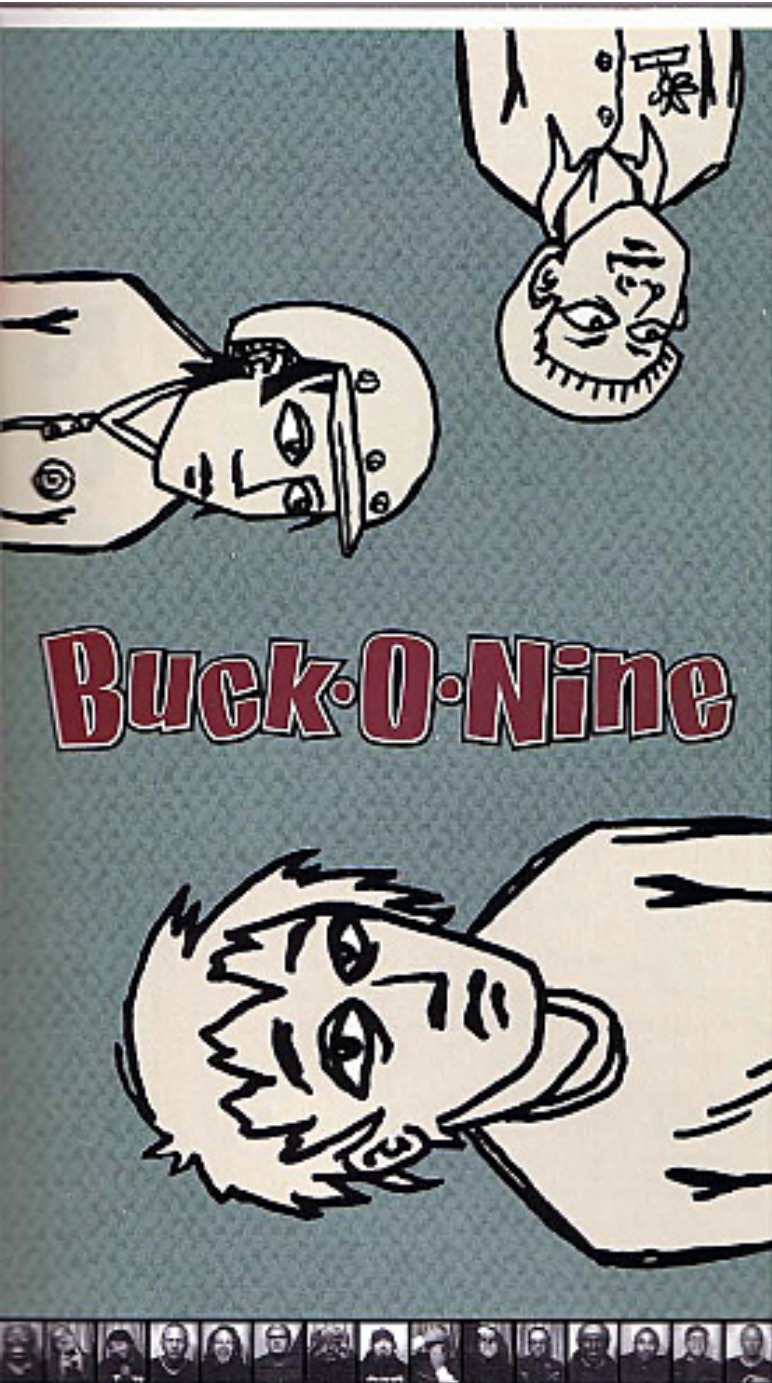
After escaping a few times, Burr was put on trial for treason. Since New Orleans wasn't actually a part of the US, the presiding Justice Marshall defined treason narrowly and claimed what Burr did didn't fit the definition. Burr was acquitted, but was nationally hated. He couldn't leave the house without getting covered in spit and insulted by jeering mobs. He moved around, changing identities, but finally snapped and decided to go to Europe.

Once in Europe he began a trend that followed him to each country he visited. Move in with a respected intellectual, become the toast of the town for a few months, ask the head of government to help invade Mexico, and then get kicked out of the country owing everyone money. He did this in England, France, Germany,

affairs, not bad for a septuagenarian. He eventually had a few strokes and died. His last words "On that subject, I am coy" to a priest friend who was asking about the salvation of his soul.

Had Aaron Burr been more patient, more forgiving, and less ambitious, he probably would have ended up being President, and a damn good one at that. Even his worst enemies conceded that he was a brilliant man. But fuck it. Would you rather be President for four years or Emperor for life? He couldn't settle for President Burr, he wanted Aaron the I. and very nearly got it. All of his schemes, however insane, were planned out perfectly well and stood a good chance of working if ever realized. Dream little, gain little. Dream big and they brand you a traitor. Maybe he was a traitor. A traitor, that is, to everyone but himself. Aaron Burr: American Badass.





Buck-O-Nine

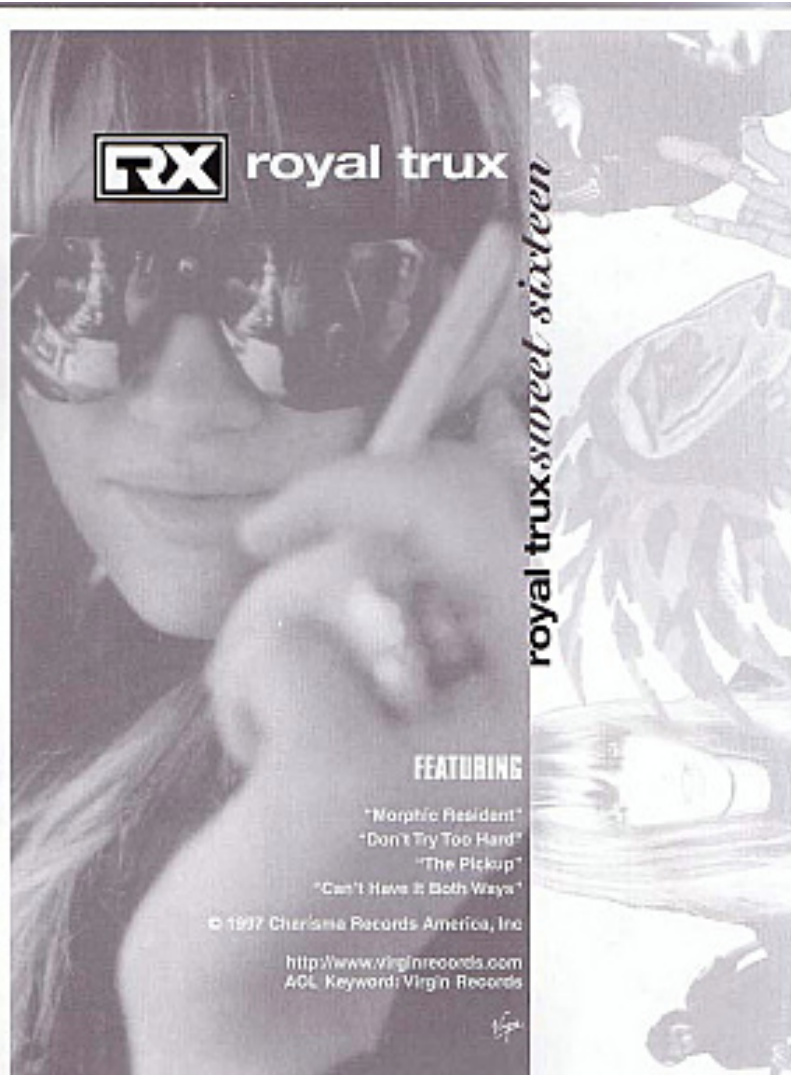


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I think it's ironic that the simplest form of exercise is the most seldom used. All you need is a small space of floor and you can freely run in place. I do it every morning for five minutes. I can't imagine not doing it; I've benefited from it so greatly and for so long.

Other things get accomplished while I run. My tea water boils, for instance. But, you say, why would a person want hot tea after a run?

Well firstly, runs in place aren't nearly as strenuous as going somewhere. Secondly, I don't drink it right away. And thirdly, it's not even ready: I plop the tea-bag in the boiled water then jump in the shower, which feels doubly good after my run. By the time my exhilarating shower is complete, the well-earned drink is ready.

You can always watch TV too. Just don't get sucked into any of those commercials selling home-gym equipment. That stuff is a rip-off.

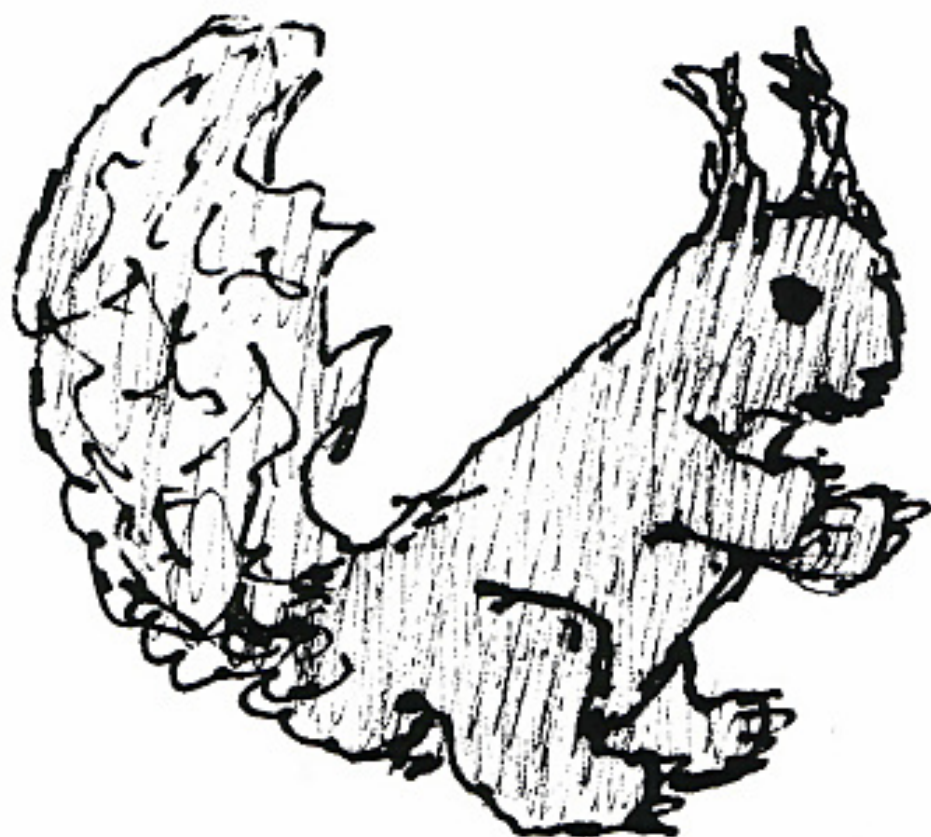
There are many home workout movies on the market. If you get sick of just running you can follow along with these other workout options. You don't have to follow exactly. It's your life.

Be sure to check your heartbeat in your neck while you're running. If it gets above two beats a second, it's time to stop or slow down. My mom runs in place—with some of her neighbors. They dress up and laugh. It's the funnest time for them. I do it when I feel lighthearted, but my music frustrates them. I like punk, like Agent Orange.



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THE KAIBAB SQUIRREL



OF THE PONDEROSA FOREST



What's my Name?

YO!
KID!
ROCK!

...a fucking cornfield in my backyard...



Eric Neethias

”



Interviewed by:

IAN ROGERS

TO LIVE IN THE MIDWEST IS TO LIVE WITH CULTURAL BLINDERS ON. THE METROPOLISES ARE FEW, FAR BETWEEN AND HARDLY THE HOT-SPOTS OF CELEBRITY AND COOLNESS THAT NEW YORK CITY AND LOS ANGELES ARE.

Culture is found in MTV, the mall, and magazine racks. While LA kids are buying Dr. Octagon from Aron's Records, Midwest kids are buying the clean version of the Biggie Smalls double cassette from Wal-Mart. While NYC kids are seeing Make Up play with Jeru the Damaja at Irving Plaza, Midwest kids are driving five hours to catch Pantera at Joe Louis Arena with fifty-two thousand other kids.

As a result, the music made in the Midwest is often a skim across the top of the pop, aping the style of and hoping to be accepted by artists and A&R on the coasts. Flint, Michigan posse DFC (ftg. MC Breed, before he moved to The Hurra's hood in suburban Marietta, Georgia) and The Dayton Family fake their own East/West-style beef with Detroiters AWOL, in addition to biting down hard on West Coast style and spending all their lyrical energy proving why they're harder and more "real" than the rappers on either coast. These Midwest rappers with national success have been sponsored by successful artists from the coasts: Eazy-E brought Bone Thugs' n' Harmony straight out of Cleveland to dominate West Coast radio for an entire summer; Fab 5 Freddie helped Crucial Conflict get crazy in the "Hay" and sell a couple of singles; the fine print on the debut album of Ohio's Alkoholiks reads "Conceived by King T"; Jermaine Dupri produced Da Brat; and De La Soul brought Common Sense out of obscurity (obscurity he held despite an amazing second album). There's definitely hip hop music being made in the Midwest, but you'd better have a gimmick or a sponsor if anyone aside from your downstairs neighbor is going to hear your what you have to say.

No one waves the flag of Midwestern cultural unawareness as high as Kid Rock. Bob Ritchie, P.K.A. Kid Rock grew up in Romeo, Michigan, an all-white hick town outside of Detroit with no record store. He made demo tapes and did talent shows through high school and ended up landing a deal with Jive Records in 1990. His first album, *Grits Sandwiches for Breakfast*, was produced by Too Short and D-Nice, but despite a single poised to rival 2 Live Crew in lewdness, "Yodeling in the Valley", and a spot on the year's Ice Cube/Too Short tour, the album didn't take off. Three years later Continuum Records released a brand new Kid Rock album, *The Polyfuse Method*, which was to become the favorite album of a handful of skateboarders and

the running joke of many a college radio station. The dirty ear-opener "Balls in Your Mouth" featured a sample of Howard Stern chanting the title words on the chorus and was responsible for a record breaking FCC fine: \$30,000 to a college radio station whose DJ played the song. The Polyfuse Method covered much more territory, though, from potty-mouth rap to a heavy, heartfelt rock ballad, with samples ranging from The Smiths to the Butthole Surfers and rhymes influenced by Eazy-E but meant to be heard in a jacked-up pick-up instead of a 6-4 Impala. The record didn't go far, and Continuum went back to putting out Ronnie Wood and Pete Townsend albums after releasing *Fire It Up* as a cassette-only title. *Fire It Up* was much heavier, Rage Against the Machine-style hard rap with mad, melodic, Alice in Chains-inspired choruses. 1995 brought the release of *Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp*, which despite featuring Kid Rock on the cover with a guitar, sounds more west coast gangsta funk than anything resembling rock and roll, with special surprise cameos from Esham, the satanic rapper, and SubPop's Thornetta Davis. Where others are influenced by rare funk and jazz, Kid Rock's influences are straight off of MTV. Listen to his newest material (a rock/rap ensemble called Twisted Brown Trucker) and you'll hear influences that span the spectrum of programming from The Box: an old school rap opener leading into a metal track with rhymes reminiscent of the *Judgment Night* soundtrack and a big, heavy melodic chorus. You'll also find a dead-serious Bob Seger cover. From a kid whose last record was straight G-Funk.

Kid Rock is also an example of why not knowing how the game should be played can be an advantage. He's figured out that by creating, producing, and distributing his own records to a tight-knit set of fans near Detroit, he can clear enough money to make a living even without enjoying national success. He can sell out clubs of two thousand in Detroit, Dayton, Kalamazoo, and Toledo. He's given up wishing the East or West coast would accept him, and figured out a way to use the mentality of his locality to his benefit. Find me a Midwest kid of any color who has: put out a record on Jive, toured with Ice Cube, can sing and play every Hank Williams song, has a midget in his Midwest crew and when asked who his favorite band is answers "Monster Magnet" without thinking. Read on. It gets better.

LETS GO ALL THE WAY BACK, BEFORE THE RECORD DEALS. HOW DID YOU BECOME KID ROCK?

I don't know how I tumbled into this shit at all. It's fuckin' weird. Back then it just seemed natural. It wasn't weird to me having a fucking cornfield in my backyard then. But I suppose it was weird, getting my brother to drop me off at the Fox Theatre in 1984 to see the Motor City Break, Run-D.M.C. and Felix and Jarvis, being the only white kid there. Every fuckin' rap show that came to town, from the Fresh Fest to Jammatron to Fat Boys, Whodini—I remember seeing the fuckin' Beasties at Cobo (Arena, Detroit) and being the only white kid there, seeing them on some other tour they were on doing "Slow and Low" and going "Oh fuck man, there's some white kids on stage, someone beat me to it."

HOW OLD WERE YOU?

I don't know, my math sucks. I was young. I remember having to get dropped off everywhere I went, either my mom or my brother. Junior high. Seventh grade. I was a breakdancin' fool.

WAS RAP PRETTY MUCH ALL YOU WERE INTO THEN?

I always had all the other shit around me because of where I came from. I remember staying up late and seeing the Fat Boys on some dance show and seeing someone scratch on some turntables and I just immediately ruined my mom's turntable. She used to do aerobics and we had one of them stereos with the platter on top and the volume knob in front. I cut out a piece of felt and I used to turn the knob and try to scratch. My brother's friends would come over and tease me, "Aw, you're gonna be a scratcher someday, huh?"

BECAUSE THEY WERE OLDER, PROBABLY JOCKS, RIGHT?

Yeah, Van Halen down. Total white suburban kids. Which I was too. But I just got ripped for what I did. I quit all sports, I was fuckin' quarterback of the football team, shot hoops, everything, I was just "Fuck all this. I just want to do this music shit." That was a good one though, when I fucked my mom's stereo. She came down to turn it on for aerobics, turned the pot up and it just went "shhkkhshhshh." Then for Christmas I asked for some turntables one year and my mom bought me the linear tracking kind.

BUT HER HEART WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE, RIGHT?

Yeah, totally. I got a Realistic mixer. I hooked it up wrong for over a year. It had those ceramic hookups. I kept taking my mixer in to get fixed. I didn't know what the fuck I was doing. I didn't have anybody to show me how to do it but I learned to scratch like a motherfucker and mix on those turntables.

ON THE LINEAR TRACKING TURNTABLES?

On the linears, I was so quick on 'em, even waiting for that needle. I got on Mojo, this big DJ in Detroit's mix show. With those fucking linear tracking turntables. Then when I got a set of 1200s I was fuckin' God. I did every talent show I could do. I was always the only white kid at anything.

WHAT WERE YOU DOING? TWO COPIES ROUTINES? JUST SCRATCHING?

No. I had a four-track too, eventually. I had those little Synsonic drums, a little Casio RZ1 with a sampler in it so small I could get like half an 808, or maybe an 808 snare. The weirdest thing I used was the 303 Baseline I bought in junior high for \$100 just because it looked cool. So I'd take my four-track to these talent shows and just get up there and—just act like a goddamn fool I guess. Then I started DJing parties down in Mt. Clemens which is, you know, whatever a predominantly black area—"The Hood," so to speak. They'd come down and get me. I grew up in this fuckin' hick town. There were a few black kids in my school. One of 'em was like "Come down and DJ my brother's party in Southfield" or something. I went down there. Someone had brought some 1200s, I was like (imitates ultra-swift cutting). I scratched all fucked up too because I'd never seen it done right. I scratched with my hand on the front of the turntable with two fingers, like "br-bucca-buck br-bucca-buck," like before Bobcat started doing that shit. It just freaked everyone out. They were like, "You wanna come to Mt. Clemens and DJ some parties in the hood?" I'm like, "Where's Mt. Clemens?" They said, "We'll come and get you."

YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU WERE GETTING INTO.

I didn't know, but I liked it. They'd take me and two of my hick-ass friends and we'd end up in the middle of the ghetto DJing this basement party. We're like 15, drinking 40s in a basement in the projects. I thought it was the coolest thing on earth.

DIDN'T IT GET YOU KICKED OUT OF THE HOUSE THOUGH?

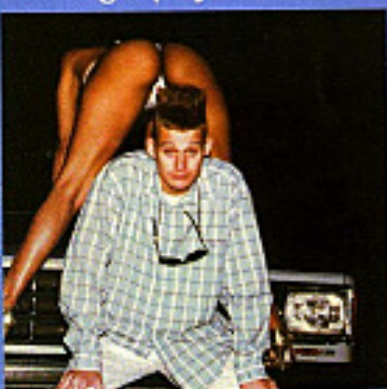
Yeah, my parents didn't like that shit. Got me booted. Normally in junior high/high school, you'd be going out at seven o'clock and back by midnight or one. But the parties didn't start until eleven down there. I'd pop back up at four if I even came home. Parents freaked out on that shit. To them, I could be DJing weddings, you know. Actually, I kinda started doing that, too. There used to be this guy who DJed weddings who said he had this crew of breakdancers, you know, the "Furious Funkers" or whatever, that'll come breakdance for \$50. I was carrying his equipment.

THEN DID YOU MOVE DOWN THERE?

Yeah. When I got kicked out the first time, DJing wasn't the only reason I got kicked out. My brother went to drug rehab and the family was supposed to go as well.

I'd throw in a

discography:



Bob Seger tape



GRITS Sandwiches For Breakfast, 1990 JVC / TOP BOG

Everyone is sitting around spilling their guts out crying "oh my brother does drugs" and they want me to participate. I stand up and tell everyone to suck my dick. Mom says "You either go back and apologize or get the fuck out." I grabbed my shit and left. I was 15. I lived in Mt. Clemens for the summer. Got a job at the car wash. Sold my first rocks. Basically just bounced around with my turntables. We had a little rap group and I DJed.

HOW WERE YOU RECEIVED THERE?

I was treated totally cool. It's the weirdest thing in the world. I'm still cool with everyone.

MY EXPERIENCE, FROM GROWING UP IN THE MIDWEST, PEOPLE ARE A LITTLE MORE TOLERANT OF THE MULTI-CULTI.

I know what you mean. It's different in the midwest. It's more integrated in the smaller places. But in Mt. Clemens, it was definitely white people on one side, black people on the other. Shit you hear people joke about, cops asking you if you knew where you were or needed a ride. It really happened to me.

HOW DID YOU GET HOOKED UP WITH JIVE?

I went through the whole drug dealer thing, making demos. Drug dealers like this guy Loop would give me like \$500 and say, "Just throw my name in a song." I don't know if you remember Prince Vince, he was on Polygram, and Awesome Dre, they were the early guys out of Detroit. They used to be in the studio with me. I hooked up with some BIGGER shifty dudes who were BIGGER dope dealers and started a production company and wanted to start throwing shows and signing groups. They hooked up with this really smart attorney Greg Reed. They approached me, milked me, rubbed me down in the shoulders. "We're gonna hook you up." I was into it. I tried to get my parents to look at the contracts, they said "Don't sign them." I signed everything. I was like "Fuck it, I've got to do something or I'm never going to get ANYWHERE. Even if I'm going to get fucked. I can either not sign 'em and sit around Romeo [Michigan] or I can sign 'em and go do something." They shopped me around. Said they got like six offers. I don't know. Could have been true, could have been false. Next thing I know they took me to New York and I was seeing Xzay and J Lil walking around Jive. I'm like, "Man, this is weird". But the attorney, Greg Reed, fucked me. I got a \$100,000 deal with Jive: 50 recording, 25 publishing, and 25 advance. So he comes back from New York with two checks for \$23,000 and says "Sign these over to me." So I signed him up. Then the other guy cuts a check for five grand and gives it to me. I didn't even care. I was like "I'm

God. Fuck with me now with my five grand." I went home with a new attitude. My parents got into me. I was like, "Fuck you! I've got FIVE FUCKIN' GRAND!" I was eighteen. I got a shit shack in Detroit complete with rats. We ran through that money in about four months. I had to move to New York and get a job portering cars at Manhattan Ford so that I could make that album. That's when I hooked up with a lot of those New York dudes. Around that time is when Sean [Carasov, a/k/a The Captain] signed up A Tribe Called Quest. I didn't know anyone out there. I met Sean and Dave [Skiken]. Me and Dave did some runnin' together. He'd get off work and we'd go get looped. Crazy times. Living in Jersey City. Dixon Mills, underneath Queen Latifah, hanging out with Van Silk and Melle Mel. I'd be trippin' balls that I was driving around New York with Melle Mel in the back of my fuckin' Grand Marquis.

YOU CAME BACK TO DETROIT THEN?

Yeah, after going on tour with Ice Cube. Someone took me up to Famous Artists and said I was coming out on Jive and asked if I could go on tour with them. They told me that if Too Short didn't mind, it was cool. I knew Too Short wouldn't mind, he'd just produced some of my tracks. I did 20 cities with them. I started off following them around in my Grand Marquis with my turntables in the trunk. This tour bus caravan, followed by my Grand Marquis. It was me, The Black Man, and this dude Funk Daddy Del Stef who is an old-school motherfucker who's just been down with everything for years. We just took turns driving. Eventually D-Nice let us hop on his tour bus because he only had like four motherfuckers with him.

SO IT WAS D-NICE, TOO SHORT, ICE CUBE, AND YOU?

No, it was Ice Cube, Too Short, D-Nice, Poor Righteous Teachers (I call 'em Poor Righteous Creatures, there's some faggot motherfuckers), Yo-Yo and me. I'd creep on stage in front of ten thousand people singing about lickin' pussy.

WERE PEOPLE INTO YOU OR WERE PEOPLE LIKE "GET THE FUCK OFF"?

It was fucked up. It was so well-received. Everybody on the tour would come out to watch the show. They'd come out and be, "Yo, you are a motherfuckin' trip." I used to tease them. We'd do like three dates up north where it's cold and Ice Cube's crew would buy big down parkas. And they aren't gettin' paid that much money. I'd say, "Yeah, that's a really smart purchase. You'll get a lot of wear out of that in Compton." I was so young, just a little shit. I had no business being anywhere and I was ripping around the country pullin' bitches, knockin' off the hotel doors, shooting bottle rockets, it was chaos. The only other white dudes on the tour were these dope dealers promoting the tour. I used to hang out with the roadies and sound guys. I always felt bad for

and everyone would

KID ROCK

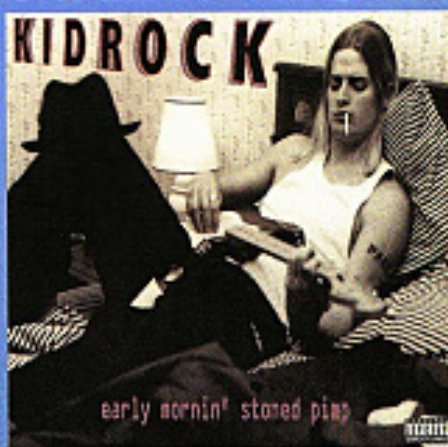


The Polyfuze Method, 1993 CONTINUUM / TOP DOG



Fire It Up, 1990 CONTINUUM / TOP DOG

ream me real hard.



Early Mornin' Stored Pimp, 1990 TOP DOG

What's my Name?



Eric Meyers

1. ROD AND THE KID

Yo!

What's my Name?



What's my Name?



2. JIVE IS COMING

What's my Name?



those bus drivers because all the groups used to do was smoke weed, drink Jagmeister and pound the radio. Then every once in a while I'd throw in a Bob Seger tape and everyone would hear me real hard.

WHAT WERE YOU LISTENING TO THEN?

I was always into all the rap shit. Especially the old shit, the basics: Run-D.M.C., Eric B., Cool J. That's all I could get my hands on. I had no selection until I moved to Mt. Clemens. I used to ride the bus to downtown Detroit, get a transfer, walk about a quarter mile to this store Bi-Rite that just had everything. That's where I used to take all my carwash money. I've still got all those records. I have tons of records.

JIVE DIDN'T REALLY PUSH YOUR RECORD, HUH?

I guess that's what everybody says when their record don't do shit, but whatever. The fuckin' thing is still selling. I don't get any anything from it, but when I'm on tour I still see it in all the stores and it's got new barcodes as if they've reissued it. It was supposed to have sold over a hundred and some thousand. Jive wasn't even going to put it out because it was too dirty. That's when all the 2 Live Crew shit was going on and they didn't want to get burned. So Andy Tavel took it to Def Jam and said to Russell Simmons "Why don't you buy it?" I guess Russell made an offer on it and that's when Jive decided to put it out. Just threw it on the shelf. I don't think I ever really knew what was going on at any point in my career. I was just floating around, catching little bits of it. To this day I don't know half the shit I signed. Then Continuum came along. They were these motherfuckers that didn't have a clue, but they had a shitload of money. They were really nice people. This dude, he had a patent on the magnetic ink that's on checks so he was just paid, gettin' stupid money. They bought me a studio, put some money in my pocket. They came to me and said, "Hey, you can do whatever

the fuck you want, we got the outlet." Real basic contract. I had a sports attorney look it over. I took three of my friends out to Brooklyn and we shacked up. This started a very fucked-up period in my life. My friends couldn't get jobs anywhere so the record company gave them jobs in the shipping department. We got off the fuckin' hook with the drugs. Everything. Pokin' needles, smokin' rocks, drinkin' Robitussin, trippin' balls. Our neighbor was the biggest fuckin' heroin dealer on the block. We didn't even have to go outside, we could just go on the rooftop of our Brownstone. Every Monday I would come into the record company with an excuse why I needed another \$500. We'd blow rocks all night and drink Robitussin and then snort heroin just to come down. And we'd do it all again the next day. Then come Monday I'd go into the company and be like, "Whoah, the muffler blew on my car." We made a pretty good album doing that shit, though. I kinda like The Polyfuse Method. Those guys actually helped me write it.

THAT ALBUM IS ALL OVER THE PLACE: SAMPLES, LIVE GUITARS...

Yeah, when I got back from the tour with Ice Cube I spent all my tour money on an MPC 60 (sampler). I could play guitar, but when guys came over who could really play, I'd just plug them right in and sample their shit. But I didn't know anything about tone. I couldn't tell you what the fuck a Marshall was back then. I didn't give a fuck.

WHERE WERE YOU AT WITH YOUR MUSICAL TASTES THEN? THE SAMPLES ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE, FROM THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS TO THE SMITHS TO...

"Mrs. Robinson," Simon and Garfunkel. You catch that one? I've always bought records, 45s. Boxes of 'em. "How much?" "Fifty Bucks." "Put 'em in my car." I knew a lot of those records from my parents. My dad always had records, mostly fifties

shit, but he had some Motown, a lot of Johnny Cash, some Jim Croce, Eagles—all that shit you'd have, you know. The Eagles, shit every kid in America had in their house at that time. I just started taking from it because I didn't really want to deny it. I didn't want to go looking for these funky-ass breaks that I didn't really grow up on. I never really wanted to front.

WHAT'S THE COUNTRY CONNECTION?

I can't front—I like that shit. Hank Williams. Johnny Cash. I don't like it, I'm fucking INTO it. The only book I've ever read is the autobiography of Hank Williams. I can relate to that. The way they used to ride around to shows in their Cadillacs, that sounds like me with my turntables in my Grand Marquis, ripping around on this rap tour. I can play every Hank Williams song on guitar. If I could meet anyone, I'd love to hang out with Hank Williams Jr. Just hang out and shoot guns or something. I'd rather hang out with him than Prince.

AND THE BEASTIE BOYS?

Obviously they've been a big influence on me. Fact is, when you come out as a white rapper you get lots of shit. "Oh, you're the new Marcy Mark, Vanilla Ice, etc." Finally, when they say "Beastie Boys," someone you respect you say, "That's fine. Leave it at that."

SO THEN AFTER THE POLYFUSE METHOD YOU WENT BACK TO DETROIT. AND HOW LONG UNTIL FIRE IT UP CAME OUT?

It took me a while to get that out. I hooked up with the guys at The White Room, this mack-ass vintage studio in Detroit, and we started doing those songs. I wanted to get some money from the record label so we could put 'em down and put 'em out. They didn't want to do it. Finally they let me lay them down and they just put 'em out on cassette.

WHY WERE THEY SO RELUCTANT? DIDN'T THEY RECOUP ON POLYFUSE METHOD?

I don't know. It sold about a hundred thousand, but I don't know where they stood.

HOW DID FIRE IT UP DO?

They did some radio CDs and sent 'em out and it actually broke the CMJ Top 100, but they still wouldn't press it on CD. I'm never good at making radio songs, though.

I DUNNO. THAT SHIT WAS PRETTY CROSSOVER. "I AM THE BULLDOG" IS PRETTY FUCKIN' METAL.

Yeah, but that was too early. We went to Z Rock in Detroit back then, did the ol' suck-the-radio's-dick thing. "Wow, will you play my song man? Your station's great..." I hated that shit. "Man, we love your song, too, but there's too much rap in it."

WASN'T RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE ALREADY DOING SOMETHING THEN?

Yeah, but they weren't playing it out here yet. Now it's all you fuckin' hear.

DEFTONES, 311, WHATEVER...

Man! I fuckin' hate that shit! It fuckin' annoys the fuckin' piss out of me. I sit and watch MTV, *Alternative Nation* or something, and I'm just fuckin' bitter. I'm a bitter rapper. My first instinct is just like "Yeah? Fuck you!" I'm not smart enough to keep my mouth shut. I just run around, "311 sucks. I hate 'em." I hate to die, but the shit just doesn't sound right. It just doesn't make me FEEL. I'll fuckin' go with any motherfucker any day of the week, any band, anyone. I don't give a fuck who they are. That's how cocky I am about my shit. I go with 'em on the turntables, on the guitar, drums, whatever they want. I could be totally wrong. I could be the biggest ass of them all, but I don't care. I'm just going by what I feel.

WHAT'S THE REAL KID ROCK LIFESTYLE LOOK LIKE? I HEARD YOU CAME OUT ON STAGE AT RICK'S IN ANN ARBOR IN A FUR COAT WITH A BLACK GIRL ON EACH ARM AND A GARAGE ROCK BAND BEHIND YOU.

I've done that. I've got some bitches, but that pimp shit gets old after awhile. I admit I still like the image, though.

THAT'S THE AMAZING THING, KID ROCK THROUGH THE AGES HAS STAYED THE SAME. LOOK AT THE BEASTIE BOYS, THEY GREW UP IN A BIG WAY. IT'S 1986 AND YOU'RE STILL SITTING THERE TELLING ME YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT POLITICS AND YOU GOT BITCHES. KID ROCK DON'T QUIT. I don't quit. I won't quit. I'm going to be a thorn in someone's side until the day I die. I'm going to spread this fucking cancer as far as I can. But at the same time I have grown. There's a lot of things I've learned and grabbed onto. I'm a great father. I have full custody of my son. He's three. He's my everything. I'm not a fuck. I like to have fun but I have my priorities straight.

YOU HAVE MONEY?

I'm not rich, but I've got a crib. I bought a \$80,000 crib. I have a Lincoln on spokes. I'm running my own label Top Dog (which was always on my records) and just focusing on the Midwest. I just put out another band and moved a thousand copies.

WHAT'S UP WITH TWISTED BROWN TRUCKER?

That's my next shit. I'm going all the way with those songs.

IT'S AMAZING. EQUAL PARTS MONSTER MAGNET RIFFS, ALICE IN CHAINS CHORUSES AND RHYMES.

It's fuckin' real, cuz I can rhyme. But I know the metal shit up and down too from being down with Monster Magnet, C.O.C. and plus all the early Sabbath shit—even the cheesy shit. I can't front. I'm not into Alice in Chains—ok, maybe a bit, naw, not really. I just want my choruses to be melodic. I don't want to scream the chorus like Biohazard. Ain't that the wackest shit. [imitates Biohazard]

HOW DID YOU GET STARTED WITH YOUR LABEL? YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON AND DECIDED YOU WANTED TO DO IT YOURSELF?

I always paid attention. Rippin' around in Jive, Continuum, trying to figure out what they were doing and why they were doing it. Even in the studio. I engineered that whole last album (*Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp*). played most of the instruments, did all the programming, everything. So I learned how to run a studio, too. I have this complex where I can't get shit done unless I do it myself. Even if the cover artwork is going to look shitty. I gotta do it. I always had the corporation, but I started the company just so I could do it all myself, have my hands in on everything. I set it up. Got my bar codes. Got a high-tech answering machine in my basement where kids think I got some big operation. I have thirty interns around the country working with me. Fans helping me promote my label.

WHY THE MIDWEST CONCENTRATION? WHAT'S THE PHILOSOPHY THERE?

I probably like here better than anywhere else. Probably because of the people I have around me. Any place sucks if you don't have cool people around. I don't give a fuck where you're at. I can tour all these cities—seven cities in Ohio alone, and it's a short run. The kids are so fucking real there. Kids in L.A. or New York are so opinionated because they know too much and they've seen too much culture. These kids in the Midwest are just real. They move when it hits them. I remember being starstruck when I was a kid. I look back on it and it was just the best feeling in the world. Seeing Run-D.M.C. start swearing live. Seeing Davy D and A.J. start battlin' at Jammatron of Fresh Fest. I want to be able to do that to kids, too. You can do that in the Midwest.

BUT THERE'S SOME FINANCIAL MOTIVATION TO IT, TOO, RIGHT?

Yeah. I can't promote records in L.A. I don't have the resources, the money, the time. It would cost me too much just to come out there and play. Plus I get to keep the money from the copies I do sell.

WHAT DO YOUR SALES LOOK LIKE?

Early Mornin' did about 8500. To promote I have some stickers. And some shirts. But mostly just the stickers.

THAT'S A HELL OF A PROMOTION BUDGET. HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU HAVE WORKING FOR YOU?

Just me.

JUST YOU?

Just me.

SO WHEN YOU GET A SHIRT FROM TOP DOG, THAT WAS YOU WRITING THE ADDRESS ON THE LABEL?

Yep. I send out catalogs, they're dope-ass catalogs. Don't blow my cover. Kids think I got a fuckin' operation going on here. They think when they order a shirt it's like a warehouse with a conveyer belt, but it's me in my basement with some packaging tape and a computer. Pays the fuckin' bills.

Listen to his records. You'll laugh; Sometimes with, sometimes at. But think for a second - Kid Rock has built a life on being Kid Rock. He has a son, a house, a car, a hobby, a good time most days. He's the writer, the MC, the producer, the DJ, the musicians, the vocalists, the promotion man, the CEO of the record label, the shipping department. He's changed the paradigm, and made the music biz work for him instead of capitulating to the coastal machine. And he's only 25. Fuck Guy Oseary. The songs may be funny, but my respect for Kid Rock is dead serious.

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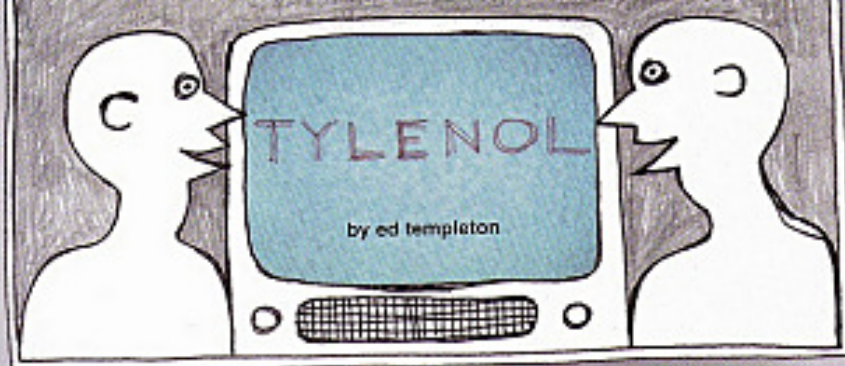
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THE RETARDED LIFE



NOTE TO MYSELF
DO NOT EAT FLOURESCENT ORANGE FOOD



THE TRAFFIC IS TERRIBLE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. PEOPLE ARE MOVING INTO THE CUBICLES AND BRINGING THEIR CARS WITH THEM. THE ROADS STAY THE SAME SO STAY AWAY FROM ANYWHERE NEAR A MEGAMALL ON THE WEEKENDS BECAUSE EVERY ~~THEIR~~ CORPULENT CONSUMER IS ON HIS WAY THERE. HAVE YOU NOTICED ALL THE FAST FOOD CHAINS ARE PUSHING BACON? FUCK BACON, BACON GIVES THE AMERICAN HUMAN THAT GLAZED LOOK OF "SEARCH" WHILE LOOKING FOR A FULLGRAIN LEATHER T.V. REMOTE PROTECTOR WITH THEIR INITIALS BURNED INTO IT, WE ARE ADDICTED TO CHEESE FLAVORED EVERYTHING AND PHARMACEUTICALS.

~~WE ARE ADDICTED TO CHEESE FLAVORED EVERYTHING AND PHARMACEUTICALS.~~
~~WE ARE ADDICTED TO CHEESE FLAVORED EVERYTHING AND PHARMACEUTICALS.~~ COUNT THE FAT AMERICANS - TO INCREASE SUCCESS I SUGGEST GOING TO A FOOD COURT AT A SHOPPING CENTER

EEEE





CAN YOU
KICK IT...

THE



SPECTACULAR



As Spring turns into Summer, a longing takes place in all of us. The weather is warming up, and the prospect of sitting inside all day dedicating endless hours to "productive" work becomes increasingly unappetizing. In our society's continual state of over-achievement (at least, none of us at Grand Royal espouse the so-called "slacker" ethic), "leisure time" is the balance that gets far too little attention. Yet the importance of leisure is a concept which civilizations throughout history have obviously appreciated. For example, in the height of its pyramid and knowledge building, Egypt indulged itself in orgiastic, psychedelic and hedonistic rituals. The Medici family of Florence were the greatest patrons of art the world has ever known, as well as perhaps the world's first truly international financiers, but you know they threw some serious house parties. And Hugh Hefner built the Playboy publishing empire on the foundation of leisure, in turn defining the gentlemanly life of leisure from the 1950s through to the 1970s). Throughout the eons, leisure has helped to define who we are, what we've got and what we do with it.

We here at Grand Royal are merely trying to carry the torch and keep the dream alive. We are not here to define Leisure, but to encourage it. Let it manifest itself inside each and every one of us, in a uniquely creative and individually expressive manner. Remember, it is not necessarily about skill, just about enjoying oneself as one sees fit. Spend as much time, energy and passion on leisure as you would on mastering your skills as an m.c., a dj, or maximizing your financial portfolio. The rewards will be evident and easily experienced. Remember, as Jerry Hubbard once said, (Mike to Ed.: please insert leisure-themed quote by Martin Mull—or Confucius.) [Sorry Mike, too busy working on my Donkey Kong score to look it up.—Ed.]

Mike Diamond

GREAT MOMENTS IN LEISURE researched by Jay W. Babcock

"EASY DOES IT"

-1000 B.C.: Zhou Dynasty invents the first kind of video game, the *Go* board.

-1000 B.C.: The first known law is made in Mesopotamia and Babylon.

-500 B.C.: Egyptians go bowling.

-400 B.C.: Socrates' student Aristotle lays down the philosophical underpinnings for leisure, arguing that only beings of pleasure make up the *Good Life*.

-100 B.C. to 100 A.D.: More than a hundred holidays per year are celebrated, and many of the known public entertainments—the Circus Maximus, Roman gladiatorial games, and the *Colosseum*—are built. (The first *Colosseum*—a large, oval-shaped amphitheater—was built in the early 100s and was used for gladiatorial games.)

800 A.D.: The Islamic world's first university, the *Bayt al-Hikma*, is built in Baghdad, and many of the known entertainments—the *Colosseum* and the *Colosseum*—are built.

1000 A.D.: The first known law is made in Mesopotamia and Babylon.

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2,300,000

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LYMAN



"Silk"



Sheats

If you don't know who Lyman Sheats is, then you don't know pinball. Walk into an arcade and mention his name during someone's best game and if they drain...they KNOW pinball. Lyman's the one the best call the best. To watch him play makes you realize why he can walk into a national pinball championship wearing no shoes and a white Members Only jacket and walk out with a trophy. His consistency as a high level tournament competitor has led to a job at Bally/Williams, where his talent as a player is utilized for designing pinball machines. Even when he's not physically in the arcade, his presence is felt on the tables he's made. He is kind, he is king, he is Lyman "Silk" Sheats. This is his story...

A pinball player's pinball player by Joey Garfield

HOW DID YOU GET INTO PINBALL?

I started playing pinball in about 1986, I was in college. In between classes I'd go over to the arcade in my spare time.

WHAT WERE YOU PLAYING BEFORE—VIDEO GAMES?

Oh yeah.

WHAT MADE YOU SWITCH?

I honestly don't know. I remember watching two people play a game, it was an Eight Ball Deluxe. It was probably about a four-year-old game at that time, in 1986. And I watched these two guys, they kept winning free games. I was standing there watching them and they had to go to class or something and they left like ten free credits on this game. And they were like, "Here, you can have these..." So in watching other people play and understanding what they were doing, I got better and better after that the more I played.

WHEN DID YOU START GETTING RECOGNITION FOR YOUR SKILLS?

Like in 1988, I met this person who used to go to this arcade I used to go to. In pinball if you get high a score, you can enter your initials. And he noticed there was this guy who had initials LSS who had all the high scores on all the pinball games. So he talked to one of the arcade attendants and said "Look, next time he comes in here, give me a call cause I want to meet him." So that's what happened, and I met one of my friends who at the time was going to all these tournaments. And he tried to talk me into going.



SO WHEN DID YOU START TO COMPETE?

In '91, the first one I went to was in Chicago, called the Expo. The next one I heard about was the PAPA tournament, the Professional and Amateur Pinball Association, and they had a tournament in New York City in February of 1992. That was organized by Steven Epstein, who was the proprietor of the Broadway Arcade, which just around the first of this year closed down.

SO HOW DO YOU APPROACH A TOURNAMENT?

The first three tournaments I went to, I was pretty much forced to practice at arcades and bowling alleys and bars and stuff like that. But after the third tournament, I wanted a game at home. It's a lot easier than driving five, ten, or twenty miles out to some arcade somewhere to play a game. I bought my first game in like 1992.

WHAT WAS IT?

It was a game that Williams had in production at the time, The Addams Family. I bought another game that year, in August, and now I have, let's see...I have ten at home, plus I have two here at work.

SO WHAT PREPARATIONS...

It's kind of like cramming for an exam. You kinda burn yourself out trying to prepare for this thing. But it can work against you, playing too much right beforehand. It took me about a year to realize that it's usually best to not practice a lot right before it. Maybe only play like half an hour a day, or something like that, and not get burnt out on it.

WHAT'S THE LONGEST YOU'VE EVER PLAYED?

One game, one time, lasted me an hour and forty five minutes.

OH MY GOD!

Yeah, it was Black Knight 2000. Back in 1988, I played it for an hour and

forty five minutes. My back hurt and I had actually two more balls to play. I couldn't play it anymore, I punched the ball into the play field and just let it drain.

REALLY, YOU WERE DRAINED AS WELL.

Pretty much.

WHAT DO YOU FIND YOURSELF DOING WHEN YOU GO INTO A TOURNAMENT? DO YOU TIE YOUR SHOES DIFFERENTLY OR WEAR THE SAME CLOTHES OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

I always end up wearing jeans and a T-shirt. Any day that I can wear jeans and a T-shirt is a good day. I used to take my shoes off when I'd play. I'm used to playing at home with games in my living room, and I'd take my shoes off when I'd get home from work and stuff, and I felt more comfortable playing in my socks. So at tournaments, when I'd play, I'd usually end up carrying my sneakers around and walking in my socks.

WHO HAVE YOU COMPETED AGAINST?

Lots of people. One of my friends, Dave Heggy, he's been playing pinball for a long time. Probably more than 20 years. He'll come over sometimes or I'll go over there and we'll play games. Dave's won some tournaments, too. Jason Wardrick, who's won a couple of tournaments. He's also from Chicago and he's really good. A couple of friends from Minneapolis. And these are all people who I didn't even know until I started going to tournaments.

I'VE SEEN YOU PLAY BEFORE AND I NOTICED YOU PLAY REALLY LOW TO THE TABLE.

It's mainly just angle of view. I feel like I have better awareness, in terms of tracking the ball at that play field at that angle. And also my eyesight isn't the greatest in the world. I normally wear glasses for driving and stuff like that, but I can't wear glasses when I play because, you know there are all these flashing lights and all that other stuff, and it's like I lose concentration on the ball. My vision is probably like 20/80.

I guess it's kinda like shooting a gun. People don't shoot guns held at their waist, they kinda hold it up and look down the barrel and aim it like that. That's pretty much what you're doing in pinball. I mean you're aiming your shots.

I SEE, SO YOU PLAY MOSTLY A CONTROLLED GAME: TRAP THE BALLS, AIM YOUR SHOTS, AND NOT JUST WHACK THE SHIT OUT OF THE BALLS.

Control is probably half the game. Being able to hit your shots is like 30% of it and probably understanding what to go for when, is probably like 15% maybe.

HOW DO YOU CONTROL IT DURING MULTI-BALL? WHAT ARE SOME WAYS TO CONQUER THAT? IT SEEMS LIKE A GREAT THING, 'CAUSE YOU HAVE SO MANY CHANCES TO HIT STUFF, BUT IT'S ALSO A CHAOTIC MOMENT IN THE GAME.

But that's part of the fun. Like when I play multi-ball, I'll always try and trap a couple of balls on one flipper and I'll basically pick my shots off the other flipper.

THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO RACK 'EM UP. WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST TO SOMEONE THAT'S JUST BEGINNING?

Spend some time either watching and/or talking with someone who's a good player. Because I learned mostly by watching people who were good. And I've noticed that they do things that I wasn't doing at the time. Like drop catching. Do you know what a drop catch is?

IS THAT WHEN IT'S COMING DOWN AND YOU STOP THE BALL ON THE FLIPPER?

Right. You hold the flipper up while that ball is coming down towards your flipper. And as soon as the ball hits it you let go. IT'S LIKE TRAPPING IN SOCCER.

Right, uh huh, exactly, exactly. You do that and then, if you figure out the physics of pinball...like, let's say that you have a ball trapped on your right flipper, and then you want to make a shot that's on the left side of the play field, then when you think about the physics of it, the ball's at rest, and you let go of the flipper, it's always going to roll down with the same acceleration. Then all you really have to do is figure out, okay, where does the ball have to be on the flipper as it's

rolling down, and when do I need to hit the button to make that shot? And if you always start from that position, it becomes almost ridiculously easy to do it after a while.

WHAT ABOUT THE TILT? WHY IS THERE A TILT AND HOW CAN YOU BEAT THE TILT?

There's a tilt because you can influence the path of the ball by moving the machine. It's kinda like a car. If you get back to physics, right, it's like you hit your brakes on the car, and the brakes act on the car, but they don't act on you. So when you hit your brakes you fall forward, because you still have forward momentum.

INERTIA.

Right. And it's the same thing with the ball. The ball isn't part of the game. It's rolling around on this surface. So if you move the machine, you won't necessarily move the ball with it.

AND MANUFACTURES WANT TO AVOID THAT AT ALL COSTS.

Right. Typically if players know that it doesn't have a tilt, they'll be a little more harsh playing the game, move it around and stuff like that. And also, games just last longer.

WHAT'S WITH THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE SIDE? I RARELY TAKE THE TIME TO READ THAT ANYMORE.

It gets confusing at first, because a lot of people who write the cards, they try to explain the whole game on the card and you can't do that. I really just look at it as an overview thing.

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT SINCE YOU'VE STARTED TO PLAY PROFESSIONALLY?

I don't know. That's a tough question. The two things I enjoy the most that are pinball related, one was winning the world championship in New York in 1993. I had been competing for a year, and it was an achievement that I thought I'd never get to. It was a pretty cool feeling. You know, you set out to do something and you do it.

The other one was, as I mentioned, in 1993, I went to working for Data East. I'm now working for Williams. Bally-Midway. What's really gratifying about working on pinball machines is, you get finished with the game and it goes out into the world, and people play it and they are entertained by it. I mean that's also pretty rewarding. It's like, "Here's this thing that our design team came up with."

HOW DID YOU HOOK UP FROM PLAYING PINBALL TO WORKING WITH PINBALL?

I met Larry Demyer in 1991 at Pinball Expo. One of my friends who had talked me into going to that tournament, was a friend of Larry's, and introduced me to him. Larry Demyer is the director of pinball engineering at Williams Electronics. You go to one of these tournaments and there's usually a lot of people from the pinball industry there: designers, programmers, technicians. You spend enough time walking around talking to people and you get to know what their industry is about. It was probably about March or April of 1993 and I thought it would be kind of cool to get a job in the pinball industry cuz my degree from college is in computer science and pinball machines are microprocessor-controlled so somebody has to program them. It seemed like, well, I have an interest in pinball, and I have the technical skills to be able to do this so...I talked with Larry Demyer. He was more or less the head of the software department at Williams Electronics at the time. I also spoke with Joe Camarcone, who was vice president of engineering and design at Data East Pinball, which is now Sega Pinball. I talked to both of them and accepted a job at Data East, in mid-1993.

SO WHAT GAMES DID YOU HELP DESIGN AT DATA EAST OR AT WILLIAMS?

Data East, I did some software work on a game called The Who's Tommy. THAT'S A GREAT ONE, THE FAN GOES OVER THE FLIPPERS SO YOU HAVE TO PLAY BLINDLY. THAT'S PRETTY INTENSE. I MEAN, I NEVER DO WELL ONCE THAT HAPPENS, BUT THAT'S A GOOD GAME. THERE'S A MIRROR ON THE SIDE YOU HAVE TO BREAK. IT'S GOOD.

I helped out on a game called Guns n' Roses, also at Data East, and a game called Maverick.

THAT'S OFF THE MOVIE WITH JODIE FOSTER?

Right, uh huh. I helped out for maybe six weeks. Steve Richie did that game. And my first, the first game that I programmed by myself, ever, was Attack From Mars. Which Brian Eddie designed, and I did the software. We just had a really good team that was committed to doing a simple, entertaining game. WHEN YOU DESIGN A GAME LIKE THAT, DO YOU GET TO TAKE ONE HOME? WHAT ARE SOME PERKS?

Sure. In pinball engineering here at Williams, games that we work on we're

entitled to purchase at a discount for personal use. I received two games at Data East: Tommy and Maverick. But there was no written rule if you get a game or not. It was just kinda up to the discretion of whoever. You know, if you worked on a game, you're entitled to purchase the game at a reduced cost.

BACK TO STEVE RICHIE—SOME FRIENDS OF MINE COMPLAINED ABOUT NO FEAR, SAYING THAT IT'S ALL RAMPS. WHAT WAS STEVE RICHIE'S IDEA BEHIND THAT?

It really kinda fits the mold that Steve comes from. Steve Richie games have typically been fast-paced, kind of adrenaline-type games. If you look at High Speed, it's a pretty high-speed, adrenal game, where you make a shot and the ball's right back to you to make another shot. That's his style. YOUR STYLE IS MORE LIKE ALIEN ABDUCTION AND MARS ATTACKS AND STUFF?

Kind of. I'm working with Brian again on another game. This is probably going to be out on test in a few weeks.

CAN YOU DISCLOSE ANY INFORMATION ON THAT GAME?

No, I can't. Were all sworn to secrecy. But Brian and my attitude towards games is that, if you look at 90% of the pinball players, most people play pinball for entertainment and most of them really aren't all that good. So when you work out a design for a game, you constantly want to keep that in mind. RIGHT, LIKE BLOWING UP THE FLYING SAUCER?

Right. Probably the average person could do that in every game they play. And it's like okay, here's this thing that we put in this game and we want you to see this and maybe laugh at it, or whatever. It's a big part of pinball. 'Cause if we design games for people like me, we probably wouldn't be doing very well.

WHY'S THAT?

'Cause a lot of people find pinball confusing and intimidating to play in public, because most people aren't that good and they play one ball for like ten seconds. The other thing is, most people who play, they don't go for the strategic aspect of playing a game. They just kinda go, well here's this game and I want to be entertained by it.

YOU SATISFY BOTH BECAUSE THE ALIENS START FREAKING OUT AND YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE POT SHOTS AT THEM. THERE'S NOTHING BETTER IN MY BOOK. BUT BACK TO THE ADRENALINE ISSUE: HAVE YOU HEARD OF SAFE CRACKER?



Pinball wizard [sorry].

Oh sure.

THAT GAME IS ON A TIME LIMIT. YOU DON'T GET THREE BALLS, YOU HAVE ONE BALL AND YOU HAVE TO FINISH IN ENOUGH TIME TO BREAK INTO THE BANK AND BREAK INTO THE SAFE. I MEAN PEOPLE WERE LINING UP TO PLAY THAT GAME WHERE I WAS. DO YOU THINK THAT IS GOING TO BE A NEW THING, HAVING TIME LIMITS?

Pinball has been presented to people in a lot of different forms over the course of 40 years. It's another aspect to pinball that may really appeal to some people. For instance, for the novice player, who may only play a ball for 15 seconds, their game's over in 45 seconds. With a timed game, you may get more play out a game. It's almost like you want to guarantee a certain amount of playing time on a game. Whereas for a good player, I've had single balls last like twenty minutes or half an hour.

DO YOU JUST LIVE PINBALL ALL THE TIME?

Work is usually pretty intense. Projects last around eight months. At first everybody is very laid back. Then as things start picking up, you get more rules in the game, you get display effects and light shows, things like that, and things start to come together and, it's like, wow, we're on a schedule and we have to be on test by this date, and we're on production here, and things start to heat up. During those times, I wake up at 8:30 am and get to work by 10:00 am, and then I'll be there until like 1:00 in the morning, then go home and do it all over again.

WOW, THAT'S A REAL DEDICATION TO THE SPORT SO WHY DID YOU GET THE NICKNAME "SILK"? IS IT BECAUSE OF YOUR STYLE?

Well, I think it was because this guy who handled the PR for the PAPA tournaments came up with nicknames for various people, like my teammate, for PAPA 4, is Dave "Iceman" Keggy. He puts people on ice, because he's a great player.

YOU PLAYED DOUBLES WITH HIM AND YOU GUYS WON?

In 1994, that was the first year we teamed up, and we took the doubles title there.

SO WHAT KEEPS YOU GOING? WHAT KEEPS YOU WANTING TO PLAY?

At first I looked at tournaments like, oh okay, here's this chance to compete against other people, and chance to accomplish something in the world of pinball. And now I look at it like, okay, here's a few days off, where I get to spend some time with people that I haven't seen in a while, in this kind of happy, upbeat, no pressure atmosphere.

HOW MANY QUARTERS HAVE YOU PUT INTO THE GAME OF PINBALL?

I can't even count. I honestly don't know, but it's easily in the thousands of dollars.

DO YOU STILL GO TO ARCADES?

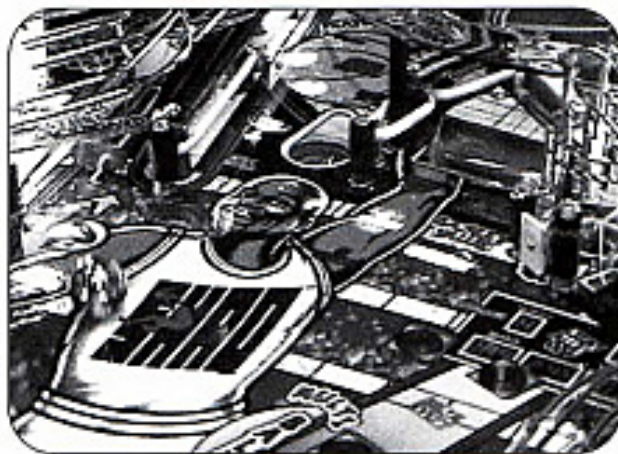
A little bit. The main thing is time. When you're in to work at 10:00 am and you don't leave until midnight, it's hard to find the energy to go to an arcade. The other thing is, since I work for a pinball company, and now there's only one other pinball company... I end up playing over half the pinball games that get made in the US, right here at work.

ON TOMMY, DID THE WHO WORK ON ANY OF THE MUSIC? OR DID GUNS 'N' ROSES—WERE THEY A PART OF THE MAKING OF THEIR GAME?

Tommy was based on the Broadway play, and the music in that game is from that show. The cool thing that happened with that project is when that production went on tour, the first one was in Dallas and we went down to see it. We were all invited to a party at the Hard Rock Cafe afterwards. My boss took us over and introduced us to Pete Townshend. The Guns 'n' Roses project came about because Slash is way into pinball. I think when we were there, he had like 10 pinball machines.

WHERE'S "THERE"?

He lives in L.A. He approached both Williams and Data East to do a Guns n' Roses pinball machine. And if you look back at the history of pinball, there's been lots of games that featured rock stars. Like Kiss...



ELTON JOHN...

Right. Captain Fantastic that featured Elton John on the back glass. My boss, Joe Cameco, talked to Slash about what he wanted to do. Slash was very much a contributor in how that game turned out.

DID HE DO MUSIC?

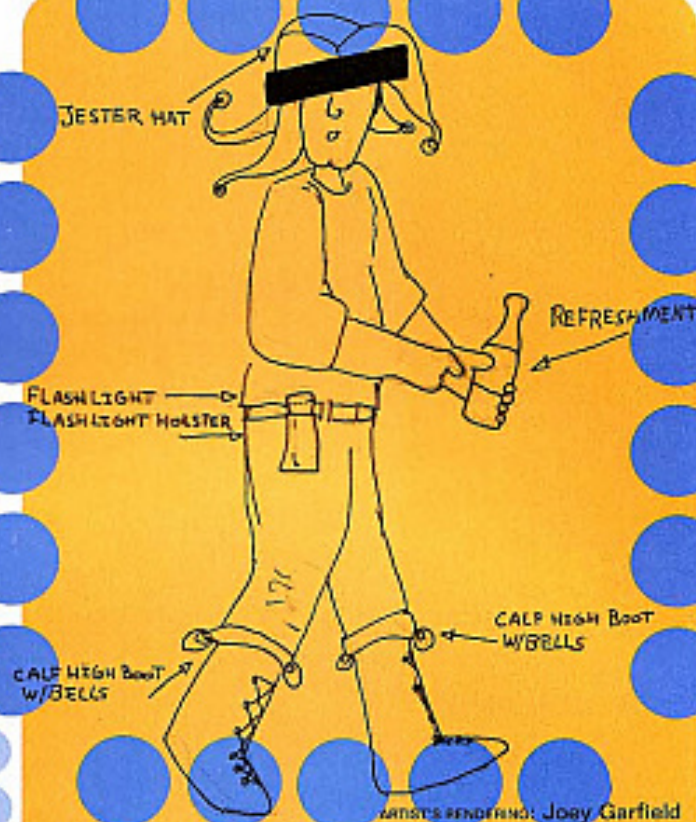
Um, yeah. There was one song on that game, called "Ain't Going Down." THAT'S A GREAT SONG RELATING TO PINBALL. LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION ABOUT THE SHAQ GAME: YOU KNOW THAT HE'S MOVED TO THE LAKERS AND THE GAME HAS HIM IN THE ORLANDO MAGIC UNIFORM. ARE THEY GOING TO HAVE TO RECALL THOSE GAMES OR IS IT GOING TO BECOME A COLLECTOR'S ITEM?

It may be a collector's item, it depends on how much of a fan you are of Shaq. SO IT'S MORE OF AN O'NEIL THING THAN A PINBALL THING?

Right. I don't think they'd recall it either because we sell to distributors, who sell it to operators. It's like you can notice a lot of similarities between the pinball industry and the auto industry, where a dealer will take a delivery of an auto and then sell them on to the public. We kinda work the same way. We're the manufacturer and we sell to distributors, and they sell to operators who are the ultimate customers. Once an operator has bought the game, it's his game.

WHAT DIRECTION CAN WE EXPECT PINBALL TO GO IN?

You know, that's a tough one to answer because we're always trying to



pinball fantasyland

BY TODD HASAK-LOWY

This is a true story. There's this guy, John [not his real name], and he collects pinball machines. Every Friday night he opens up his basement, turns on the machines and welcomes in the lucky ones that know.

Or so I'm told by this guy I see around, playing pinball. I'm good—not great—but he's great. He doesn't just earn free games, he wins games, solves them, finishes them. One night after watching him dismantle the fearsome 1001 Arabian Nights, I asked him where else he played, since the places I frequented were getting stale.

He told me about John's parties. "You seem pretty cool, you should check it out," he said. "Just tell 'em you know me. Tell 'em Hal sent ya."

An open Friday finally rolled around, so my wife Teal and I double-checked the address, got in the car and found ourselves knocking on the door. For the last half-hour, we'd been giggling about what our opening line should be:

"Hi, we're here for the free pinball."

"Hal sent me (wink, wink)."

"Uh... Are you the full-on freak who collects pinball machines?"

Before we could decide, a man came to the door, and sure enough, before my eyes met his, I spotted a wood panel against a wall behind him, decorated like the side of a pinball machine. We were in luck. Then I noticed the man—a large figure in his mid-30s, with long black hair and a sharp cleft chin. It was him.

"Hi," Teal asked tentatively. "Is this the pinball place?"

"H-Hal told us about it," I added nervously.

"Yeah it is," he said, "but I usually ask people to come after 10:30."

We agreed to make ourselves scarce for 45 minutes. Back in the car, Teal asked me if I noticed his boots: "Calf-high suede with little metal bells."

Upon our return, entering through the basement, we were greeted by the cackle of an electronic skull nailed to the wall. The lighting was negligible... lefty posters and memorabilia covered the walls...but everything melted when I saw the machines.

Pinball machines. Everywhere. The basement was divided into five small rooms, each boasting a half-dozen or more machines. They all worked. And, oh yeah, no quarters necessary—credits aplenty, compliments of John.

After Teal and I changed our respective underwear, we saddled up to the first thing we saw, and started playing. How old were these machines? You could see the ten balls (you read right) you get per game in a window at the bottom of the machine. You pull back a rod, located under the launcher, to lift up each ball into play. Little flippers. And scoring by ones. The all-time

high score on this machine was 10,631. I got 1,459. If this isn't enough to tell you that these machines were from another era, consider the titles: Sing-Along, World's Fair and Pionic, to name a few. Nor were these machines like the irony-laden mid-'80s State Fair-themed Cyclone. ("We haaaave a win-nah!") which sported the images of Ron and Nancy Reagan tripping their First Family balls as they ride the roller coaster. This was a simple, straightforward celebration of picnics (albeit, a white bread version). You can just imagine some guy at Gottlieb in the late-'50s, saying "Heh, Bill, howabout a World's Fair machine? The Pionic model was a great success."

But John doesn't collect pinball machines alone. He also has two baseball games where metal balls emerge from a flap in the center [pitching mound] and your lever swings a tiny bat nailed to home base. The object: send the ball up the ramps for a homer. At the rear of the machine, small metal figurines painted like the '55 Mets run the bases in a perfect circle, left leg planted—right in mid-air. There are also primitive driving games, a tabletop shuffleboard bowling lane, some shooting games and my favorite: the basketball shootout. Your player, mysteriously named "Bibby" (according to the back of his jersey), shoots the eternal set shot, Richie Cunningham-style, while a nameless defender buzzes back and forth, arms extended, forcing you to time Bibby's shots. If you can't have fun here, it's time to consider serious medication, if not suicide.

About a half-hour into the frantic inventory I'm taking, my serendipitous bewilderment and shock subside for the first time enough for me to notice the music: Hendrix, Santana, Edgar Winter. It's played-out classic rock, but since it's all at least 20 years younger than the machines, it somehow works. Amid the fantastic clutter of the machines, boxes on the floor, the knee-high refrigerators (for cold beer handiness) and the precious, uncategorizable junk, it's difficult to locate the source of the tunes. Then I found them—large, old, sloppy, texture-weave covered speakers everywhere, which still don't trust the work CD players force them to perform. And only later do I stumble upon the nerve center of our sound-track—a comparatively up-to-date system safely set off in a corner.

When we arrived, there were maybe a dozen people there, a number that grew to 20 an hour later. The truly word-of-mouth quality of the gathering created a strange mix: an age range of late teens to late-40s. Some were John's friends, some, like me, could only pretend. It wasn't a particularly attractive crowd; indeed, the love of pinball seems to be the domain of the cool losers of the world. John rolled through, now wearing a felt jester cap on his head, a bottle of Windex and a screwdriver in his outstretched arm.

The most telling event of the evening came when an entire row of machines, along with the stereo, went down. A fuse had blown. John was standing nearby in a circle of cohorts, busy passing the pipe. My pessimism washed over me: This would be the moment when things would return to a more realistic "pretty good." But before the collective buzz was even assailed, never mind killed, John (in an action recalling Batman) pulled out a mag light from his waist belt, took a few steps toward the fuse box (while still chucking at a joke I hadn't overheard), and resuscitated the downed machines. This guy was for real.

What John is responsible for should not be taken lightly. When we were growing up, there was undoubtedly one kid whose house had the goods: Atari, Hostess and Coca-Cola on demand, and cable TV before anyone else. Of course, the kid's Mom was the perpetual rain cloud—"Keep it down!" "Time to do homework!" "Who spilled in the living room?" "Do I smell smoke?" There were good times, for sure, but the authority problem was never far away. We all had the fantasy of "When I grow up, I'm going to play all I want, and Mrs. Levine won't be able to tell me I've had enough Fritos." While the sentiment never died, who among us ever realized this dream?

John, unlike the rest of us, truly has his priorities straight. Like some wondrous mutation of Plato's philosopher-king, John has located within himself both the ambassador of Good Times and the normally-feared legislative body. John, wisely, keeps rules to a minimum: 1) Be cool. 2) Wipe up your spilled beer.

I have met the messiah...and he wears strange boots.

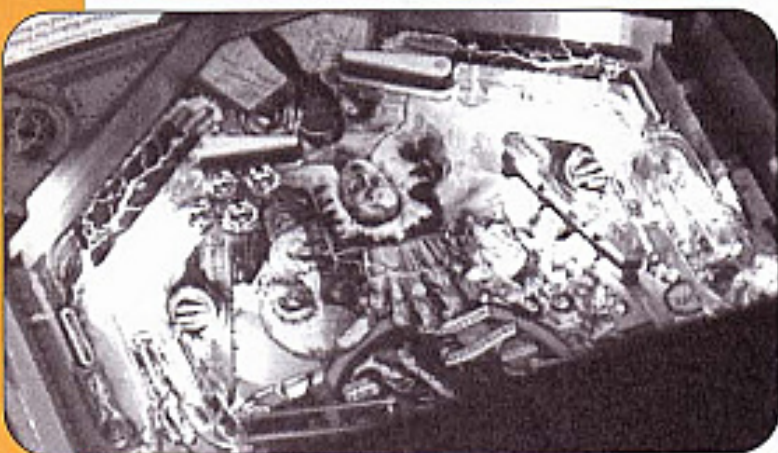
So, the next time you're driving around on a Friday night—after 10:30 p.m.—and you see a purple light near a basement entrance, grab a steer of your favorite beer, stretch your index fingers, and give the door a knock. Tell 'em I sent ya.

experiment. Safe Cracker is a good example. I mean, here's a game that's drastically different than your standard pinball game. Pinball has really kind of died out in the last couple of years. I don't know if you've noticed, but we certainly have, in reduced production runs and the two companies going out of business last year.

WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT'S A RESULT OF: HOME VIDEO GAMES, OR PEOPLE HAVING THEIR OWN SYSTEMS?

I really think it's because people are finding more convenient forms of entertainment. It just seems easier to do certain things instead of going out to play pinball. Like when I bought my first game, it was because I didn't want to go out and spend 20 minutes driving to some bowling alley somewhere. Plus, you have people that may have kids and they have a home video system, like a Sony Playstation or something that. And they go down to their video store and rent a game for \$2. **PINBALL IS MORE THAN A FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT: IT'S A SPORT, AND I THINK THAT PEOPLE LOSE SIGHT OF THAT.**

Yeah, the cool thing about pinball is that it's a real game. It's a physical game. You can look at it, it's 3-D and you get to manipulate this world that somebody has designed, and NO game is the same every time. It's entertaining. That's what I like about it.



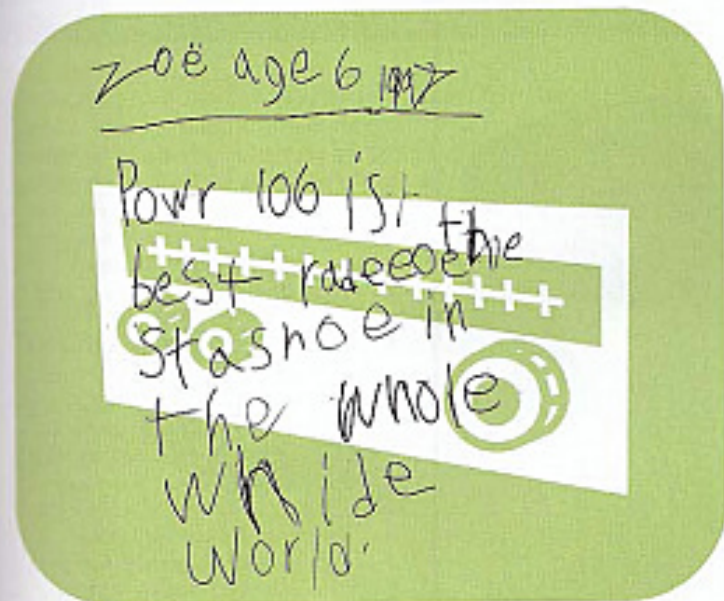
Four bells trapped.



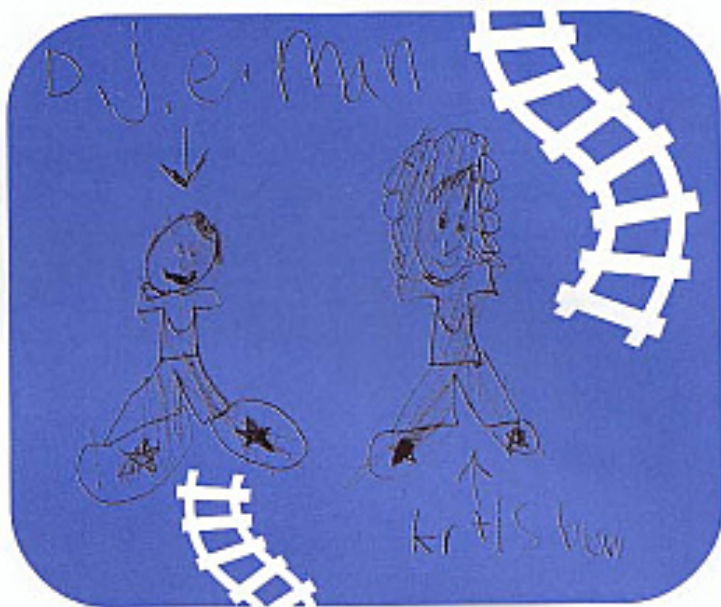
Members only.

post script

ONE WEEK AFTER THIS INTERVIEW WAS CONDUCTED THE COIN OP(ERATORS) ANNUAL NATIONAL POLL VOTED ATTACK FROM MARS "PINBALL GAME OF THE YEAR".



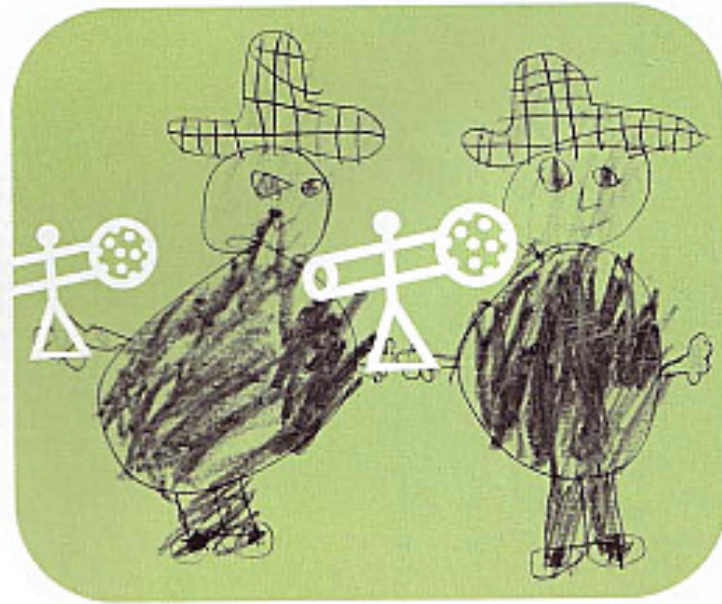
Why is Power 106 (KPWR 105.9, Los Angeles) the best radio station in the world? Because it plays my favorite kinds of music: house and hip-hop. 92.3 (nine deuce point trilznay) The Beat plays hip-hop,



too, but they play too much R&B. I like the house beats the best. My favorite song is the choo choo train song ("come on ride it, it's the choo choo"). I like Bone, Thugs, Blackstreet, Lil Kim, NOT DRE!



and Ice Cube ("West Siiiiide!"). When's D'Angelo coming out with a new record? Him and that Badu girl should team up. My favorite DJs are Kurtis Blow, DJ E-Man, Big Boy and DJ Enri. They're the



only ones I ever listen to because I go to bed before the others come on. I like it when they do the "Who's down with us!" thing. I wish I would have won tickets to the Power 106 Disneyland day.

YOU DON'T SPELL IT, SON—YOU EAT IT. SHOPPING FOR RAMEN WITH GREGGY-NO SHEWCHUK

RAMEN
17



RAMEN

In my quest for fast, cheap food, I have found final satisfaction with Japanese Ramen noodles. Ramen is tasty, low-profile eating, and it doesn't stink of assembly line production and corporate cock like most American fast food. Let the brain-washed masses riot for Big Macs; order up a big bowl of noodles next time you go out for lunch.

The first thing you should do is watch *Tampopo*, a film by Japanese director Juzo Itami. It serves as a perfect primer on the finer points of ramen making and eating, and will give you a good idea of how seriously Japanese people take their food. This movie makes you want to eat and fuck, so be ready for both when you watch it.

Unless you live in the city, you may not have much luck finding an authentic ramen shop. You lose. Good for me, Los Angeles has both Little Tokyo and the Sawtelle district, Japanese neighborhoods ripe with noodle joints. I'm not going to divulge my favorite shops, they are too crowded already. The following tips aside, you are on your own.



HOW TO EAT RAMEN

I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW TO EAT, AND I DON'T CARE ANYWAY. THEN AGAIN, MAYBE YOU ARE DUMBER THAN A BAG OF HAMMERS AND NEED THE FOLLOWING POINTERS:

- **EAT FAST.** IF YOU TAKE TOO LONG, THE SOUP GETS TOO COLD AND THE NOODLES GET OVERCOOKED AND SOAK UP ALL THE BROTH. IT WILL BE HOT, BUT DON'T LET THAT STOP YOU.
- **SLURP.** YOU EAT RAMEN WITH CHOPSTICKS, AND THE ONLY WAY TO EAT FAST IS TO LEAN RIGHT DOWN IN IT AND SLURP LIKE A TOOTHLESS DRUNK. MAKE AS MUCH NOISE AS YOU WANT, NOBODY CARES.
- **FINISH.** IF THE RAMEN IS GOOD, YOU SHOULD EAT THE WHOLE THING, RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST DROP. YOU DON'T WANT TO INSULT THE COOKS. IT'S A LOT OF FOOD, SO GO IN THERE HUNGRY. DON'T TAKE RAMEN TO GO. BAD STYLE.



FINDING A GOOD RAMEN NOODLE JOINT:

1. Taste is the most important factor, of course. Good soup, good noodles, good extras. I'm not going to tell you what tastes good. Ask your mom or figure it out for yourself, Jackson.
 2. A good ramen shop is always busy and crowded, so look for a line out the door. It shouldn't be a social crowd though—customers come to stuff their faces, not talk.
 3. 'Cheap' and 'large' are the key words. Plain ramen shouldn't cost more than 5 bucks, and the bowl should be bigger than your head.
 4. Ramen is a specialty dish—find a specialty shop. Look for the big flag outside the door that says 'Ramen' in Japanese. Don't go to a sushi shop and order ramen. Also, watch out for udon (big fat noodles). No same-same. Don't get me wrong—udon is great, but it has an entirely different vibe than ramen. Don't eat somewhere they serve both.
 5. Don't get fancy and order the Seafood Omelet Longshaft Surprise ramen right off the bat. The way to compare shops is to order plain ramen to get a basic understanding of their noodles and soup. Later on you can try the specials, but don't get too crazy right away.
 6. They say in Japanese train stations you can walk in, order, eat and leave a ramen shop in seven minutes. You are probably a fat and lazy American so you are never in such a hurry, but your ramen should never take long (8 or 10 minutes) just to get served. Don't miss your train.
 7. Ramen is Japanese, so look for authenticity. Japanese cooks and servers are a good sign. Mom and Pop shops are the best of all (if a national Ramen chain/Blockbuster ever happens, I'm gonna burn the fuckers down one by one). The more Japanese people eating there the better, you figure they know what's up. The menu should always be written partly or entirely in Japanese, and it is a nice touch when their English translations are all fucked up and misspelled.
 8. The Shewchuk Inverse Music Postulate: the worse the music the better the food. A good noodle joint should emit some really awful sounds from an equally awful sound system. Bad '80s rock rules (this postulate stands for most cheap ethnic restaurants).
 9. Some ramen shops have a little shelf with Japanese comics you can borrow. They are fun to read when you are eating by yourself, even if they don't make any sense. I like the perky, telephone book-sized ones. Read them right to left.
 10. When you enter the shop you should hear an "irasshai-mase" from the chefs behind the bar, and a nice "arigato-gozaimashita" when you leave. Then again, if the cooks and servers are too nice and friendly, that is a bad sign, especially if you ask a lot of questions and bother everyone. Good cooks stand behind their food, and are insulted when you are a pain in the ass. I never bought the American idea of "the customer is always right" anyway.
- Of course, a good ramen shop could break all of these rules and still be a good ramen shop. Don't sweat the details, and whatever you do, don't try and get fancy. Ramen is not fancy. There is no such thing as a ramen connoisseur. Ramen is simple, and eating it approaches a Zen mentality. Learn all these rules, then forget them. All you are doing is eating soup, cheap and fast. It should taste good, and you should be full. Nothing else.



TOP RAMEN

MOST AMERICANS THINK OF RAMEN AS THE LITTLE BAGS OF DRY SQUIGGLY NOODLES YOU BUY IN THE GROCERY STORE (TOP-RAMEN, ETC.) FOR 25 CENTS. PACKETS OF RAMEN ARE THE CHEAPEST TASTY FOOD YOU CAN BUY, BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY COMPARE TO SHOP RAMEN. EAT UP, JUST DON'T GET CONFUSED. IF YOU WANT TO GET TRICKY, THROW IN SOME VEGETABLES AND CRACK AN EGG IN THERE. IF YOU WANT TO GET REALLY TRICKY, GO TO A JAPANESE FOOD MARKET AND BUY THE SUPER-NICE RAMEN (CHUKAZAMI, ETC.). WATCH OUT FOR THOSE FLAVOR MSG TO MAKE YOUR BRAIN GET ALL TIGHT AND SHINY.

Thanks to: Taro Nettleton, Alan Yamamoto, and Nahvae Frost



MY CHOPSTICKS, CHECK 1, 2, 1, 2! LET ME TELL YA ABOUT THE FUTURISTIC FOOD YO! BUM RUSH THE SOBA! I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO THE SOBA NATION BY MIHO HATORI

O.G. SOBA

Soba is common peeps food from old time. It's older than the independence of America. Soba gave its first cry in the 15th century, according to my Soba bible. The oldest record is a priest called Jisho, who got offered buckwheat noodle in Jomyo temple, Tokyo on February 3, 1614.

Soba culture expanded to common people in the isolation period "Edo" which was for 300 years. But we constructed the amazing original culture. Soba was seasonable food for people in the Edo era, which was no machine, no technology. People could enjoy Soba around October to January. Now we can have Soba all year because of importing buckwheat from the opposite side of the earth, Australia.

I wanna talk about my Soba memory now. I still remember when my mom and I used to order Soba delivery for lunch. I was always excited cos it was kinda special for us. A delivery boy in a uniform would bring traditional Soba dishes on a lacquered tray. After we ate the meal, we cleaned up the dishes and left them outside by the door. The delivery boy picked them up later.

That's the style, they don't use plastic or paper trays, that kind of shit. People respect the convention, I think it's good thing for the environment, also.

My memories of cold Soba noodle on a hot and humid summer days are especially tasty. The cold noodles chill your throat out.

In winter season, we can enjoy the hot Soba noodles. I used to go to ski with my family and friend to the mountain. Then we ate the hot Soba after skiing, it made us warmer. It's the season of fresh Soba noodles.

HOW TO EAT SOBA

Now, I wanna talk about old school Soba. I'm gonna show the way to eat a traditional dish.

It's cold Soba. The Soba plate is called Seiro, which is box-shaped and it's made of wood coated by lacquer. There is a bamboo sheet and the noodle is on it. If I were a dwarf, I would use this as my bed. The container which looks like a small vase has the dipping sauce in it. Pour the sauce into a small cup, add the spices—red pepper, wasabi, scallion.... Pick 5-6 noodles from the plate and dip it in the sauce. Slurp the noodles like you're slurpin' milkshake. Then savor the flavor and aroma with your soul, baby!

You can make a slurpin' noise for Soba, sweet heart. Do you know why, honey? It's not a noise, it's the sound for God of food. It's not bad manner, chico man, it's el tradicion. The sound for gratitude of harvest. You know what I'm saying? I didn't know about it till recently. But I think... Soba is Japanese Soul Food.

Then, the final stage. The container which looks like a tea pot is full of hot water which was used for boiling the noodles. After you eat the noodle, pour the water in a dipping sauce and drink it. The water makes your mouth refresh.

But if you had a killing dipping sauce, you can taste the broth in your mouth even after 30 minutes. It's like a feeling after you saw a strong good movie or something. You're gonna feel the essence of the ocean from bonito fish broth. That's the most important stage to catch one's heart...broth, you know. It's all about that. Broth, man.

FINDING A GOOD SOBA RESTAURANT

If you're an organic food lover, Soba is already familiar, isn't it? Basically, Soba is buckwheat. It has protein, fiber, Vitamin B12 and etc. Furthermore, it reduces the cholesterol count in the blood. Man, "It's the key of long life," as my master Yoda said.

I'm telling you, Soba is much healthier than any fast food here. Less oil and cholesterol. It's ideal food for an American diet, isn't it? YOI! What's up, Mr. Taco Bell, you should extend a new business SOBA-BELL, A.S.A.P.

Alright? So... I can say Soba is the official Japanese fast food. There is a lot of standing Soba places in Japan. On a platform, in a station, near the station, in a department store, a rest stop on a highway... everywhere we go. We don't eat slowly, it's busy in a place. Just eat Soba and get out of there. They serve food in a second, much much faster than McDonald. You can hear just customers slurpin' noise harmony. I am really hoping from my heart to have standing Soba restaurants in America. But, no more violence like a Beasties tune "Soba Violence," though. If you get lyrics to go, I get Soba to go.

Unfortunately it's pretty difficult to find a serious Soba restaurant in United States. I know only one place, it's called "HONMURA AN" in SOHO, NYC. It's my paradise. When I go there at first time, I almost cried. It's a branch. The original restaurant is in Tokyo which is more traditional style. The branch is more modern, they serve various yummy Japanese dishes with great Soba dishes. There is a Soba booth in a corner where you can see how the noodles are made. They have a fine dish called "Uni Soba"...a chunk of Sea Urchin is just waiting to go to your stomach on a tasty homemade Soba noodles.

Soba is remarkable food. Sushi is already international. Why not for Soba, bro? But I can smell that someone has antennae out is catching the Soba wave. In a fact, the homemade Soba restaurant is already popular in N.Y.



SOBA GOURMET'S HOME-STYLE ROCK

IT'S PRETTY EASY TO GET DRIED SOBA NOODLES AT A NATURAL FOOD SUPERMARKET OR JAPANESE OR ASIAN FOOD SUPERMARKET. COOK LIKE A PASTA. IT'S EASY!

1) PUT NOODLES IN A BOILING WATER FOR 4-8 MINUTES, IT'S DEPENDS ON A KIND OF SOBA NOODLES YOU HAVE.
2) RINSE THE NOODLES WITH COLD WATER AND DRAIN.
YOU CAN CREATE YOUR OWN SOBA SALAD RECIPES. I SAW SOME ON COOKING MAGAZINE AND BOOKS. EVEN YOU CAN MAKE E-Z DIPPING SAUCE EASILY AT HOME:

1) BROTH
BOIL 5 CUPS OF WATER. PUT BONITO FISH FLAKES, 80 G, WHEN THE WATER BOILS AGAIN, MAKE THE HEAT LOW, REMOVE SURFACE ACCUMULATION AND DRAIN THE BROTH.

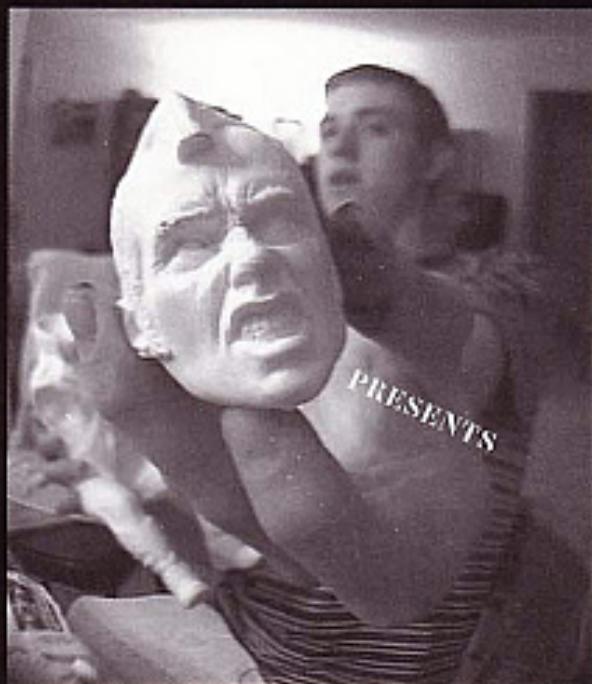
2) SAUCE
BOIL 100 ML OF MIRIN (JAPANESE SWEET SAKE), ADD SUGAR, 75 G (ABOUT 5 TABLESPOONS) AND STIR. ADD SOY SAUCE 2 CUPS, BUT DON'T BOIL IT, AND WAIT TILL THE SMALL BUBBLES DISAPPEAR.

3) FINAL
COMBINE 4 CUPS OF (1) AND 200 ML OF (2), HEAT IT UP, DON'T BOIL IT. ADD A BIT OF SAKÉ AND MIRIN (ABOUT 1 TEASPOON EACH), MAKE IT COOL. YOU CAN EAT WHATEVER YOU WANT WITH. BASIC STYLE IS WITH NORI (SEAWEED), SLICED SCALLIONS, RED PEPPER, WASABI, SESAME, GRATED RADISH, YUZU (JAPANESE CITRUS), SHISO (JAPANESE BASIL)... ETC.

OH SHIT! MY CHOPSTICKS ARE TOTALLY IN EFFECT RIGHT NOW!

SOBA

THE HOBBY
SQUAD INC.

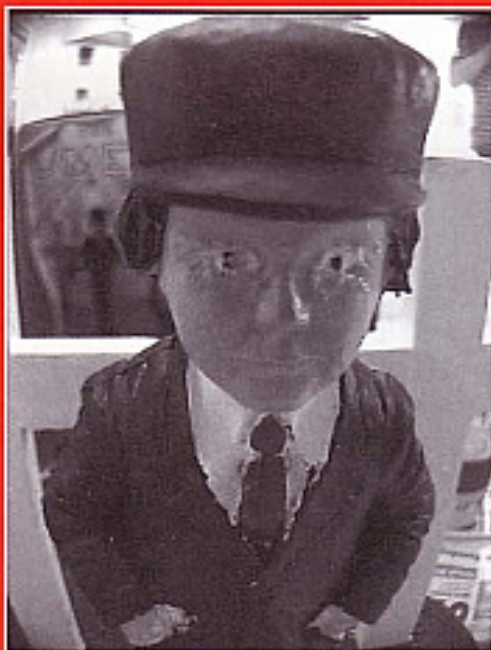


BY IAN C ROGERS
PHOTOS BY GREGORY M. SHEWCHUK
AND PAUL HASTINGS



SUPERMODELS

PROFILING THE MODELS



DAMIEN: THE OMEN

SCULPTED BY: Bryan

COST: \$88.85

HEIGHT: 8"

PARTS: Damien, two crosses, grass base.

FEATURES: Constantly stares at you; curses your apartment with pure evil.

DIFFICULTY LEVEL: Simple.
Six-year-old Zoe put most of the paint on this one, much to the devil's delight.

APPROXIMATE ASSEMBLY TIME:
Three hours, primer to paint.

GHOULISHNESS (1-10): This thing genuinely scares me, and everyone else who's seen it.

COMMENTS: As evil as B.O.C. Box says "for advanced modelers"; I say, "Don't believe the hype." This was my first stab at resin modeling and it was a cinch.

S

3hrs

10

BUILDING THE MODELS

These aren't the plastic race car models I remember from when I was ten. These characters are cast in solid resin and not separated into nearly as many pieces as you might expect. In fact Damien himself was but a single piece accompanied by two crosses and a grass base. Magnum Enforcer was broken down into a body, two arms, one hand (with gun), a base to stand on and two heads—one with sunglasses, one without, depending on the mood you're trying to construct for Clint. Needless to say, we envisioned a mood where the altruistic, well-meaning Harry is constantly at odds with the evil, serpentine, Ol' Dirty Harry and found a home for both heads on his broad shoulders.

Of course, you'll need some materials to get going on these damn things. Let me save you repeated trips to the hobby store (and thereby repeated ridiculing from the 17-year-old geek behind the counter who smiles as you leave, knowing you'll be back for the putty and one more jar of black paint) by listing all the necessities here:

- ☐ Exacto knife
- ☐ Sandpaper (fine grain)
- ☐ Superglue® (the kind that pulls your skin off)
- ☐ Putty
- ☐ Primer
- ☐ Paint (You choose the colors. You're an underground artist now, poof! You can bet you'll need a lot of black to portray these guys with any accuracy, though.)
- ☐ Drill and wood screws
- ☐ Gloss or dull spray coat (depending on your preference, for finishing)
- ☐ Beer
- ☐ Pot
- ☐ Tester's Orange Tube Glue® (Hey! It's right there next to the putty. Why not?)



The A-Team had "Face"; the Hobby Squad, Pat D (right).

absurd Doyle and Jerry Only resin kits and embarked on a mission to become "garage modelists." To the hobby shop we went, and \$250 on the Grand Royal credit card later we came home with two disassembled comrades for Jerry Only: Damien from The Omen and Dirty Harry, a/k/a Magnum Enforcer. The boxes alone were inspiring. For example, the Jerry Only box boasted the following stats:

- * 14" TALL
- * OVER 150 SOLID METAL SPIKES
- * REAL LEATHER GUITAR STRAPS (and, as it turned out, arm bands)
- * REAL GUITAR STRINGS
- * EACH MODEL NUMBERED AND COMPLETE WITH CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY

Poor Damien's box was distinguished with merely a green photocopy while Magnum Enforcer featured a glossy Kodak photo of a finished model, as if the model makers couldn't make color copies for one reason or another, so they just took photos and printed doubles. These are not, in other words, mass-produced items. Jerry was the slickest of the bunch with his own instruction booklet and notary-style stamped Certificate of Authenticity, but even it was from a limited edition of only 200 models.



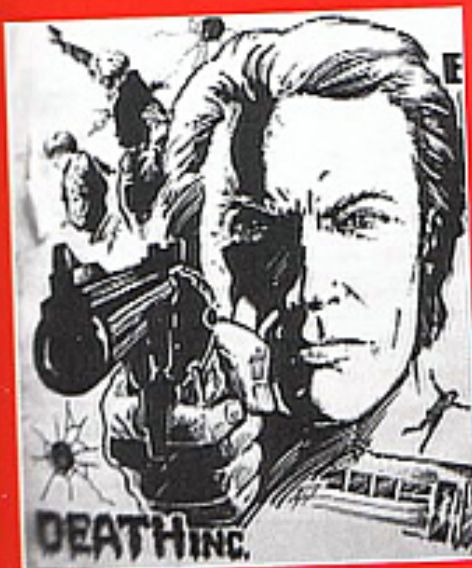
Like only a kid from Indiana could, Ian disassembles the brothers.

Who knew anything about building models? Not us. But an offer inside the recent Misfits Box Set was enough to kick us into action: "Saber Models Presents! Limited Edition Misfits Model Kits!" It doesn't look like Mr. Danzig would give our friends at Saber Models permission to use his likeness, so your model choices are limited to Doyle, Jerry Only and the shrouded-in-mystery Crimson Ghost (presumably the Danzig replacement). Price was \$150, but with eight months of finagling, GRAND ROYAL Product Pimp Jamie Fraser managed to score a Jerry Only doll for free. Thus began our new lives.

One has to wonder who these models were built for. The model kits aren't cheap. They aren't of the Beatles. They aren't pre-assembled, or even painted. If there's a market for these, there exists a parallel hobby universe we've never heard of.

A little bit of investigation by the Grand Royal Hobby Squad into the world of the hobby modelist uncovered an unfathomable niche. Most of the material is your standard hobby shop fare: Star Wars, Spawn and Alien, etc. Then it gets a little more odd, but not out of bounds: Space Ninja, Clash of the Titans, Betty Page. But when you kneel to the bottom shelf, you enter what they call the "Garage Model" market and the selections fall off the deep end: Travis Bickle, Clint Eastwood in various movies, and Hannibal Lecter. This is beyond Dungeons and Dragons, beyond Trekkies. This is straight ghoulish.

At this point, the Hobby Squad decided to take this mission further than the already



MAGNUM ENFORCER

SCULPTED BY: Steve West (Death Inc.)

COST: \$125.00

HEIGHT: 12"

PARTS: Base, body, two arms, one hand with gun, two heads (one with sunglasses, one without).

DIFFICULTY LEVEL: Intermediate. Body with multiple parts. Placing both heads increases difficulty.

APPROXIMATE ASSEMBLY TIME: Twenty one hours.

GHOULISHNESS (1-10):

COMMENTS: Paul Hastings and Donny Barley obsessed over Clint, arguing over the perfect neck puttying and painting, adding serious detail to the beer can and newspaper on the ground. Clint's a badass, no doubt, with green sport coat, two heads and a gun. Unstoppable.

1

21 hrs

6

The beer, pot and Testor's orange tube glue are strictly optional (you'll only need Superglue® for the model), but we found all three helpful. Be prepared to show ID for the Testor's® glue (seriously!).

STEP ONE: Start by trimming the "flash" (excess resin around seams where model was molded) from the model parts using the Exacto knife, then smooth it all out with the sandpaper. Test-fit the parts before breaking out the glue and gluing your finger to your head. If you have a huge chunk of flash, take the piece out in front of your house and rub repeatedly on the sidewalk. It works, though the hobby shop guy probably has a better method.

STEP TWO: Wash all the resin parts with soap, hot water and a scrub brush. Jerry Only looked great in my dish drainer drying off, no head, no arms, ass in the air.



STEP THREE: Glue. Glue glue glue. Glue your fingers together. Get glue all over your knuckle so you can't bend it anymore. Glue the bottle to yourself. Glue a flower to the cat. This glue is real, instant bondage. Have fun with it. Somewhere in the process, try to glue the arms, head, skulls and crosses to their designated permanent homes on the model.

STEP FOUR: Fill in any gaps around seams or air bubbles with putty. Mold the putty so things are properly shaped. Once the putty is dry (better leave it out overnight), sand smooth and seamless. Anything can be done with putty—it's what allowed us to give Magnum Enforcer an extra head. Most of Clint's neck was made of putty. Putty and tender loving care.

STEP FIVE: Take the model to a properly ventilated place and give it a good, thick coat of primer. This coat of primer will make painting with the brushes much easier, as the paint sticks to the primer better than the bare resin.

STEP SIX: The true art of modeling is found in the detail painting. This is also by far the most time-consuming step. One coat isn't enough, so you apply two coats. When painting the chest, you get pink flesh tone on the red jacket, so you repaint the jacket, and get red on the chest. It's three in the morning. You've had too much to drink. You're obsessing, standing and bracing your arm to get a better angle on the lettering on the back of Jerry's jacket. Take a look at the detail on the beer can and newspaper at Dirty Harry's feet and you'll see the work of an obsessed man. We got in over our heads and loved it.

STEP SEVEN: Finishing. Jerry entailed a lot of extras. Real bass guitar strings. Over 150 metal spikes to be glued to his person (and my fingers). A leather guitar strap to be cut, with the excess strips of leather needed for his arm bands. Put the finishing touches on. This is your work of art by now. You know what to do.



Top (shown left to right) Earth A.D. Wall Plaque \$75 Evil Eye Wall Plaque \$75, Halloween 2 Wall Plaque \$50
Bottom (shown left to right) Frankenstein \$130, Jerry Only \$150, Crimson Ghost \$130



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P.O. Box 281 Glenwood, New Jersey 07418 Add \$5.00 for Shipping
or Call 201-764-3700 for info on other Saber models

STEP EIGHT: Glue the model to the stand, and run a single wood screw up through the bottom of the base into the model. If you're really ambitious, run a fat rod up through the whole model, as rumor is these resin models tend to lean over time.

STEP NINE: Gloss or dull coat. Take Jerry outside and make him shine with a good spray of clear glossy paint.

STEP TEN: Have fun with them. What are you scared of? Breaking them? Hell, go ahead, you have enough tools and skills now to build the damn thing from a tube of putty. You can fix him if he gets scratched or chipped. Take Jerry to dinner. Take him to a show (I stepped to the Whiskey A Go Go and tried to slide in, "Um, Jerry Only, plus one."). Beat up the kid at the hobby store with it. Enjoy yourself.

JERRY ONLY

SCULPTED BY: Saber Models

COST: \$150.00

HEIGHT: 14.5"

PARTS: Body, arms, head, devil look, skulls, crimson ghost base, guitar

FEATURES: Real bass strings and more than 150 metal spikes. Top billin'. Would have been nice to get a set of pickups and a Pig Nose amp.

DIFFICULTY LEVEL: Expert

E

APPROXIMATE ASSEMBLY TIME:

27...

GHOULISHNESS (1-10):

7.5

COMMENTS:

Sorry, Jerry. If you'd even co-written a single Misfits song you may have something (like a right to call your band the Misfits and make a new record), but you didn't. Still, the fact that a 15 inch likeness of you exists makes me happy to be alive. Model comes packed in (what else) a New Jersey newspaper.



MODELS WE'D LIKE TO SEE:
Hey Model Hobbyists! While you're at it, make models of these guys for us:

CHRIS FARLEY
TRACE LORDS
WILT CHAMBERLAIN
ANGUS YOUNG
BIGGIE SMALLS
STEVEN HAWKING
AL GREEN
HERVE VILLACHEZ
NEIL BLENDER
BUSHWICK BILL
FLETCH

NEXT ISSUE: PHOTOS OF YOUR MODELS



Bands Seek Mars Destination

Martian Colonies Suspected as Launch Plans Continue to Cause Debate

By Beggars Banquet, U.S.A.

New York—In an attempt to colonize the next planetary frontier, bands are launching their own initiatives through the independent spaceport, Beggars Banquet, in New York City. Solo astronaut, **BILL JANOVITZ**, has temporarily left the **BUFFALO TOM** station and ventured towards the red



BILL JANOVITZ LONESOME BILLY CD/LP
solo from the lead singer of Buffalo Tom

planet in a tiny space vessel nicknamed, appropriately enough, **LONE-**

SOME BILLY. Once on the surface, Bill will dock into station **EMPIRION**—a local post using **ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY**. Joining



EMPIRION ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY
CD/LP/12" driving industrial/techno debut

the station shortly thereafter will be starship **SWELL** after having spent **TOO MANY DAYS WITHOUT THINKING** during their deep space journey. Already at the station is **STELLA**—an atmos-info gathering unit. Their **ASCENSION** into the martian atmosphere will provide data

needed to launch future expeditions. They will also be gathering information on the recent **COMET GAIN** that is feared to endanger the station. If the Surface Station Allegiance **SAY YES**, giving the go-ahead for a termination of atmos-info funds, and the comets gain **STRENGTH**, the band heroes will be forced to start again at square one. A recent discovery of **STERLING MOSS** on the surface further jeopardizes those involved in the mission. The substance seems to be

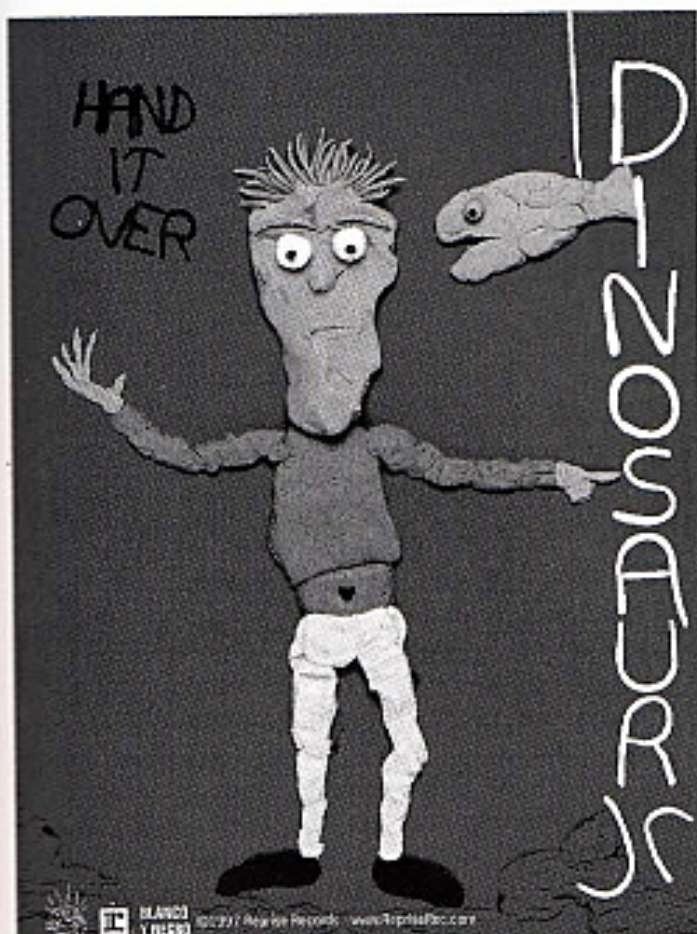


SWELL TOO MANY DAYS WITHOUT THINKING CD/LP guitar-driven band from S.F.



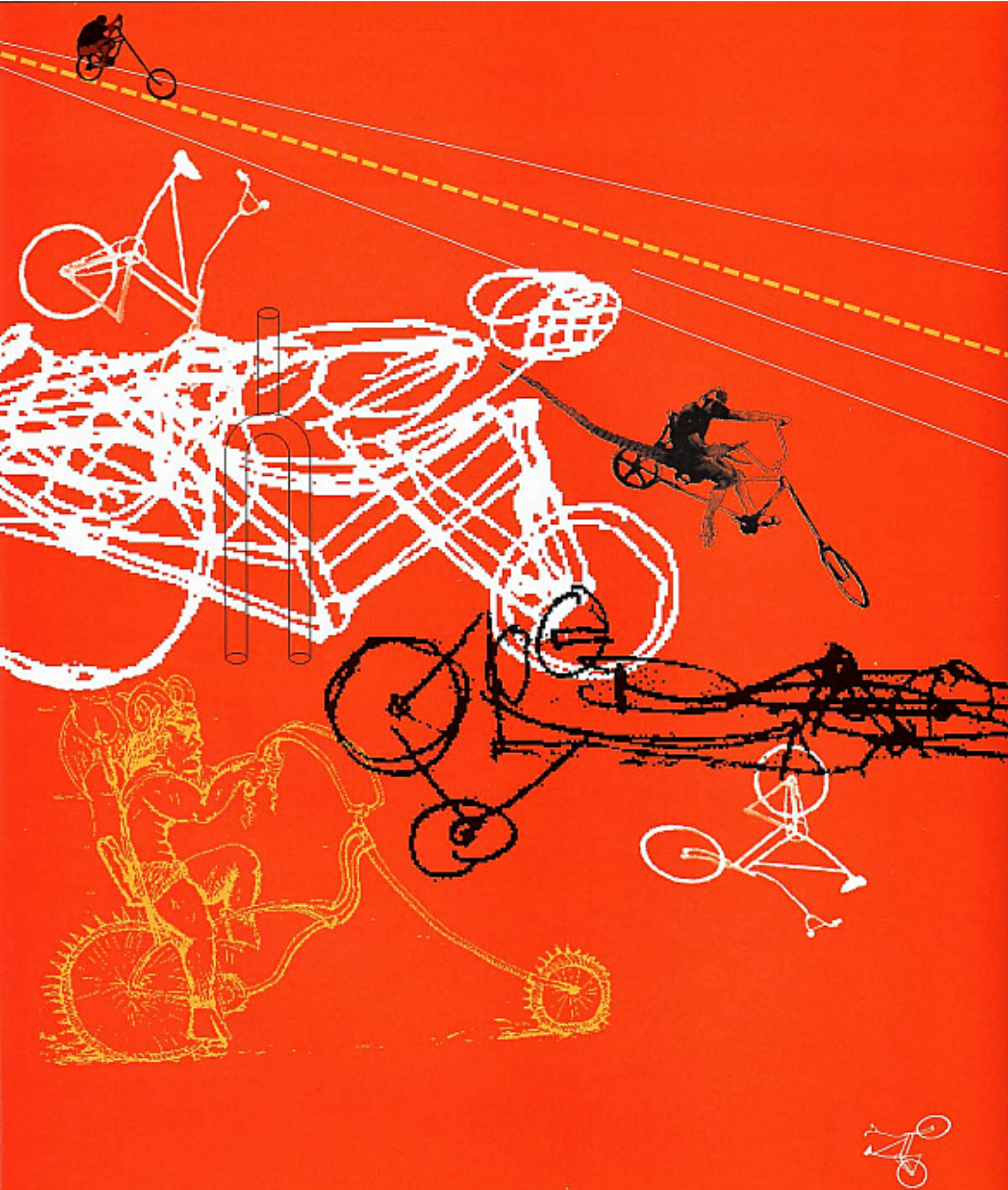
COMET GAIN SAY YES & STRENGTH DBL 7"
foot-stomping lo-fi from England

alive and attempting to communicate, but speaks a foreign **MONSTER LINGO** understood only by native martians. The Beggars Banquet 1997 Sampler may provide some aid in breaking the language barrier. The public is encouraged to send \$1.50 for shipping & handling to obtain this free CD with 14 tracks. Write to Beggars Banquet, Suite 1004, NYC, NY 10012 or beggars@beggars.com.



what do you have to
be grateful for?

epitaph.





ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF
THE CHUNK 666 WEBSITE

C.H.U.N.K.



THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST'S PREMIER HORDE OF RENEGADE BIKE-BUILDING MAD SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN THEMSELVES BY KARL ANDERSON

WHAT IS CHUNK 666?

We are a chopper bicycle gang and temperance league. We believe in the use of muscle-powered steeds which augment the physiology of their riders.

Non-organically-powered vehicles tend to induce boredom in the people who are steering them. Chunk nullifies this effect by crafting bicycles which induce a state of intoxication in their pilots. A caravan of these devices creates a "wide-band chunkulation field," which, if strong enough, allows pilots within the field to actually collide, bounce off of the pavement, and keep riding, with no ill effects felt until the next morning.

DEVOLUTION

Chunking leads to devolution. This is good, because after the imminent apocalypse, nothing will be the same. The laws of physics will be radically different then they are at the moment. Today, our bicycles seem to be good for nothing other than fucking shit up and getting dated. Tomorrow, they will be a joy to ride.

The world is rife with smug Homo Sapiens who feel that they are the pinnacle of evolution. We have news for these people. Those who have devolved will soon be at the top of the food chain. Gasoline and bullets will be rare in the post-apocalypse world. Those gangs which ride bicycles and shoot BB guns and slingshots today will easily dominate the huddled masses tomorrow. Our apparently foolish machines will lay waste to the world.

This, gentle reader, is the true reason for Chunking.

WHY ARE WE TELLING YOU ALL OF THIS?

We are letting the world know about our insidious plans so that other bike gangs might take the hint and rise up throughout the globe. We seek a golden age of feudal warlords who will join us in raising our 40s in tribute before smashing them on each other's thick skulls.



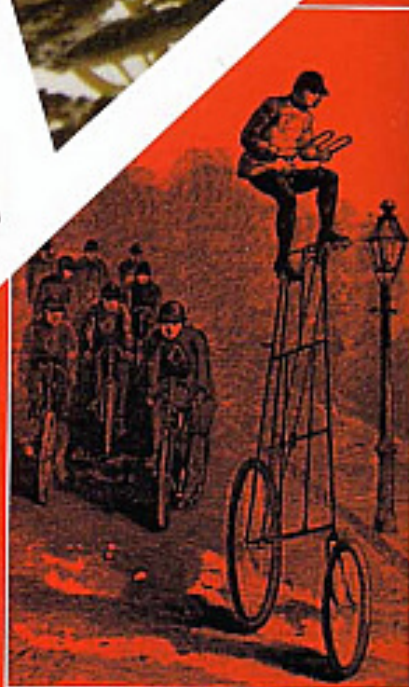
Busy doing some all-terrain record.



Ah, the Fork Chopper.



Chutkist with accessory.



The Eiffel tower bicycle, forerunner of Chark's Tall Bicycles. (Scientific American, Dec 1894)



Meet the Chunks

Keep on chunking! Chunk champ with The Orb Mark II.



GAZELLE AND BMX-EXTENDO FORK CHOPPERS

The Gazelle and BMX-Extendo forks were the first designs that we brought to life. We still produce a steady stream of them, because they are simple, elegant and easy to crank.

TALLBIKES

The flagships of the fleet. The handlebars on Organ Donor allow flexing only about half a meter in any direction, a feature often disconcerting to the pilot. The Organ Donor and Tallboy are part of our salute to the Eiffel Tower Bicycle, a machine which had a frame that carries the rider at a distance of some ten feet from terra firma.

BATTERING RAMS

Our rams used to be The Rail and The Flaccid Dropper. These vehicles took a lot of abuse, however, and The Rail had to be retired after several breaks formed in its frame. We took the guts and grafted them onto the Road Blaster, which used to be some sort of stupid gas-engine-assist bicycle.

TRIKES

Tricycles form the backbone of any heavy chopper bicycle gang operation. Chunk's are codenamed Trike and Keg Trike. Their necessity is manifested in several ways, starting with cargo hauling. On any mission, the usual bike tools must be supplemented with a hammer, long pipe for whacking things, anesthetic, first aid, radiation pills, etc. We must also bring replacement parts. Even with these precautions, our route can often be traced by the trail of disabled bicycles locked up along the route. The pilots of downed vehicles are towed on skateboards, or become passengers on padded racks, banana seats or the back of Keg Trike. In the darkest hours some of us have had to resort to taking the bus home. What happens when a pilot is killed in the line of duty? If we're on a hill, we

duct-tape the pilot to the steed, light them on fire, and give them a Viking funeral. If we're at the bottom of a gravity well, we strip them for parts and bury the remains in the nearest trench.

MONOTUBE CHOPPERS

The monotube chopper's design incorporates thicker pipes and affirms our commitment to family values. Baby and Granddaddy are so named because of the incontinence induced in all who ride them. Granddaddy's center of gravity is farther forward than most choppers, making it very maneuverable. Although most riders are lulled into a peaceful state by Baby, she becomes a deadly weapon when piloted by the Grim Streetsweeper.

The Particle Accelerator, a/k/a the Sledge, is another sleeved-fork model, and our only high-performance chopper. Ten speeds, caliper brakes, the works—we use it to run point and carry out intercept missions at high warp until the rest of the fleet can arrive on the scene. The tireless rear wheel is a modification that was initiated out of necessity one day when we ran out of patches. We continue to use it because of the interesting modulation of the wide-band chunkulation field that it creates (and because it makes neat sparks).



Chunk King Express delivery bag conceals receipt of rare lolly lip.

UNIQUE CHOPPERS

Chunk Laboratories has produced a few choppers that have never been repeated, for fear that riding in the pack with more than one will create eddies in the wide-band chunkulation field and blow the entire fleet to atoms.

Chopagator is a true recumbent chopper—the pedaling force is provided not by the weight of the body of the pilot, but by the pilot pushing against the backrest. Many recumbent makers invest a lot of effort in constructing bicycles without long wheel bases. We at Chunk feel that a long wheel base is the whole point. Those who live in the area know how it feels to be run over by Chopagator. Jalapeno Surprise is so named because merely operating it induces a burning sensation. The Orb Mark IV has broken more times than any other bicycle in our collection. Each time the inherent safety features in her construction have allowed the pilot to eject safely.

FORKS

No bicycle design induces the feeling of intoxication better than the chopper. This is important because one will want to be as drunk as possible in order to survive the high incidence of crashes that accompany Chunk activities. Chopper riding is also an excellent tool for self-actualization: one who masters a chopper finds that everything else in life is that much easier.

GEAR

Gear makes one stronger, more powerful, better protected, faster, slower, drunker. Gear may be scoffed at, but the simple truth is that gear is a useful tool for domination. Gear allows one to fuck shit up—and in turn get one's shit fucked up—with impunity. Gear does not imply a fear of wiping, but rather an embrace of the act, a willingness to meet the event and, most importantly, to continue afterwards. Remember, Superglue® was invented during the Vietnam war to suture wounds. A pump and a patch kit, as well as assorted parts, help ensure that one will not be walking home. A wrench will tighten bolts that have worked loose, as well as drive off bands of mutants.

CHUNK TECHNICAL DOCUMENTATION

We offer the current collection of declassified Chunk specifications at our website: www.reed.edu/~karl/chunk/home/index.html. These documents are distributed for informational purposes only.



“PREPARE FOR THE

ANTICARMAGEDDON”

THE SECRET LABORATORY

This is where we perform all of our research and development. We also recreate there; the concentrate fumes are potent, and there are plenty of bicycle seats to sniff when one is lonely. At the lab will also be found the foundation of any bike gang: the stash pile.

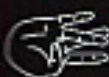
NAMING

The act of naming both invites animistic spirits to inhabit the object in question and helps to shape their personalities as desired. The absence of a name leaves such an object vulnerable to the hindering influence of malevolent spirits, and even opens the possibility of unwanted possessions. This is especially true for vehicles, which must carry the body without leaving the soul behind. The name of a bicycle must include the prefix “B” for “bicycle” so that bicycles do not get confused with human beings. The name of a bicycle must also include the suffix “666.” This is because of the Promethean influence on the bicycle, best exemplified by the revolution in mobility and independence bicycles provided in the late 1800s. The suffix also commemorates the tantalizing opportunities for crimes and vandalism which present themselves while bicycling. These prefaces and suffices are, however, purely formal, and usually omitted in casual conversation.



Due to the random nature of Chunk photography and image control, the following people must be thanked for possibly contributing to this article: Justin Callaway, Ross, John Mulliken and Filters Magazine.

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MAD MAX BIKES OF THE

LOWER EAST SIDE

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY

ALICE ARNOLD



Dennis Diaz and Felix Pagan have two of the most "out" bikes of the Lower East Side. They call their bikes "electronic bikes," which they are, though you still have to pedal them. The bikes are hooked up with motorcycle batteries that run lights, stereos, alarms and scanners. But what really distinguishes these bikes from all the other custom lowriders is their whacked-out skull-and-leather aesthetic, a look that combines Day of the Dead imagery with a rock 'n' roll metal look borne from their love of Metallica (which they pump on their bike stereos, as well as rap, disco and Spanish music).

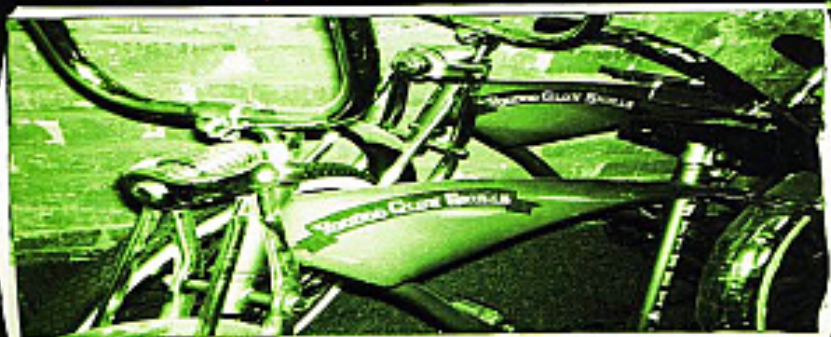
Dennis, 27, was born in Puerto Rico but grew up in the Redhook section of Brooklyn. Now he lives in the Lower East Side of Manhattan and works in electronics. Dennis got his first bike when he was nine years old but has only been into customizing them for the last few years. Dennis met Felix one and a half years ago when he hired Felix to put an alarm system on his bike, which already was outfitted with a cassette player and a CB scanner.

Dennis says he was influenced a lot by Felix's ideas and visual style.

"Felix gave me this skull, which I let sit in my closet until one day he asked me why I didn't have it on my bike and offered to install it," he remembers. Felix installed it with light bulbs in the eye sockets so that they would light up like headlights. Then he ran a cable connection from the hand brakes so that the jaw could move up and down like a talking skull. One day when Dennis was riding around the East Village, a guy on St. Mark's Place offered \$10,000 for his bike. Though flattered, Dennis says that he would never sell his bike. He reckons he has spent \$1400 on bike parts but at least ten times that amount in sweat equity working on it.

Felix, 28, was born and raised in Puerto Rico and moved to the United States four years ago. He lives in Coney Island and also works in electronics. Felix has always loved bikes; of his current bike, which he has been working on for

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three years, he says, "IT IS MY DREAM, A DREAM THAT I HAVE HAD EVER SINCE I WAS A KID. I HAVE ALWAYS DREAMED OF SKULLS."

Felix's bike is chopper style with shocks and features a Spanish-language alarm system, lights, a radio/cassette player and skulls whose eyes light up.

The frames of both bikes are sheathed in black plastic hosing, a material that cloaks the bikes in a funky, low-tech sci-fi aura. When asked about the hosing, Dennis says, "It covers all of the wires that run from back to front on the bikes."

Felix's other dream, which Dennis has organized and brought to life, is to have an adventure bike club. They call their adventure club "Ride to Life" and they have weekly Saturday meetings for members to hook up, work on their bikes, go riding and have adventures together.

Both Felix and Dennis think bikes are much cooler than cars and motorcycles. "We think bikes are best, you can pedal all over with them and have adventures," says Dennis. "I like the fancy chrome bikes but I think that our bikes are more special, because they are electronic. Our bikes are the bikes of the future."

Dennis and Felix like it when they scare people with their bikes. Felix says with pride, "When I take my bike on the train, everybody moves away from me." Hell's Angels, watch out!





SHAMU JR



ASTUCIA

DURANGO KID



FRANKENSTEIN

MYSTERY



!LUCHA LIBRE! CABRON

BY MARCUS BASTIDA & GREG REDMOND PHOTOS BY GREG REDMOND

BALLET FOR TRUCKERS, VAUDEVILLE FOR OBREROS: LUCHA LIBRE IS THE EMERGING THEATER OF AZTLAN. THIS IS LOW-BROW SPORT, WITH CULTURAL ROOTS GOING BACK DECADES AND REINFORCED BY THE FOLKWAYS OF THE MEXICAN WORKING CLASS. NO APOLOGIES FOR THE BRUTALITY, NO WHITE-WASHING THE EXTREMELY ROUGH LANGUAGE; THIS IS JUST PLAIN FUN. INDEED, THE CUSSWORDS AND RACIAL SLURS ARE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE ACTION AND THE PRIMARY METHOD OF AUDIENCE-PERFORMER INTERACTION. FROM THE MOMENT THE WRESTLERS ENTER THE RING THERE IS A NON-STOP BARRAGE OF PROFANITIES AND CATCALLS FROM THE AUDIENCE DIRECTED TOWARDS THE BAD GUYS. EVERY SO OFTEN THE WRESTLERS LASH BACK, SOMETIMES FOCUSING ON A PARTICULARLY IRRITATING HECKLER. OCCASIONALLY THERE'S AN EXCHANGE OF CHALLENGES, BUT THE HECKLER ALWAYS BACKS DOWN; EVEN THE WIMPIEST WRESTLER COULD TEAR AN UNTRAINED CIVILIAN TO PIECES.

Lucha Libre is to American wrestling what Jackie Chan is to Steven Segal. Lucha Libre wrestlers really work for your hard-earned pesos. Lucha Libre distinguishes itself from American-style professional wrestling by emphasizing technique over brawn. The typical Lucha Libre match is a lot faster and much more action-packed than your average WWF bout. Lucha Libre is crammed with flying kicks, flips and other acrobatics.

It's also a lot more character-driven and dramatic. Unlike the American leagues, Lucha Libre masks are more than a means to hide a wrestler's identity—they are the wrestler's identity. The source of a wrestler's mystique and power, Lucha Libre masks are contemporary echoes of forgotten Indian rituals and fierce Aztec warriors who wore masks into battle (Chiapas rebels play off the same traditions by wearing masks in public). To unmask a wrestler in a Lucha Libre bout is the ultimate insult, the ultimate victory. After an unmasking—which is quite rare—the winners parade the defeated wrestler's mask like a battle trophy. A Lucha Libre unmasking is eerily reminiscent of ancient battle trophies: ear belts, shrunken heads and symbolic cannibalism.

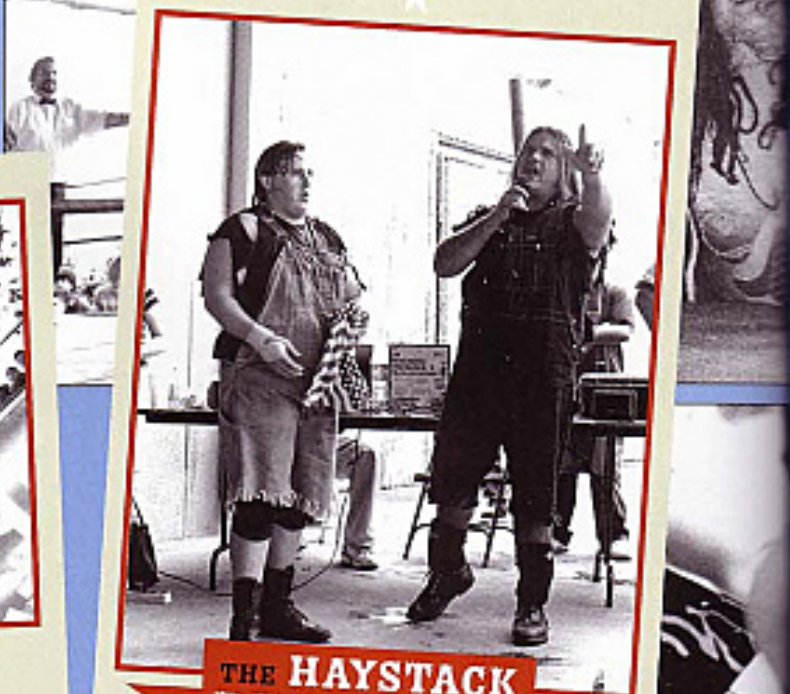
The local league, World Power Wrestling (WPW), promotes Lucha Libre at the Anaheim Indoor Marketplace. Bouts take place at the back loading dock of the huge swap meet, which is essentially a working class shopping mall. To get to the "arena" you have to work your way through a maze of underwear stores, discos, Latinos, 99 cents stores and booths selling videos of cockfighting, rodeos, Selena clones and Mexican Wrestling films (see sidebar). The huge number of underwear stores in the mall is explained as resulting from demand created by gangster fashion trends: cholos rich with drug money want to look their best, but can't be bothered to do the wash—so they never wear their T-shirts and socks more than once.

The president of WPW, Martin Marin, 34, himself a wrestler for eight years, organized the league several months ago. Because of WPW's success, he plans to expand to other venues in Southern California. The marketplace "arena" is nothing more than a tarp-covered wrestling ring surrounded by hundreds of folding metal chairs. When it's open it teems with primarily Mexican-American throngs. The atmosphere is thick with exuberant anticipation. About a third of the crowd are children, and many of them sport pint-sized wrestler masks. But the adults are just as excited as the kids to be here. After all, they grew up with Lucha Libre: in one form or another it's been around for over 60 years.

Most of the WPW wrestlers are local, but each week at least one out-of-town star is featured. One week's headliners were Pirata Morgan and Hijo del Santo (Son of Santo). Pirata Morgan wears a ripped-up black T-shirt; the only remotely pirate-like part of his outfit is the eyepatch and a fake cutlass. He has no mask and looks like an irate Mexican trucker. Hijo del Santo wore an all-silver outfit. Hijo del Santo's father and namesake was arguably the most famous figure in Mexican wrestling: when Santo died in 1985, approximately 250,000 people attended his funeral in Mexico City. He was the undisputed ruler of the Mexican Wrestling world during the '60s and '70s. Along with such notables as the Blue Demon, he appeared in numerous wrestling films.

As awesome as these films are, Lucha Libre needs to be experienced live. Matches regularly break out of the ring and into the audience, where fans scurry out of the way. Wrestlers often use folding chairs as weapons, some-

times dumping the spectator, bemused, onto the concrete floor. Regardless, parents seat themselves and their children in the front row. To them, the action is all in good fun. Never mind that they are exposing their children to three hours of non-stop violence, live, in full color and full of the foulest gutter language. It's all part of growing up. Some people may prefer their family bonding experience to take place at a theme park. But Lucha Libre fans aren't stupid: the excitement lasts a lot longer than a roller-coaster ride, is much more memorable and is a profoundly more honest form of entertainment than any cartoon. After all, who at Disneyland wouldn't secretly want to see a Lucha Libre tag team match with Mickey, Goofy and Donald against the Seven Dwarves?



ROSA SALVAJE "WILD ROSE"

★WPW★

Rosa Salvaje ("Wild Rose") is the only wrestler in the world (as far as we can tell) that uses an overtly gay schtick. Backstage, Rosa taps his Herman Munster chest to emphasize his point: "I'm gay." His command of English is limited and he clearly hopes this will answer any questions we could possibly ask him.

Rosa, in his own way, is the most garishly outfitted of the wrestlers. His colors are fuchsia and electric blue. He wears one of those Olympic-style tank-top unitards that have really low and skinny straps—perfect for his flabby love handles. He tops himself off with a black corn row wig with brightly colored beads. Rosa hams it up in the ring, taunting his opponents by dancing the Macarena. At every possible opportunity, he skips around and poses

like a centerfold for a gaggle of eager photographers.

In the ring he prances around like such the Nelly Olsen that his opponents refuse to fight; they have to be forced back on the mat by an outraged promoter (once a pro wrestler). The first time Rosa kisses them, they leave again. The crowd loves it and egg him on. "Bessol Bessol" they shout ("Kiss him! Kiss him!"). His other moves include a girly slap, a buttocks grape and what I call the "Crotch Scootch"—when his opponent has him in a bear hug, he aggressively spoons his ass into the wrestler's groin. He chases his opponents out of the ring about ten times more often than any other wrestler in the WPW circuit, though they seem to leave more out of disgust than fear.

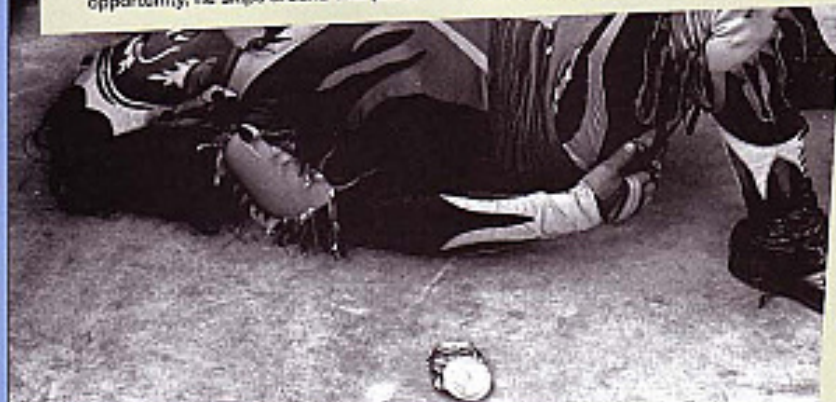
THE HAYSTACK BROTHERS

★WPW★

Hailing from Rancho Cucamonga, the Haystack Brothers look more like they're from a trailer park in a town 50 miles outside of Tampa. The smaller of the two, "Little Haystack" weighs a puny 255. Little Haystack seems smarter than his brother: maybe it's just that he wears glasses. His brother, "Crazy Jack" weighs in at a hefty 285—which is on the large side for Lucha Libre wrestlers. Crazy Jack's day job is being a bar bouncer, although he looks equally qualified to work in a Florida fireworks stand. The Haystacks sport matching cut-off overalls and stars 'n' stripes bandanas.

On the mat, they're the "heels" or bad guys. They enter the ring waving a large American flag on a pole; this will inevitably be used as a weapon later in the match. The crowd jeers them and the Haystacks hurl back racial slurs like O.J. swinging a nine-iron. "Learn ta fuckin' speak American, ya fuckin' wetbacks!" "Go back to Mexico, ya fuckin' beaners!" The Haystacks, like other white wrestlers, represent the hated Gringo. Fights involving the Haystacks are extremely vicious and invariably degenerate into mini race riots where they spit and stomp on the Mexican flag.

The Haystacks treat fans to an inarticulate battle between the evil forces of El Norte and the average Mexican Jose. Each hit against the Haystacks is a fist raised against the Riverside County Sheriff's Department. In their hyper-patriotic cracker mode, they've caused riots on Lucha Libre tours in Mexico. "They throw bottles and rocks at us... but we give 'em their money's worth!" While their technique is much more akin to WWE, the Haystacks are quite comfortable with WPW. They provide a certain social and aesthetic balance.



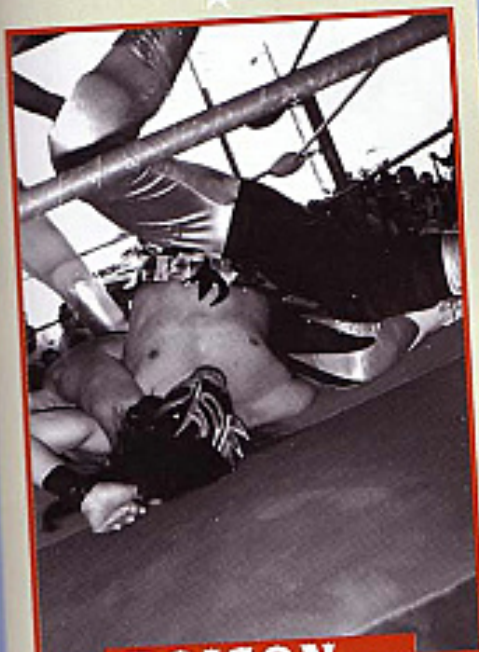
Caligula, human beer can crushing machine



MASKED LADY AND PINK BUTTERFLY

★WPW★

Female wrestlers include "Dama Enmascarada" (Masked Lady) and Pink Butterfly. Pink Butterfly is 18 years old and works a day job as a cashier at a Mexican restaurant. She trains at the School of Hard Knocks—a pro wrestling training school in San Bernardino. She's been wrestling for four years. Were any of your ninth grade classmates pro-wrestlers?



POISON AND SUPER BOY

★WPW★

Poison and Super Boy seem to be the worst of the heels in the WPW league. Poison sports a spectacular silver and black mask with wildcat eyes and a spiked Mohawk wig. With his silver boots and black high-collared cape he could easily be the frontman for a Mexican heavy metal band. His loud, guttural threats intimidate his opponents and genuinely frighten small children. Super Boy's short, fat, frog-like body is misleading. Despite his appearances, he is actually amazingly agile and can do back-flips off the highest tumblebuck with ease.



EL SANTO

LIBRE CINEMATICO

The wrestling superhero film is a purely Mexican construct. To fans, screen wrestlers are Mexico's answer to Batman, James Bond and Valentine all rolled into one. Unlike Batman, however, there is no Bruce Wayne alter-ego beneath the mask. Santo can wrestle in the ring for one scene, defeat a mad scientist or a horde of vampires in the next and end up enjoying dinner with his girlfriend at an upscale nightclub...all without removing his mask. Even love scenes are shot with mask intact. In fact, Mexico's star wrestlers have been known to show up masked in public even when the cameras aren't rolling. The sight of Blue Demon or Neutron wearing a suit and tie, and dining in an expensive restaurant gives these films a surreal force that overshadows their more conventional sci-fi/horror aspects.

Rene Cardona, Sr. was the undisputed king of Mexican exploitation filmmaking. He is largely credited with the invention of the wrestling-hero genre, and directed most of the notable ones, thus ensuring Santo and Blue Demon's enduring status as national heroes. He also directed numerous other Mexican exploitation films, mostly dealing with vampires. One exception is Santa Claus (1950) a ramblingly bizarre children's film depicting Santa as a magical savior who battles Satan for the souls of children all over the world.

Many of these films made it into the States thanks to the efforts of an enterprising film distributor by the name of E. Gordon Murray. Murray made a small fortune in the '50s and '60s by buying the rights to low-budget foreign exploitation films, cheaply re-dubbing them and unleashing them on unsuspecting Americans...particularly those privileged enough to live in the South. Films like *Wrestling Women vs. the Aztec Ape* and *Blue Demon vs. the Infernal Brain* were soon blazing their way across the nation's drive-ins and late-night television screens. Today, they are widely available thanks to the modern miracle of video piracy.

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RINX

RECORDS

the ultra-prolific eight-wheeled seven-inch wax empire

By: Mark Lewman

In Glendale, California there sits a gargantuan-yet-unassuming aircraft assembly hanger. It is a windowless pre-war building that has been converted into a hollow palace, with a floor as smooth and polished as the clientele. This is the Moonlight Roller Rink, and on Tuesday nights it's the spot where retired bus drivers and other septuagenarians come to get busy. Time stands still as the regulars maintain a state of perpetual motion, gracefully weaving across the floor to the strains of "Five Weeks in a Balloon," "The Hokey Pokey" (disco version), "Watermelon Man," "The Baby Elephant Walk," "Hi Ho Skaterino"...

The gliding bipeds are all driven to skate by a sort of puppetmaster—a live organist—who controls the floor by tickling the keys, coaxing sounds out of his instrument from within a specially decorated box at the head of the rink. That man is Domonic Cangelosi, owner and proprietor of Moonlight Roller Rink.

What makes Moonlight different from any of the other 72 roller skating rinks registered to do business in the state of California (the illegal, spontaneous roller rinks that pop up overnight and quickly vanish are a dying breed) is that Domonic has created a nerve center of music and motion with Rinx Records, a small operation he runs from his office in the rafters above the rink.

Forget whatever bizarRED Speedwagon memories you have of your youth spent hugging the rail at Rollerworld, eating cardboard pizza and shilling quarters into the arcade between laps under the twirling disco ball. Rinx Records is a company devoted entirely to providing beats to the world's most serious roller and ice skaters. To date, Rinx has released about 3,000 records, 95% of them in the medium of 45 RPM 7" vinyl. Recently I had the pleasure of talking to Mr. Cangelosi about his 25 years of service as an award-winning organist and record company mogul.

WHAT'S THE HISTORY OF RINX RECORDS?

Fred Bergen founded it in 1960—in the '40s and '50s, he was instrumental in designing and putting together ways of skating: positions, steps, the moves. He was also a musician. So in 1960 he started Rinx Records with the idea to create music for routines. He played the organ.

WHAT KIND?

Hammond. Then he hired other organists to record on Hammond organs and he would put them on discs. When Fred started Rinx, that's when the 45s came into fashion. So that's why he started putting out his music on 45s rather than 12" records. Fred Bergen owned the company until about 1965. At the time he approached me, I was playing the organ in a roller rink in Pasadena, called the Moonlight Roller Rink. And then I was doing championships, live.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I would take the organ to an auditorium where roller skating championships were being conducted.

WHAT WERE THE COMPETITIONS BASED ON?

Artistic roller skating dance music. In roller and ice skating, they do moves like ballroom dancing—tangos, fox-trots, polkas—all done on skates. It's very similar to ballroom dancing, but skaters require three minutes of music, exactly. They require a specific tempo. So to go out on the market and try to find a tango at 100 beats per minute for three minutes is impossible. That's where Mr. Bergen came into the picture, to record the music. In the early '60s he approached me. At that time I was already doing skating comps, and performing in a rink. He hired me for a few years to record for Rinx Records. I was a session organist. After 1968, he asked me if I would be interested in purchasing the company.

At that time, I picked up all his masters, which go way back into the '40s and '50s. I started arranging my own music, putting it on 45s. Then I went to cassette tapes. Now we're into CDs. I've been performing for over 25 years, playing these events, with acclaim from skaters and coaches worldwide.

HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE AT THESE EVENTS?

Generally about 1500 to 2000 skaters. They're all done in big auditoriums and coliseums.

WHERE'S THE RECORDING DONE AT?

I have my own recording studio. I have synthesizers and piano, and Hammond organs. That's how everything is done. In the past I hired drummers, guitars, and I overdubbed piano. Now I have a Yamaha HX, which just about does it all.

HAVE ANY RINX RECORDS EVER BEEN COMMERCIAL RADIO HITS?

No. We're very, very unique and very specialized. The records are not available in record stores. It's all done through mail order advertising in the trade publications of ice and roller skating magazines: *US Roller Skater News*, *Rinkside*, *The RSA News*. We have a mailing list of about 5,000 people.

WHAT'S THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SONG YOU'VE SOLD?

For a while there it was "Quiet Village."

DID YOU WRITE THAT?

"There's been around 3,000 Rinx records in the last 40 years."

No, that was just arranged by me. "Phantom of the Opera" is very, very popular. "New York, New York." There aren't too many songs that are hits, because most of the people look for the tempo, and then they look for the title. They look at the catalog and they say "Oooh, we need any 98 beats per minute, blues" and if they find one and recognize the title, they'll buy it.

HAVE YOU RE-RECORDED THESE OVER THE YEARS TO KEEP IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES? DO YOU EVER PLAY FUNK MUSIC?

They don't do anything like disco or funk [pronounces it "phunk"]. Those are mostly done through Free Dance—they choreograph their own routines to the music.

DOES THE SKATING THAT HAPPENS AT THESE EVENTS GET VERY WILD?

Well, in circles, they go around in perfect circles. In the Freestyle category, they do jumps and spins and lifts. In Pairs, they do a lot of lifts. Free Dance, they choose their own music and routines. Maybe somebody will do something bluesy, maybe somebody else will do some funk. And of course people skate to disco. Then sometimes the organization will specify—like this year everybody in this event has to do the cha-cha.

HOW MANY RECORDS ARE ON YOUR ROSTER?

Well, right now there's probably about fifteen or twenty thousand records on the shelf.

DIFFERENT RECORDS?

No, total. There's maybe eleven or twelve hundred different current releases. There's been around 3,000 Rinx records in the last 40 years.

WHEN WAS THE LAST 7" VINYL RECORD YOU PRESSED?

About four years ago. We just started doing the CDs, incorporating modern technology. We also bought a fax machine.

DO YOU DO ARTWORK FOR THE RECORD COVERS?

The label is just a basic, basic design, and the sleeve is plain yellow or plain white. It's just a look, more than anything else.

DO YOU EVER GET ROYALTIES?

No, we don't get royalties. The person that writes the song gets the royalties.

SO YOU DON'T COMPOSE ANYTHING ORIGINAL?

No, I just arrange.

SO OUT OF LIKE 3,000 RELEASES IN THE COMPANY'S HISTORY, YOU MEAN TO TELL ME IT'S ALL COVER SONGS OF STANDARDS?

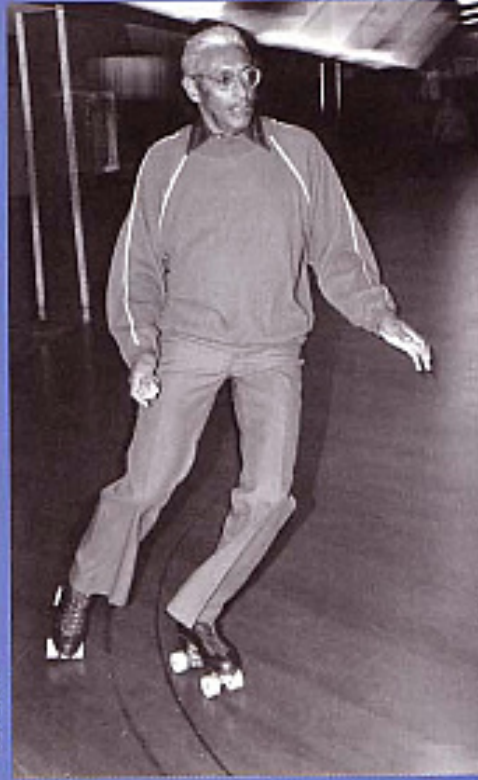
Yep.

I DON'T GET IT. WHERE'S THE MONEY TO DO ALL THIS COME FROM?

This is the only rink the state of California featuring live organ music, so we get about 72,000 skaters a year in here. That grosses, oh, around \$300,000.

WHAT'S THE WORST THING THAT'S HAPPENED IN THE WORLD OF ROLLER SKATING IN THE LAST 20 YEARS?

Inline skating. [sighs]



The Turntable: A VISUAL HI-FI HISTORY

The phonographic turntable: an appliance that is defined by function, yet so expressive in its way of achieving that function. Since Edison's wax cylinder system, modified as a disc, then as a stereo microgroove device (at 33 and 45 r.p.m.), the concept has remained roughly the same: a needle passes over a continuous groove, converting vibrations into audioelectric impulses. Yet the turntable has been adapted into all kinds of different packages and formats, intended for a wide variety of applications, situations and economic brackets. Whether you just need something to check out 45s at swap meets and thrift stores; you need the top of the line purist wow and flutter eliminating audiophile machine; or you're a DJ who can use but the one tool—Technics SL 1200, truly there is a turntable made for you.

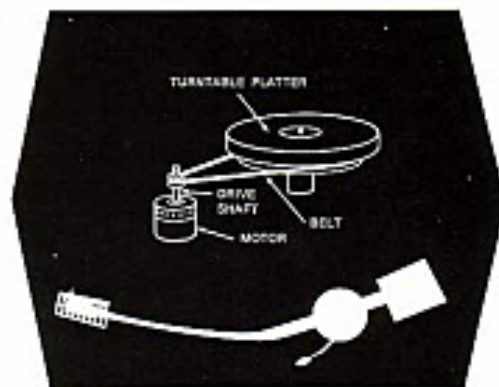
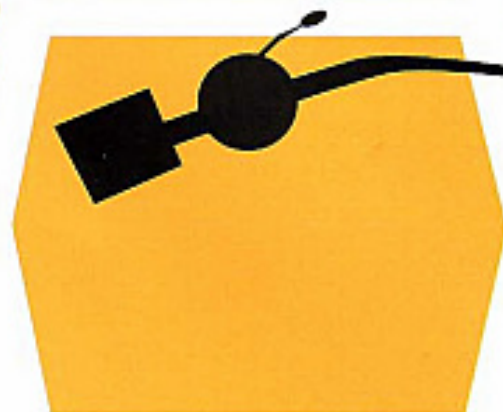
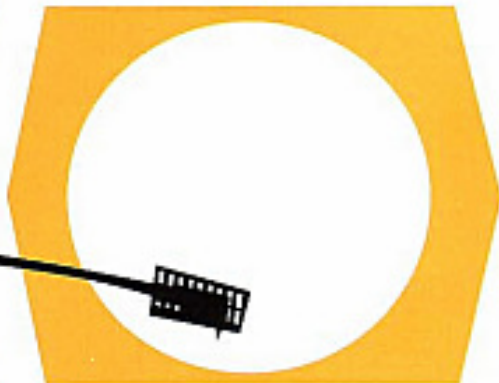
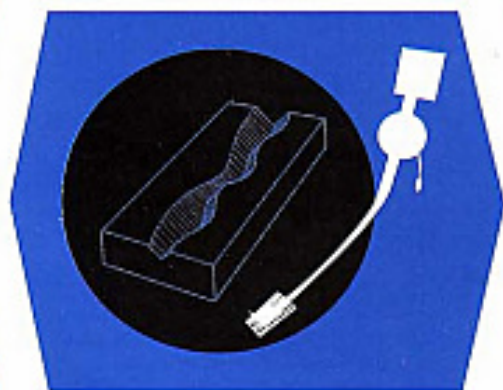
A turntable—or record player (even record changers through the 40s-70s)—can define one's personality as much as the music played on it. From a little portable Realistic model to the aforementioned Technics O.G. Wheel o' Steel (a utilitarian-styled standard, despite only average noise response), to a Bang & Olufsen monument of elegant Danish simplicity, every turntable says something about the person who uses it.

They also reflect on the tastes of the time when they were produced, from the wood and brass boxes of turn-of-the-century victrolas to Art Deco streamlines, 50s tweeds, 60s futurism and 70s now-ism, turntables provide tabletop tastes of that dreaded word, Zeitgeist. Among them are some of the most fascinating and amazing design work ever, from Dieter Rams and Mario Bellini applying their industrial designer chic, to whoever the genius is behind all Tandy products (our real unsung American design superhero), to anyone that has contributed in one way or another to making a dope little—or big—record player. Wood, plastic, composite board, chrome, bakelite, portable, console, component, collapsible; take a tour of your local thrift stores, they're all there.

Of course, I also have to mention that because the record player is being sent into extinction faster than the American buffalo, there is a certain cache or collector's mentality in the mix. But it is our overall wonder and admiration of turntable design that inspired this visual history. Peel slowly and see!

Mike Diamond

Edison says: "If some reproduction has [a] your poster (originally inserted here)...do



Turntables Are Go!

When Vacuum Records' Fukushima Yoshiaki was a kid, portable record players were prerequisites for him and his Osaka friends. With their big plastic knobs and crackly mono sounds, the players were not simply practical: they had personality, they had style. Despite the introduction of CD players and the subsequent unpopularity and disappearance of records, Fukushima carried his red-and-white Columbia GP-3 player well into his adult life (part of which was spent as one of Japan's "salarymen"). He toyed with the idea of starting his own business, the goal being to revive the portable players of his youth. Evidence that the GP-3 had not completely disappeared was available: Columbia players were pictured on the cover of the Beastie Boys' *Sure Shot* EP and the Spitz (Japan) "Robinson" single.

Roughly three years ago, Fukushima called Columbia and quizzed them about the status of the players. It turned out Columbia was still selling GP-3s, but almost strictly to instructors of Odori, a traditional Japanese dance form. Although the Japanese tourist board would have you think otherwise, Odori's devotees—delicate kimono-clad figures—do not represent mainstream Japanese society. Understandably, Columbia figured the future of the GP-3 was bleak. Nevertheless, Fukushima explained the recent resurgence of vinyl among Japan's "hipper" record labels and managed to con-

vacuum records, inc
株式会社ヴァキューム・レコーズ
〒550 大阪市西区北堀江1-2-27 サウス四ツ橋ビル301
TEL: 06-543-1755 FAX: 06-537-2050

by Justin Simon



the cornelius skeleton ape turntable: how fucking evil is that?



vince Columbia to agree to enter into a business partnership.

In its earliest stage, Vacuum Records sold Columbia GP-3s via mail order (Fukushima also ran a small record store that was considered to be the worst-smelling record store in Japan). Sales surpassed both Columbia's and Fukushima's expectations, and within one year, Columbia's complete stock of GP-3s had been exhausted.

For his next project, Fukushima wanted to design a more "colorismatic" model, an improvement on the GP-3. He contacted Keigo Oyamada of the band Cornelius, who already had a creative enterprise of his own. Together they produced the Cornelius Skeleton Ape Model, an insane looking Columbia-crafted player with a clear body exposing all of the internal mechanics, accompanied by a Cornelius single featuring unreleased tracks. Advertisements for the 9,669 available players ran in domestic music magazines. The Cornelius models sold out in approximately two weeks.

Today, Vacuum Records boasts six staff members, a record store (a really, really good one at that) in the heart of downtown Osaka's Shinsaibashi, the Vacuum Player 96 and the Vinyl Killer.

Whereas the Cornelius model was loosely based on the GP-3, the VP-96 is entirely Vacuum's creation. The shape (more like a lunch box than a record player), the high-quality Diamond needle and Stereo sound are among the attractions of the VP-96.

The Vinyl Killer is Vacuum's latest product. Built in the shape of a small car, this device "drives" around the groove of any 12" record (33 r.p.m.) and amplifies the sound through a built-in speaker! Not unlike the case of the Columbia player, Fukushima's inspiration was a similar device, popular in the '70s. A Shonen Knife model is also available.

The VP-96 and Vinyl Killer have received tremendous attention from the Japanese media, all without any solicitation on Vacuum's part. Articles of praise have appeared in *H*, *Olive* and *Cutie*, all national "culture" magazines, in addition to scores of music, business, fashion and (this is Japan) porn magazines. The Radio Hey Hey Hey television show has featured the pop superstars The Yellow Monkey (musically akin to Winger, but nevertheless...) playing some of their favorite records on a VP-96. The Vinyl Killer was featured on *Ohayou! Ashahi Desu!*—a morning talk show of sorts—and also on the *Night in Night* show.

Vacuum's domestic popularity has taken Fukushima and his small staff by surprise. They attribute their success not simply to vinyl's recent popularity but also to Japanese youth's idolization of DJs, especially those hailing from Tokyo and Osaka. Japan's current DJs—Fumia Tanaka for example—are in fact now receiving international attention. Because better turntables are often too expensive for the average kid to purchase, Vacuum's VP-96 (sold domestically for 12,800 yen) comes across as an affordable option. Fans of the VP-96 are not only young folks; however. The *Night in Night* piece clearly demonstrated the wide appeal of the portable record player. Watching the conservatively dressed middle-aged hosts wheel out a dining room table adorned with vinyl copies of their favorite "oldies" and closing their show with a nostalgic medley of songs and sound provided by the Vinyl Killer and VP-96, it is clear that Vacuum's products have a wide appeal.

WRISTS OF FURY:

Turntable Tips from the Invisibl Skratch-Piklz

COMPILED BY CUB REPORTERS BUCKY
FUKUMOTO AND JAMANDRU REYNOLDS
PHOTOS BY JAMANDRU REYNOLDS
VIDEO BY THE BUCKY

With the help of Dave Tompkins and Richie Desusasido (aka Yoga Frog), Jami and I barreled north to San Francisco on a day's notice. The mission: Pick the brains of some of the most innovative turntablists to date and bring back what we could from it.

DMC champions from 1992 to '95, the Invisibl Skratch-Piklz have played a major role in redefining the turntable as an instrument and the DJ as a musician. They are the sounds of Jazz to come.

We spoke with Shortcut, Q Bert and Mix Master Mike in Q Bert's home/studio in Daily City before they were to leave for Japan to judge the DJ World Championships.

Check out "The Skratch Piklz vs. the Klamz uv Deth" and "The Invasion of the Octopus People" on Return of the DJ.

CHECK THE WEBSITE:
www.skratchpiklz.com



WAX TAPPING
MIX MASTER MIKE



Basically I'm just moving the record backwards and forward, and with my other hand I'm tapping against the grain.



THE BANANA



One thing about me and this guy [Q Bert]: Man, when we run into tricks—we'll just like bump into a mistake—we will remember it, and that mistake will become part of the routine. MIX MASTER MIKE

It's all math. Like in between four you have four, you can cut in three, cut it in eight, cut into whatever. It's all math. Q BERT

Where you release the sound shows your particular style, and what kind of DJ you are. If you're like an abstract DJ, you would go off one... you would go off like jazz music. Your basic scratch would be like releasing it right where you expect it. That's what I call a predictable scratcher. I like to go off on the deep end, like this... and just try to capture every molecule, every set, sem. It has something to do with your inner chi. I just incorporate it with my turntable techniques. Bring it from the inner to the outer, through the speakers with flavor. It's like, "That guy's been through a lot of shit." You can tell within the scratching his anger, his soul... like, "This guy's soulful, very soulful." MIX MASTER MIKE



FLARES
Q BERT



You cut the sound in half by using the fader in reverse. [As far as we can tell, this means he cuts the forward off the middle, and the reverse as well. So it sounds like there are two forwards and two reverses.]

Weapon of Choice: Turntable Set-up & Design

Every experienced DJ sets up their turntables in the particular way that allows them to perform at their very best. The Invisibl Skratch Piklz are certainly among these DJs. But when we asked Q Bert how they like to set up their decks, his response was pretty nonchalant, and his set-up was more or less the same as other DJs'. Following is exactly how the ISPs set their decks up:

1. They use various experimental Vestax 06 Pro Mixers, and while they do have a Vestax turntable in the room, they prefer to scratch with Technics 1200 MK-2s.
2. They have their height ring set to 4.5.
3. Contrary to the popular belief that you need to set your anti-skating device to the maximum, the ISPs' decks are left at exactly zero. This is probably partially due to the performance of their cartridges.
4. The ISPs seem to prefer Shure SC35C cartridges over any others by a long shot. Shures definitely take up more area than any cartridges I've ever seen, and I bet they weigh more as well.



Patterns are infinity.

MIX MASTER MIKE

MIKE: HOW WAS YOUR RIDE ON YOUR OCTOPUS?
Q BERT: I HAD A FLAT TENTACLE.



I'll be a different character in the set. So it's basically just like a conversation.

MIX MASTER MIKE

We think as instruments. I hear what he has—he'll have a hard Moog-sounding tone, I'll stay away from that by grabbing a sharp sound. Because he has the bass sound. So if you grab two pointy ends, it's going to be clashing. You don't grab two of the same sword, you grab different swords. One guy grabs the one with the jagged edge, and the other grabs the one with the sharp edge. MIX MASTER MIKE



CROSS-CUTTING SHORTCUT

There are DJs out there who scratch with the fader reversed, but not all mixers have a reverse switch. So what you do is position your whole body so [your thumbs and fingers are reversed]. It's like you're scratching in reverse.



It's however you are feeling that day. Wherever you want to take it, you are going to take it there. MIX MASTER MIKE

5. Despite the added weight of the cartridges, the ISPs still have their counterbalances reversed, and all the way inside (more or less 3.5g). In general, Yoga Frog suggests setting the counterbalance "so the cartridge is as close to the record as possible without scraping."

6. Also, Q Bert suggests, "If your needles are bouncing too much, you can use coins. So put a coin on top of the cartridge. If that doesn't work, put two coins."

7. They also condone the use of the plastic trick: "Cutting out plastic, and putting it on top of the platter makes the slipmat looser."

Shortcut states, "It's like having oil right under your record. When you have the plastic, you can never go wrong."

8. Last but not least, they turn their turntables sideways so the tone arm is out of the way and the turntables are at a closer reach.

According to Yoga Frog, the 20-year patent on the 1200's design will soon expire. When asked what would he do to improve the Technics 1200—whose 1970s design is still the most popular model for all kinds of DJs—Q Bert replied, "Well, this model is so primitive. For one thing, [the pitch control] doesn't go to negative or positive one million. It doesn't go in reverse. It's not made out of glass. Or gold..."



Q Bert and Yoga Frog on the go, when the model isn't by their side.

INVISIBL Technical Data

Anti-Skating set to 0
Counterbalance all the way inside reversed, 3.5g
The Height Ring at 4.5
Shure SC35C cartridges
Technics 1200MK-2
Vestax 05 Pro Mixers



Cause when you bounce, the needle will bounce up and down with you. Q BERT

GRIPS AND SLIPS SHORTKUT

It's like having oil right under your record. So all you have to do is open a record, cut out the [plastic] sleeve into a record shape and put it on there....that's it. More freedom! If you don't have the plastic, and you're at a place where it's cold, or there is a lot of moisture, it will be really stiff. When you have the plastic, you can never go wrong.

Any more than five dollars and you're a bad DJ.

MIXMASTER MIKE



COIN TRICK Q BERT

If your needles is bouncing too much, put a coin on top of the cartridge. If that doesn't work, use two coins.



BEAT JUGGLING SHORTKUT

In order to beat juggle, both the records should be marked on your favorite sound. Let's say the part of your record you want is at 12 o'clock. Now that you know those spots, every time you move it back to 12 o'clock, it will be exactly where you want it. So I'm going back and forth to that one spot that I want. Also, if you want, you can use different parts. So at 6 o'clock, the beat is right there. Even if you don't have headphones, you always remember that one spot. By instinct you will know how many rotations it takes to turn it back to the beginning.

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Grand Royal Records



Exit



Uptown & Queens
via Ben Lee

B **L**

Pellham - The Bronx
via Atari Teenage Riot

A **T** **R**

Far Rockaway
via Bis

B **I** **S**

Downtown & Brooklyn
via Buffalo Daughter

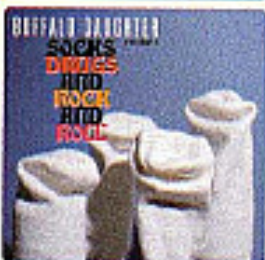
B **D**

Uptown & The Bronx
via Big Fat Love

B **F** **L**

179th Street - Jamaica
via BS2000

B **S**



GR
GrandRoyal

VIRGIN GAMBINO

After working on the Kenny G video, Nate and I were pretty excited to do any other kind of work with rock stars that we could, mostly because it is the easiest money that I have ever heard of. Well, about a week after doing the Kenny G thing, I got an email from Alex saying that the Wu-Tang Clan was in Hong Kong filming a video and we could get an interview with them if we were lucky. None of this meant a thing to me, so I called up Nate. He flipped out. Apparently, Wu-Tang is one of the biggest groups in the wonderful world of hip-hop, so were in the enviable position of actually getting to meet them. Nate wanted to go immediately, but I had to go coach a little girls' soccer game first.

So Nate went ahead, and later I had to take the MTR alone all the way out to Mei Foo. I felt very indigenous, until I saw that 7-11 had beat me to the spot. Down the road a bit was a restored ancient Chinese village from the Sung Dynasty. This was where the filming was to be done. A guard tried to make me pay, but soon realized that I was a VIP, or at least someone allowed to be there. When I arrived, Nate updated me on his day: Not only had he gone out in search of blunts for Wu-Tang, he had watched their backs when they smoked. Immediately after telling me that story, Alex went off for a session with the GZA (a/k/a Genius), so I understood what the guys were all about.

Our only job of the day was to go off and buy crackers and drinks. Nate and I got a ride in the hired van and it was a breeze. We came back and talked to one of the guys in charge and found out that he had been friends with Tupac and was still sad about the death. Then the RZA and the GZA joined the conversation and made fun of us for being virgins. I explained to them that girls don't like me because I am kinda ugly, and they laughed and said that they had both lost their virginity before they were teenagers. The RZA said he was 11. Then the RZA asked if we were rich. I said "pretty much so," because it's cheap to live here and the company pays for everything. He said he has an experience like that: his company pays for his house, car, traveling and whatever else. The only difference is that he owns the company. He was very pleased with his joke.

The whole time we were talking, the RZA was wearing some claws (a la Wolverine from the X-Men) and these huge gold fangs. It took me a while to understand what he was saying because he had these two long pointy pieces of gold in his mouth. Then I realized that he was bragging about his teeth, so I told him mine were much cooler. I had braces at the time. I think I got him.

The RZA and GZA went back to filming so we were again left with the producer. He was a really nice guy and we discussed Hong Kong and explained our lifestyle to him. It was refreshing to see someone genuinely interested in learning something new. I gave copies of our fanzine to him and the Wu-Tang guys. I reckon it was the first zine they had ever received.

I looked over at the video for a bit and felt like I was at a circus. There were Chinese people from the village juggling with their feet and playing with knives. The

RZA was being held up in a basket by four people, all of whom were bobbing up and down so he could bounce. There was smoke everywhere as he lip synced. The atmosphere was very exciting. It got pretty late, and Nate and Nico were talking about going bowling. The GZA was interested. He was very close to coming, then backed out at the last minute for one reason or another. Still, the thought that he might come with us really impressed me and I really liked these guys.

The plan was for them to continue filming on Sunday but I didn't think that I would be able to go because I had a huge paper due on Monday that was pretty important for my English class. But I finished my part of the group project and then went out to Mei Foo again. I reached the set at five. I first started talking to one of the models and she was very cool. We played stickball together in the Chinese village and I hit two home runs. Then we had a sword fight with the props. I was winning, so she asked if I liked to fight with my hands. I volunteered Nate because I was afraid of her, and my fear turned out to be warranted. She worked Nate, though he did break her nail. The RZA came by after the fight and gave fives all around, except he outstretched his fist and hit our fists. I was scared because he was still wearing his Wolverine claws. Before I got ripped apart, I ran over to a trampoline that was going to be used for the video. I impressed everyone by doing flips off of it, but then I broke a cord that held it together. I blamed it on some fat guy, but no one was fooled, since he hadn't touched it. I noticed that my popularity diminished after that.

I hadn't been hanging out with Wu-Tang all this time because they had been smoking. They invited me once, but I had to turn them down. Whenever the Genius wasn't smoking he sat in front of a video monitor and said "good" or "bad"—nothing more—depending on whether he liked the scene or not. I thought it was cool to have the name "Genius" because then you are complimented whenever you are spoken to.

Anyway, I left early and made everyone promise to write me. That may have been an unreasonable request, because I saw the autographs they gave Nico and I don't think that they are really literate. But they were nice, so I can forgive their inability to write.

The next day at school was really cool. I bragged to everyone and they were very jealous about the chance that I had to smoke with the famous Wu-Tang Clan. I borrowed a Wu-Tang CD from Kane and was delighted to learn that one song is entitled "Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuthin' to Fuck Wit'." Nate and Nico promised to buy me a shirt with that caption. I told everyone that now I was "nuthin' to fuck wit'" as well. No one believed me, and fucked with me more to prove it.

Overall, I can't get over how nice all the guys in—or affiliated—with Wu-Tang were. They didn't make fun of a bunch of rich white boys (except for our being virgins) and actually treated us with respect. They have been the coolest people to come to Hong Kong this year, which includes Fugazi.



The RZA checks gets underway in Hong Kong.

THE MEI FOO DIARIES

BY JOE ANCLIN





SIFU SHI YAN-MING came to the US in '92 on the first-ever Shaolin Temple Monks' American Tour. On the last date of the tour, in San Francisco, he snuck out in the middle of the night, eluding the watchful eye of the Chinese government chaperones. He jumped into a cab, speaking no English, with nothing but a little money, a copy of his passport and some newspaper articles that featured him. Once in the cab, he could only signal with his hands which direction to go. The cabbie, realizing that his passenger had no idea what his destination was, pulled over and called the police, who arrived almost immediately. Upon inspecting Shi Yan-Ming's passport copy and articles, they understood he was trying to defect and ordered the driver to take him to Chinatown. The driver dropped him off at the nearest Chinese restaurant. Shi Yan-Ming was thrilled to see the Chinese writing. Unfortunately, the restaurant owners spoke Cantonese (the Canton/Hong Kong dialect), which is very different from his native Mandarin. They finally communicated with each other through writing (Chinese is a pictorial language and can be understood by people of different dialects because though it may be said differently, it is written the same). Luckily Shi Yan-Ming remembered the number of a friend in New York who in turn called his friend in San Francisco (whose number he had forgotten in the hotel room) who came and picked him up. He stayed underground for a week and then made his way to New York where he lived upstate at a Buddhist temple, then at another temple in Chinatown before opening his own USA Shaolin Temple, where he now teaches Kung Fu, Tai Chi, Chi Kung, Buddhism and meditation. —SOPHIA CHANG

**SHAOLIN GET-DOWN: RZA MEETS THE MONK
INTRODUCED AND COORDINATED BY SOPHIA CHANG**



INSCRIPTION:

"TO SIFU SHI YAH-MING: THERE ARE NOT MANY MEN IN WHICH I CAN OR WILL CALL "MASTER." I SAY IT TO YOU WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT. ALL ART IS NOW MARTIAL TO ME. YOUR FRIEND AND STUDENT" THE RZA, WU-TANG

TERENCE CHANG
PARTNER -
JOHN WONG'S
PRODUCER

RZA

SIFU

JOHN WONG

SOPHIA CHANG

Scheduling an interview with the RZA isn't as hard as you think—but making it happen is much harder than you could possibly imagine. The Godfather of the Clan only gets busier as the Wu Empire expands, so tracking him down to do this interview is no small feat. 45 minutes on the NJ Turnpike isn't so bad, but the 45 once we get off the Turnpike is a winding journey in the dark. Sifu Shi Yan-Ming, a 34th generation Shaolin Temple fighting monk sighs, "Ah, trees." It's almost 1:00 am by the time we pull up to the formidable Wu Mansion looming grandly in the dark. (Is it really shaped like the Wu logo?) Once summoned to the RZA's antechamber, Sifu is delighted to see that Tony Starks a/k/a Ghostface Killah has just arrived as well. Sifu, RZA and Ghost sit down on the floor and discuss Chan Buddhism (Chinese Zen), Islam, the Tao Te Ching, meditation, the history of Shaolin Temple and its Ching Dynasty heroes Wong Fei Hong and Fong Sai Yuk (both played often and excellently by actor Jet Li), stretching and Chi Kung, among other subjects. Then comes the RZA's audio-visual presentation: he plays Sifu five new incredible beats he's been working on and shares his techniques; he shows Sifu the raw footage from his "Tragedy" video (which is far better than the video itself) and some of his favorite scenes from various kung fu movies. At one point RZA disappears upstairs and reappears with champagne glasses and an extraordinary bottle of '68 vintage Dom Perignon—"very special water," as Sifu calls it, as opposed to beer, which is simply "special water." (The emperor of the Tang Dynasty ordained that Shaolin Temple monks could eat meat and drink alcohol—but not on the grounds of the Temple—because they saved his life). They're left alone with only the mic and the bottle of DP...

RZA: Tell 'em about the Zen (Chan in Chinese) Buddhism.
Sifu Shi Yan-Ming: Zen Buddhism, if you talk about Zen Buddhism, you cannot say "this is Zen Buddhism."

RZA: So, it can't be described in words.

Sifu: It's very important: mind to mind and heart to heart. The Zen Buddhism founder, Dama (also known as Bodhidharma), after him until the fifth generation (of disciples chosen to pass on the teachings) never wrote down any words. But the sixth generation, Hui Neng, he wrote different books explaining about Zen. He wanted to let people know about Zen Buddhism.

RZA: But you never could really describe it in writing.

Sifu: Chan can be everything, also can be nothing. This is basic talk.

RZA: So it's like the great everything but it's also the small nothing. I understand. Talk about Wu-Tang and how it came from Shaolin. Talk about the Wu-Tang founder.

Sifu: Wu-Tang founder was Zhangsenfeng from the Yuan Dynasty. From the Yuan Dynasty until now [is] like 745 years. He's a true person, a real person. He studied at Shaolin Temple for ten years. After he did some bad things. Fight a lot. Shaolin Temple Abbot and all the monks said...

RZA: "You got to go."

Sifu: Yeah. He founded another mountain called Wudang. English say Wu-Tang. RZA: So he went to the mountain and then he realized that he was doing wrong? Did he ever realize that he was bad and then change himself?

Sifu: He did things because he was young. Everybody at Shaolin Temple don't want to be bad person because they studied philosophy and Zen Buddhism. And master and all the monks, different teachers, learn from Buddha and different Buddhist monks: Always be a good person, don't be bad. Maybe he did it on purpose. After he left he did bad things, he tried to change. After, he found Wudang Mountain in Hubei Province.

RZA: What about Hunggar?

Sifu: Hunggar from Ching Dynasty. Shaolin Temple monks helped the emperor but the emperor fought with the Manchus. The Manchus were angry at the Shaolin Temple monks and thought the Shaolin Temple monks help somebody kill them. They were very angry.

RZA: I saw a movie called Death Chamber that said that the Manchus sent 4,000 men in to attack 400 Shaolin men.

Sifu: It's true. Shaolin Temple monks—one person can fight a lot of different people. Hunggar is from Shaolin disciple Hong Xi Guan, he was Master Zhesan's disciple. Hunggar has Small Red Fist, Big Red Fist, and Oldest Fist. Now, especially in America, people don't know Hunggar. Chinese people came to America from Ching Dynasty from Hong Kong and Canton. Lots of people know a little bit of martial arts; they don't want to work too hard. They try to do differently, they try to teach. But only know like a small part of martial arts.

RZA: ...and feel a lot of people. But you have been in Shaolin from the age of five, studying over 25 years—and not just studying martial arts but also Chan Buddhism and the philosophy and knowin' how to really live life in all walks of life and how everything is kung fu, everything is a martial art.

Sifu: Exactly. Everywhere you can stay, you don't have to feel bad. If you want to do something, in the future, if you try your best, you have to be happy. If you can, you be happy. Nothing different. Try keep your heart flat.

RZA: Keep your heart flat, neutral.

Sifu: Yes.

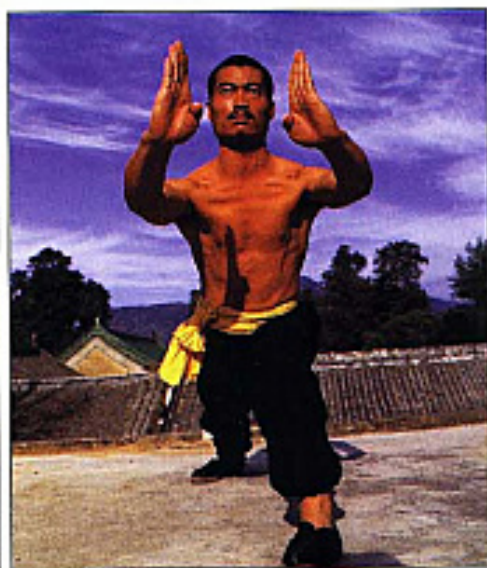
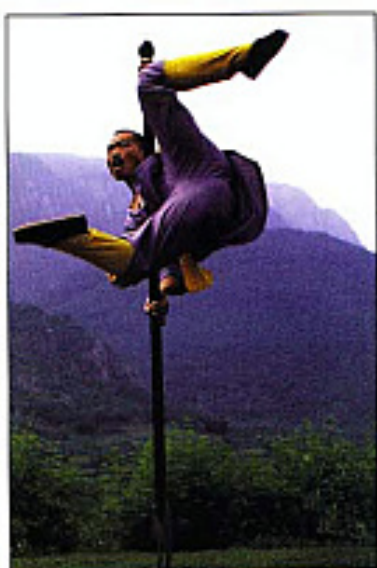
RZA: You know, where I come from—New York, Staten Island—we call it Shaolin. I'm representing the Wu-Tang Clan, but you come from the actual Shaolin Temple in Henan Province in China. What was it like to grow up in a place like that? Was it hard training?

Sifu: Before it was, yeah, feel differently. But little by little find out love—Zen Buddhism and Shaolin Temple changed my life. I feel very comfortable.

RZA: Were you doing a lot of rigorous training? Liftin' a lot of stuff, carryin' heavy things, readin' everyday? How was your average day?

Sifu: We wake up at 4:00 in the morning. Some monks meditate and pray, some monks practice martial arts for two hours. At 6:00 stop, rest half an hour. 6:30 we have breakfast. After breakfast at 7:00 we do one hour meditation and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113



INSCRIPTION:

"POSITIVE ENERGY ACTIVATES CONSTANT ELEVATION, PEACE. WU-TANG AND SHAOLIN EVOLVES INTO ONE ANOTHER."
RZA, WU-TANG

First meeting at GZA album release party.



SQUIGTONES

IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH!



A WU-WEAR PICTORIAL

MOST TV SITCOM VETERANS ARE NO MATCH FOR AN AVERAGE GANG OF ANGRY NINJAS. BUT WITH THE HELP OF WU-TANG CLAN'S EMPOWERING WU-WEAR FASHION LINE, MICHAEL "LENNY" MCKEAN AND DAVID L. "SQUIGGY" LANDER ARE A FORCE ONCE AGAIN.

GHOSTFACE KILLAH

ON WU-WEAR

INTERVIEWED BY: LIL NIKKEI AND JAY BABCOCK



SINCE YOU'RE LIKE THE DON OF FRESH GEAR, WE WANT YOU TO ELABORATE ON WU-WEAR AND YOUR OWN PERSONAL STYLE AND HOW ALL THIS CAME ABOUT.

Wu-Wear. Aight. Check it, boom. We have our own company, boom, we branched out, yknow we got like three stores. The one in Shadoin [in Staten Island, New York] is the Foundation, we got one in Norfolk, VA and Atlanta. We basically just trying to keep in competition. We do in-stores inside our own stores, for the grand opening and shit like that.

DO Y'ALL SELL YOUR MERCHANDISE IN OTHER STORES?

Other stores? Yeah, no doubt. We got our stuff in downtown Brooklyn like in Dr. J's, and it's about to be in Macy's.

WORD?

Yeah, what happened was it's like when we first came out with Wu-Wear and all that stuff like that, these devils and shit, everybody tried to snatch us up...and same thing with the record deal...they tell us what they can offer and all this, that and the other but we just ain't fuck with these motherfuckers and shit. and then finally for around



MICHAEL PREPARES FOR THE ONSLAUGHT IN A BLACK WU-TANG SKULLIE (\$18). ASH GRABNS SWEATSHIRT (\$40) AND WU-TANG BLUE JEANS WHILE DAVID, IN A BLACK EVERGLOW CAP (\$25), BLACK AND YELLOW WU T-SHIRT (\$18) AND WU-TANG JEANS, WATCHES HIS BACK.

like two years that we've been on our own like this, now these dumb motherfuckers can't work with us like that.

YOU'VE GOTTA COME CORRECT.

Now the proper deals and everything else is being made and look at it, it took like two or three years for it to start happening with this Wu-Wear shit. So yeah, now you're gonna start seeing us in shit like Macy's and other big stores like that, because these niggas... You've got little motherfuckers who make a name for themselves and then they sell out like a little two or three million. But we ain't in it like that, we in this shit for longevity.

Y'ALL JUST GO STRAIGHT TO THE MANUFACTURER. THERE AINT NO MIDDLE MAN, RIGHT?

Right, no middle man. This is another department. What I do in Wu, is in the music department of it, right? But we let my other brothers in Wu-Tang, like the CEO, he handles that right there, the merchandising. I don't get too far inside that department. I gotta handle this right here.

NO DOUBT, IT'S A BIG CONGLOMERATE Y'ALL HAVE THERE. YOU HAVE YOUR

OWN PRODUCTION COMPANY...

That's how we're gonna take it and shit. We're definitely gonna grow an enterprise, we've got the capabilities to do that, y'know what I mean.

TALK ABOUT WHAT YOU DO TO GIVE BACK TO THE COMMUNITY...

Right...people that want jobs, people coming home from jail wantin' jobs and shit like that, what we doing is we be taking a few people offa the street, right, we sendin' em to school. Go to school, get your little education, go to college, and come out with that degree and work for us and shit. This shit is for real. So we be doing stuff like that... at the same time, on holidays, we trying to give a hundred thousand turkeys.

WHAT TYPES OF CLOTHES YOU GOT TO OFFER?

We got a lot of stuff. We got jackets, a lotta fleecewear, this company starting now like a lot of Velour shit, but at the same time jeans, jackets, um um, pants. Sweatsuits, sweatpants. Female shit in the summertime, spandex shit. T-Shirts, just regular shit like that, and of course we got some ill shit that's lined up that's gonna be coming through in the next couple of weeks, like a whole line of shit.

David flexes his skills in a navy Wu-Tang t-shirt (#18), and navy Jungle Brush hat while Michael works it out in a white Wu baseball cap (#25), yellow polo shirt (#47), WuWear leggings (#20) and Wu crew socks (#10.50).



WHAT MAKES YALL STUFF DIFFERENT FOR PHAT FARM OR OTHER DESIGNERS? WHAT MAKES YOUR STUFF UNIQUELY WU?

Cuz it's us. The designs are coming from our thoughts and shit. Phat Farm got their own little way of designing their shit, we've got our own little way of designing our shit. What else makes it Wu is the W itself, the symbol, logo. That shit makes it official. You got a lot of niggas bootlegging a lotta shit and that shit is ill. I see shit in Canada and fuckin' Japan and I say what the fuck is this doing here, I ain't never seen this shit before? But you can't stop it though, so all you can do is make it official.

IS THERE ANY KIND OF WAY WE'RE GONNA SEE LIKE—I KNOW THIS SOUNDS CORNY AS SHIT—KARATE JUMPSUITS? YOU KNOW HOW YOU MENTIONED IT'S IN JAPAN, ARE YOU GONNA BUILD ON THAT WHOLE KUNG FU FOLLOWING THAT YOU GOT?

You know, I think a lotta people takin' it wrong and shit. We don't really be into all of that. We watch a lot of flicks but we don't be watching kung fu shit like we just be learning kung fu and shit like that.

We're never gonna come out with shit like that cuz that's not us. We're making

our shit for how we think and for us and how it would look on us. We don't need to be rocking no karate shit and shit like that. Ain't none of us know no goddamn kung fu. We just meditate and control our breathin'.

YOU ALL LEARNED YOUR MARKETING TACTICS FROM THE ART OF WAR BY SUN-TZU?

That book ... To tell you the truth, I never read that book. I've heard the shit is the bomb, sat down, took it for what it's worth, and just read the shit. But I think other niggas read that shit... I heard about that shit, niggas in jail put me on to that shit.

WU-WEAR AINT CHEAP THOUGH. I WAS IN ATLANTA AND THEY TRIED TO SELL ME A T-SHIRT FOR \$35-40. WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

[chuckling] I don't know nothing about that Atlanta department right there.

WELL, IS IT AFFORDABLE?

Um, as far as I see, hell yeah, it's affordable!

WHEN YOU'RE COMING UP WITH DESIGNS, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT—PERSONAL EXPRESSION OR LOOKING GOOD?



HAIR: HORROR;
Dave, Felix and J.K.
STYLING: PHOTOB;
Manna Chavez
HAIR: PHOTOB;
E. Matthies
DIGITAL GAMING: ON THE STORM;
Jerelyn Orlandi
Jamandru
Geoff
HAIR: MAKEUP: SHAGGING;
Jamie Fraser

You gotta keep up to date with the people on the street, what they wear, whatever's the shit, you know what I mean? A lotta shit out there is weak, y'know what I mean? What we decided to do is to keep stuff updated; cuz when you look good, you feel good, you know what I mean? Like when you get your hair done, like when I get a motherfucking new cut, I feel like a new man all over again. I know that's the same thing for women when they get their hair done.

HOW DO YOU GUYS ACTUALLY COME UP WITH YOUR MARKETING IDEAS? LIKE THAT SONG WU-WEAR ON THE SOUNDTRACK...

That right there. What people fail to realize, whatever we do, we do of the instant. It wasn't never planned for us to get in the movie and release the song like that or whatever. It was RZA, Cappadonna, and Math's shit. It wasn't planned or shit, niggas was just one time in the studio while we was doin' my album and just fucked around and did it, made a beat, and just said something about Wu-Wear real quick. RZA wrote his verse and then Cap wrote his and everything followed behind. It wasn't about marketing. We can do whatever we wanna do, we can write about whatever.

OKAY, ONE MORE QUESTION, IDEALLY, IF MONEY WAS NO OBJECT, LIKE NO

LIMIT...IF YOU HAD ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD AND COULD COME OUT WITH SOME FAR-OUT WU SHIT, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

Um... I dunno. For me personally, I'd do something positive for the people, you know what I mean. I'm one of them niggas that right now, what I was about to do last week, or the last two weeks, I was gonna go to Africa, fuck around and go feed some people over there. Shit like that. So if I had the money, if shit was like that, all those motherfuckers that are living hard over there, I'd go over there by my motherfuckin' self.

One thing we don't fall into is the so-called illusion of luxury, all the name brand shit, all that shit is an illusion, man. I understand that--see when I was small, I didn't really know shit. Being around the gods, they done taught me so much shit. All that shit don't mean nothing, it's just a name. Name-brand, but that's still a name cuz it's no name. Just cuz you have Tommy Hill or Polo on your back don't make me. That's just fabric. But I learned how to get outta that shit, that ain't what it's all about. I'm alright with just some pants on and a nice little shirt.

I could take no-name-brand shit and put it on myself right now and still make it look good like it was a name brand. So I don't get caught up into that shit.

WU ACTIVITY PAGE

EDAR

WHILE YOU WAIT FOR YOUR MEAL BONE UP ON YOUR WU-TRIVIA WITH THIS COLLECTABLE AND EDUCATIONAL TRAY-LINER BY GEOFF MCFETRIDGE

Protect Your Neck!

Three Wu-Menchmen are embroiled in a bloodthirsty brawl with a crew of ninja spys that are attempting to steal swatches of fabric for the 1999 Wu Wear Spring collection. In the chaos, RZA lost his licorice root chew stick. find it!

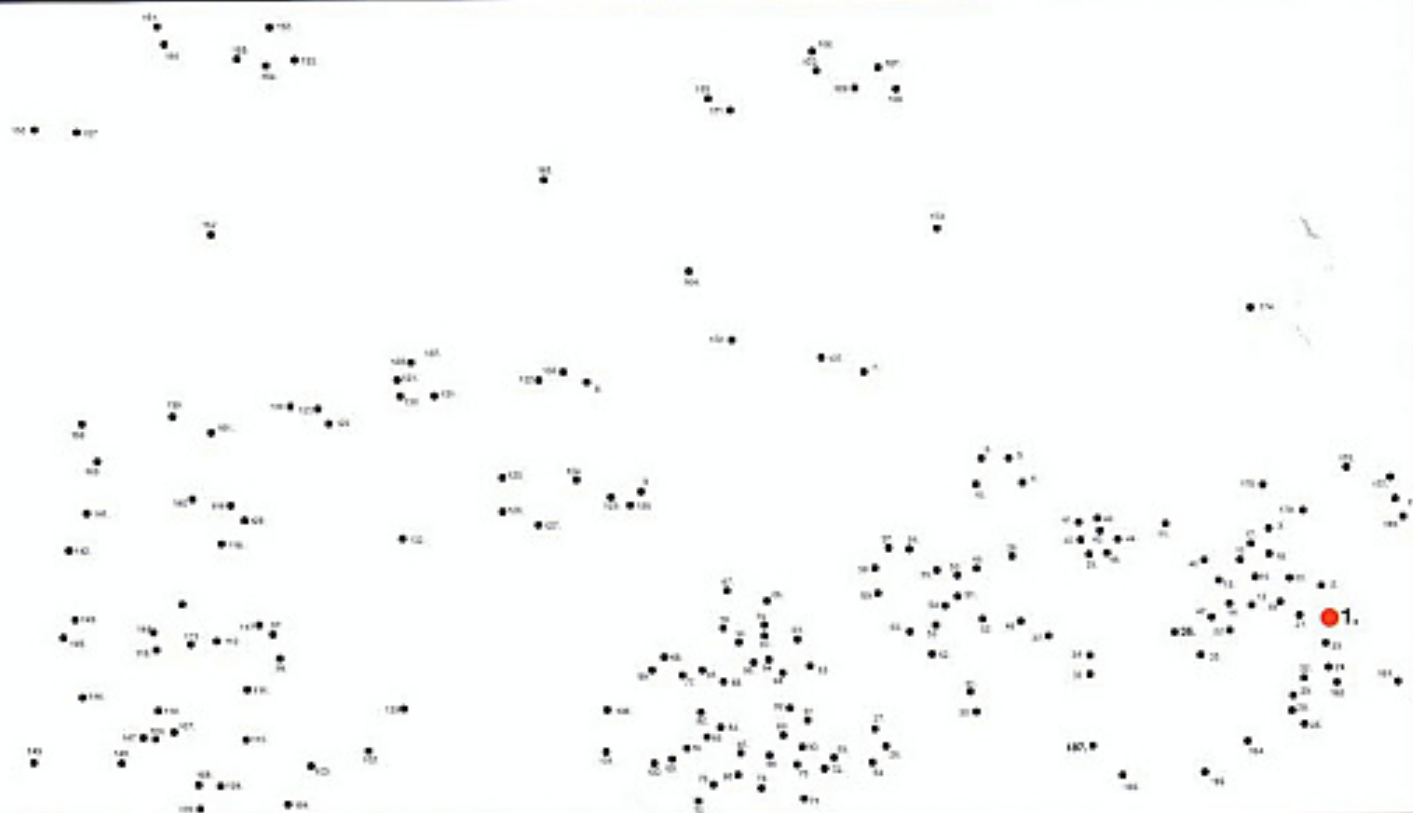


While you're at it find these 9 other things!

1. Mix tape
2. Grappling hook
3. Four finger ring
4. A guy with a decapitated hand
5. A Ninja on a cell phone
6. A tooth
7. QOB disguised as a ninja
8. A 40 of Karin
9. Babar

Shyheim was feeling extra-rugged one day after taking the train home from a long day at the recording studio. Frustrated that he didn't have a driver's license he sprayed the wall with his 9mm Automatic pistol...

Connect the holes to see what he drew!



METH**START****FOXY BROWN****SWV****JOHNNYBLAZE****MUSICAL YOUTH****SHAQ-FU****NO!****TICAL****P.L.O.****SPACEJAM****MARY J. BLIGE**

Now that you have safely guided Johnny Blaze to the Wu Manor look closely to the maze and find out which one of the groups he DID NOT record with. **Have fun!**

**WU-MANOR****WINNER!****BLOODCLOT****SHOWBIZ & A.G.****BOYZ II MEN**

Match the WU to their real names. We've done one for you, finish them All!

MATCH THE REALLY REAL!

GZA**CIRUS****INSPECTADECK****RAEKWON****GHOST FACE KILLAH****METHOD MAN****RUSSEL JONES****COREY WOODS****CLIFFORD SMITH****DENNIS COLES****GARY GRICE****JASON HUNTER**

ANSWERS: Method Man never recorded with Musical Youth. GZA-Gary Grice / Inspects Deck / Inspects Deck / Jason Hunter / Raelkwan -



For The Ladies...

Considered by many to be the inspiration for O.J. Simpson's monumental *I Want To Tell You*, Burt Reynolds' 1972 film *The Letter I Got ... And Where I Signed* is a masterpiece of solid-body revelation. Between the covers, Burt lets it all hang out in candid replies to off-camera. A lot of the stuff that shows up in the mid, as a matter of fact, is beyond the limits of my wildest imagination. Burt warns at the intro, "This one is sexy unless they somehow know they are" he offers *Boiling In Whiskey*. "I'm just your ordinary sex symbol" Burt tells another overagee fan (*Hopfully Mary, Syracuse*). And to R.D. in *Normal, IL*, he adds "A fan is a fan is a friend no matter what current he/she/it operates on, AC or DC. Thanks for being one of mine." Aw shucks, Burt. We still love ya!



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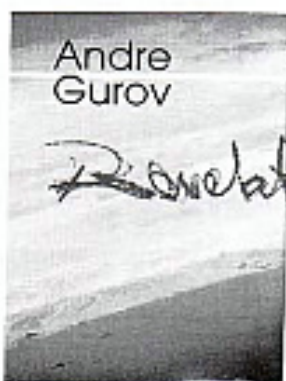


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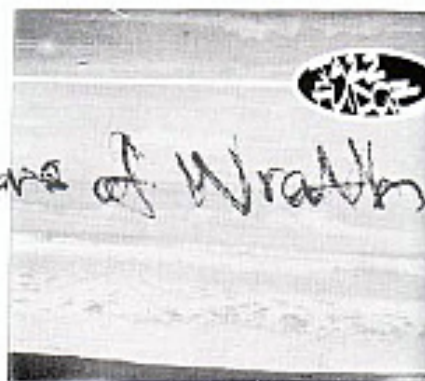
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A Grand Royal Q&A With America's Funnyman, Neil Hamburger

by Peter Relic and Jay W. Babcock
photos: Tim Koh



Geoff and Tim Koh attempted to track down Neil and get some rare live photo's, unfortunately we were hampered by a rash of cancellations.

GETTING: PICO-UNION COMEDY CAVE/CADRE (2/22/97)
THE HAWTHORN CIVIC CENTRE (3/13/97) AND MR. MOTO'S
MOTO-LODGE, GLASSER PARK (4/5/97)



firm that did just that. They wanted me for a children's birthday party, and when I arrived without the "Hamburglar" garb, I was asked to leave.

WORD IS YOU'RE AN AVID MINIATURE GOLFER AND HAVE ONE MEAN GAME.

You do what you can to pass the time. Sometimes you get rained out, that's the way my luck's been lately. My favorite courses are the newer ones. Things have gotten very sophisticated.

WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO WORK UP SOME MATERIAL OF OUR OWN. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ZINGER: 'ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY TO TRANSESTITES IS... 'THEY CALL THEM WOMEN'S CLOTHES FOR A REASON. PALI'?

That's funny. I might use that one. Very clever. Here's one for you: What do you call a mob of 50 angry men, each one carrying a noose and with the single-minded intention to kill?

Answer: My audience last night in Cairns! HOW LONG'S IT BEEN SINCE YOU LAUGHED TIL YOU CRIED AND WHY DID YOU?

A heckler last night in Cairns said something really funny to me. It threw me off and ruined the gag I was working on. I'd rather not repeat it, though it was quite funny. I like Rich Little as well.

DOES HECKLING HURT?

No. Only silence does. I take a lot of painkillers.

HMMM...SO, WHAT'S UP WITH ALL THOSE SULLEN YOUTHS YOU SEE AT THE MALL?

It used to be kids had a chip on their shoulder. Now they've got a rock. Of crack cocaine! But seriously, kids will be kids. I sometimes am irritated when I have a pizza parlor "gig," because the kids will talk during my set or play video games loudly.

WHAT IS NEIL HAMBURGER'S POLITICAL PERSUASION?

I once performed at a nightclub in California for Jerry Ford's son, and ever since I've voted Ford in every election. It was an honor. Other celebrities reputed to have seen my act include

Frank Sinatra, Jr.; Pablo Cruise; Euronymous from the rock group Mayhem; Cindy Birdsong of the Supremes; percussionist William Winant; and D.B. Cooper.

TELL YOUR FAVORITE ANECDOTE INVOLVING BATTER.

That would have to be Laurel and Hardy's classic "Who's on First." Very timely stuff, even today with smog and the economy in a slump.

WHAT'S ON YOUR POWERBOOK?

A price-tag that I cannot afford. Hence, these handwritten answers.

WHAT REALLY "GETS YOUR GOAT?"

Honking, ballpark nacho "cheese," stamps that don't stick, urinal etiquette, electrical surges, hums, blips, a failed career, constant depression.

WHAT'S THE LAST PRODUCT YOU ORDERED OFF THE HOME SHOPPING NETWORK?

I tried to order a moveable artificial hand, but the operator claimed it was actually a ring that was being offered.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO YOUR 15-YEAR-OLD SELF IF YOU MET ON THE STREET?

Get me Gerald Rivera's phone number! We've got a story to tell! But seriously, youth is a precious thing.

WHAT ARE THE TABOO SUBJECTS IN COMEDY?

I don't think there should be any taboos, except maybe singing. Comedians who sing during their act should rethink their approach. It spoils the purity of the routine, and shows that they are not really committed to comedy.

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR CURRENT PROJECT, RAW HAMBURGER, WHERE ARE YOU GETTING THE MATERIAL FOR YOUR NEW XXX ROUTINE?

Well, some of it is very old material that I've been using for years, but with an added "twist." Since the recording is not finished yet, we are still coming up with more material, which in some cases involves researching lifestyles that I am not completely familiar with.

HOW DO YOU HIRE YOUR GHOSTWRITERS?

Everything in the routine comes straight from





For information on how to obtain a copy of Neil Hamburger's CD *America's Funnyman*, contact:
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 PO Box 476867
 Chicago, IL 60647-6867

my heart. In other words, I can't afford to hire ghost writers.

SO, WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON PORNOGRAPHY?
 I see a lot of this sort of thing on a pay-per-view basis at certain hotel chains. I find it very educational—I've never seen such huge "garbanos" in my life! But seriously, it is not something I can support.

IS COMEDY SPIRITUAL, THEN?

It is certainly surrounded with the aura of death.

Y'KNOW, NEIL, WE LIVE IN THE CITY OF ANGELS (THAT'S "LOS ANGELES" IN MEXICAN), WHICH IS A PRETTY BIG COMEDY MARKET. HOW COME WE'VE NEVER SEEN YOU DO A SHOW? ARE YOU PULLING SOME KIND OF "COMEDY HOAX"?

I lived in the Los Angeles area for many years, but it is hard to get bookings in Los Angeles and Hollywood. I have played many, many times in Paso Robles, Beaumont, Banning, Riverside, Lancaster, and some of the other suburbs. I had a regular booking in Palmdale at a pizza parlor there for YEARS, until it went under and was torn down and replaced with a chiropractic office. As if there aren't enough of those in Palmdale already! But to answer your questions: Because of my recent divorce, I've specifically asked my manager not to book me in Southern California for a while. That's where my ex-wife lives, and being in the area reopens painful wounds. It also makes it easier for her to serve a subpoena. As for the hoax thing, I don't quite understand your question. I've been

playing hundreds of shows for years now, to hundreds of people. That's no big secret. And I've made many friends along the way. REAL people who relate to my REAL jokes! If my career is a hoax, well, then I'm its biggest victim, because there's been some real pain on the road to achieving my dreams. But hey, if you're in doubt, come out, see the show, buy the record, loosen up...and LAUGH! And please buy my new album, *America's Funnyman*. I'm afraid if they don't unload some copies soon, the employees at Drag City (the label who released it) will suffocate and die—there are copies stacked all the way to the ceilings and blocking the air vents and exits.

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Sarah's Not A Virgin Film Anymore

Underground Filmmaker Sarah Jacobson
Interviewed by Overground Filmmaker Tamra Davis

What happens when you make an independent film with your own money and it doesn't sell? You expect when you finish your first movie that Hollywood will be knocking on your door with three-picture deals and you'll be fighting off agents. Well, this doesn't always happen, and I'll be bold enough to say it happens more rarely if you're a girl. Sorry, but it's true. The thing I disagree with is the idea that you need Hollywood to validate you as a filmmaker.

What I admire about Sarah Jacobson, who just finished her first feature *Mary Jane's Not a Virgin Anymore*, is that she MADE A MOVIE. She made a cool movie, that represents her voice. Hey, she got into Sundance. But no big movie deal. Why? Because she made a truly independent movie from a girl's POV. Not some *Gan X-Lite* movie with some lesbians thrown in. It's kinda like if you made your own record and the only chance for distribution was a major label. Thank god for all the indie labels that allow an artist the ability to release a record and it doesn't have to cost so much. The film industry sucks in this way: it's such an expensive art. There is so much pressure to make a hit that it leaves little room for the unusual. I believe the film industry needs more distribution outlets for the true independents.

—Tamra Davis

Tamra: I first knew of you from *Teenage Serial Killer*, which was amazing. And then I was so excited when you made your first feature, *Mary Jane's Not a Virgin Anymore*. What is the best thing about showing *Mary Jane*?

Sarah: Well, the same with *Serial Killer*, when you show it with an audience that's totally behind the film, all the sudden you feel like you're not crazy, like, other people agree with what you think. And I guess that's the reason I make films, the reason that after *Serial Killer* was done, I was totally driven to promote it. Because here's all these things I think, the way I see the world that I don't see reflected in other movies or TV. And all of a sudden, here's a huge group of people who agree... It feels really subversive, just being able to express yourself and other people say, "Oh yeah, I think that way, too." It feels like I don't need to wait for some big mainstream company to figure out my demographic. And just hearing people laugh. The best part is when the sex scene in the movie comes up, everyone gets just really, really quiet and you can just tell that people are into it. I just love that. It's like, "I made this!"

Tamra: (Laughter) That's amazing. And then also after showing the movie.

Sarah: Yeah, especially South by Southwest, all these people were coming up to me on the street, that was pretty amazing just to get that kind of response from the film.

Tamra: Did you feel like a rock star?

Sarah: Yeah, I did feel like a rock star at South by Southwest. All these people, especially girls, were like, "Oh my God, I love that movie so much!" And then their girlfriends are like, "I want to see it, when can I see it?" I'm like, "Wow, I did something that people are interested in." That's really exciting. But then, of course, you run into the people who don't get it or who don't like it...

Tamra: That's my next question. What's the worst thing about making a movie and showing it?

Sarah: Well, I've had to deal, recently, with this guy who didn't get the film and not

only did he not get the film but he was really mean to me, personally. It's weird cuz a lot of guys go, "Oh, well you're so good with publicity or you're such a good promoter, but you're not a good filmmaker" in a way that they really try to dismiss what the film is saying because they don't agree with it. And it's like, "Look, it's not the word of God here, it's your opinion on something and there's a lot of other people who feel differently." But the actual really worst part of it is when you're showing 16mm and the technical stuff gets all fucked up and then you're going crazy in the projection booth.

Tamra: Do you meet any other girl filmmakers when you go to these film festivals, or now that you've made your first feature, have you connected to other girl filmmakers?

Sarah: No, that's the weird thing. I haven't. I've wanted to really badly. I mean, I'm thinking about when I went to the Chicago Underground Film Festival. It was mostly a lot of guys that I knew that were showing their films and I was hanging out with them at the festival. There's this girl Mame Lucas who co-directed this movie, *The Operation*, which is like this science fiction infrared porn movie that she's in. It's pretty wild. And she's really fun. Every time she comes down to San Francisco we go to *Esta Noche*, the Mexican drag queen bar.

But at Sundance there were all these girl filmmakers and I was totally hoping that I could meet them and be like, "What was it like for you and how was it different?" And I met very few filmmakers at all. It was kind of isolated. I want to write a letter to the festival and say, "I wish that you could maybe take a little bit of time to promote filmmakers meeting each other." I didn't even know what half the filmmakers looked like until we were on this press conference panel together. I really wanted to meet other girl filmmakers and I was kind of nervous, I was like, "What if they don't like me? What if I don't get along with them?"

It's weird because when your film gets into Sundance everyone assumes that you're going to come back totally rich and have all these offers. And that didn't happen to me. The best thing about Sundance for me was seeing *Cheap Trick* and getting to see *Love God* by Frank Grow and hanging out with him. His film was so different, I was really inspired by that. At Sundance, a lot of girl movies, it seems like they got bought but they were all pretty sick from what I heard. I hardly got to see anything because it was so crazy while we were there. I did see *Slaves to the Underground*, which I thought was pretty cool and I got to meet (director) Kristina Peterson. She had gotten her start in Roger Corman flicks. So that was kind of funny, comparing her working her way through Corman and finally doing her first personal film and me, just sort of like, working in the underground doing exactly what I want but not making any sort of money. I met this other woman filmmaker when I was there, and I don't want to say her name but, she was really phony and it wasn't a pleasant experience. It wasn't like in the past where you meet someone and you're like, "Wow, we're on the same wavelength and we're totally bonding." Like, actually, when I met you or I met the guys who did *Delicate Art of the Rifle*.

What inspired me about independent film was the passion behind it just as much as what the films were saying. People who were involved with it loved it. And sometimes I go to these festivals and I meet these filmmakers and they tell me more about their business plan than what they want to say. It's like, this is not what I like about film, this is not what I think is inspiring about film and it's not the way I want to operate. That's not to say if I got a strict job I wouldn't take a job and do it. But to actually make a film that I can call "A film by Sarah Jacobson" it's like all my emotion and all my life and all my every-

thing go into it. In a way it's a little unhealthy... (Laughter) But I'd much rather have something that occupies me like that than being like, "Yeah I got this cool demographic all figured out and my sponsors are all lined up."

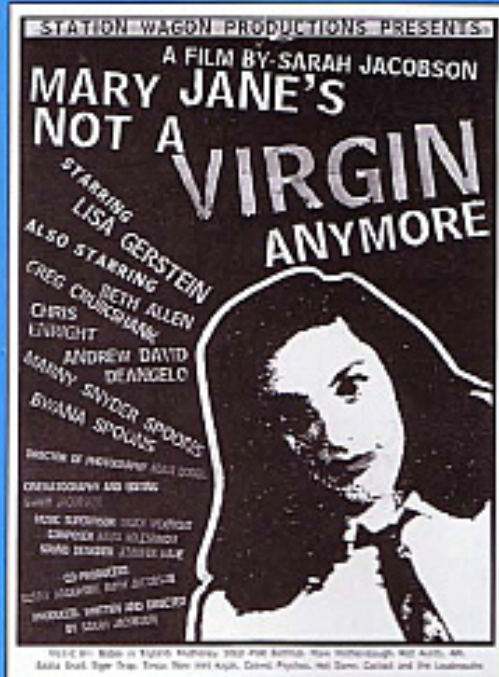
But I wanted to meet more women and I've been trying to since then. At South by Southwest, I didn't meet any girl filmmakers. But I've met a lot of guy filmmakers and I've seen a lot of stuff by guys that have just totally blown me away and I'm sort of waiting to see more girl films where I'm like, "Yeah! That's it!" When I did *Serial Killer*, punk girls liked it, girls who read *Sassy* were really into it, but it was never like I would ever get one of those Women in Film grants or whatever. It was more like the underground scene, the Chicago Underground Film Festival and Film Threat magazine and that crowd.

Tamra: That was more your start.

Sarah: Yeah. And I love having that as a support because I can turn around and talk to those guys and know that they're not phony. Not like when you go down to L.A. for meetings.

Tamra: (Laughter) So how do you feel about Hollywood and the whole distribution thing? Because I know you've been showing your film around...

Sarah: I'm not very good at going into meetings and pretending that I'm someone that I'm not, pretending like I'm someone who's quiet or who doesn't have opinions. So I just felt really alienated when I went down to Los Angeles. Me and my mom came down to L.A. to meet with some of these people just so we'd know who they are. And I'd say, "Look, I think that the world is ready for a market for girl films." I mean, a lot of people came up to me about *Mary Jane* and were like, "Oh, it's a dyke film, right? We have all these outlets for you." Distributors and stuff. And I'm like, "No, it's not a dyke film. It's a straight girl film. I mean there's definitely gay themes that are in the movie and stuff but



it's a movie about a straight girl who learns about sex." And not to undercut what's going on with the lesbian scene, because I got really inspired that these girls have banded together and there's a market, a place for their films. But when I was talking to distributors and I was like, "Girls go to the movies and they go without their boyfriends," they were pretty much like, "We don't believe you. It's a really hard demographic to reach."

We've sold out every show that we've done with *Mary Jane*, every place that we've played it. And the film has been getting a lot of press. And I don't know what else distributors really want from a film. If they don't get it, at least from doing *Teenage Serial Killer* and doing other underground film shows in San Francisco, I know that I could get the film out there on my own and I might not be making tons of money and hanging out at Morton's. But people will be seeing my film and I'll be getting a response from it. No one's taking risks on films that really change cinema... because now almost every company has to make \$2 million just to cover their overhead. Now I don't think *Mary Jane* changes cinema. I think it's something people haven't seen before because it's all this sex stuff from a girl's point of view. But I think something like *Delicate Art of the Rifle* changes the form of cinema in a way that *Slacker* did or *Love God*, which is just so different from anything I've ever seen. And instead of sitting around and whining about it and become bitter filmmakers, why don't we just start a whole new thing?

Tamra: So you're thinking of even doing your own home distribution?

Sarah: Yeah. A lot of people are like, "Use this as your stepping stone and move on with your next script and see if you can climb the ladder." And I just feel like, "I don't make films as a career move, I make films because I have something to say." And it really kind of bothers me, the idea of just not showing the film and moving on because I feel like there's a lot in there that people relate to. I guess if I didn't feel like there's been a huge reaction to the film I wouldn't do [self-distribution].

Tamra: But you know people get affected by it.

Sarah: Yeah, especially after South by Southwest, just the way that, not just girls, but guys too, were like, "Oh my God, that was so different from anything I've ever seen. We love that movie!" When you get people who say that, then the idea of the print sitting in your closet going nowhere, it drives me crazy! So I figure as I go to more festivals and just travel around with the film more I'll meet more people in different cities and I can take it out on my own and show it. I don't really have to wait for anyone to say, "Oh, your film is worthy." 'Cuz if I waited for people to say, "Oh, you're a filmmaker," I'd be waiting forever. [Self-distribution] is the same way I got *Serial Killer* out there, I just used punk rock as a

model. I mean all those record labels like Dischord and K Records and even seeing someone like Mike start Grand Royal. I just thought if there's that many people that are wanting to do it different and not wanting to go through the system then there must be something going on here. With *Serial Killer*, I sold 500 copies, which for a black-and-white half-hour film is (pretty good). And we still get orders for it. Up in San Francisco, there's a bunch of filmmakers like Craig Baldwin, who did *Sonic Outlaws*, Jan Moritauga, who just finished *Fame Whore*, Danny Plotnick who did the movie *I'm Not Fascinated about the Lcky Boyfriends*. All these guys totally take their films out and show them on their own and they don't really wait for any distributor to say, "Oh, you're accessible now."

When I went to South by Southwest, Danny actually was on this panel about underground distribution and Doing It Yourself. He is the master of booking your film like a band around different cities. He used to be one of the editors for *Motorbooty*. He just inspired so many people—Bruce MacDonald dedicated his screening of [his film] *Hard Core Logo* to Danny because he was so impressed.

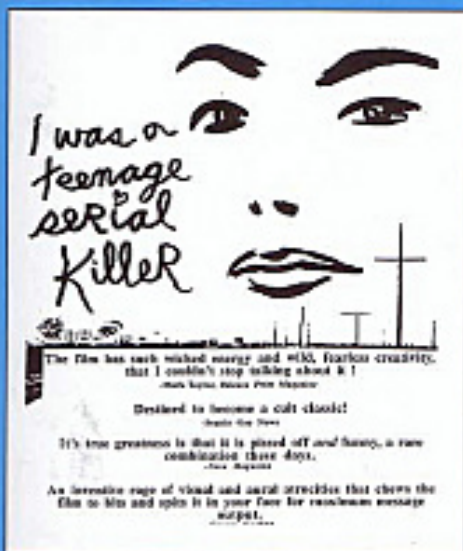
Tamra: Okay, so I just want to know if you have any advice for, of course, girl filmmakers, but I guess we can't leave boys out of it.

Sarah: Yeah. Well, if boys want to listen too, that's fine. I guess the best advice I could give now is to believe in yourself, which is a hard thing to do when you're facing a lot of obstacles and facing a lot of people who will blow you off. You actually learn more from fucking up than you do when you're successful. Start small. Just to be able to take risks. Before I did *Mary Jane* I did this compilation comic book.

Looking back now I realize it was a way to practice for me to coordinate lots of different people that had...not big egos but...artistic temperaments, before I was on the set and had to deal with bossing all these people around where I never had before. And then if you really believe in yourself, go and do it. It's like you told me, if you really want to be a filmmaker, there's nothing that can stop you. I mean, it's awful when you fail, you just feel two inches tall, but that's good. Because if you can overcome that and still be working and making films then it's like nothing can stop you.

Tamra: Yay! That's a good thing to end it with.

Sarah Jacobson is currently working on a film loosely based on the band Babes in Toyland titled, "Sleeze".



To obtain *I Was a Teenage Serial Killer*, send \$15 (in CA add \$1.24 sales tax) to Station Wagon Productions, P.O. Box 471007, San Francisco, CA 94147 email: SWFchick@aol.com web page: www.shrus.com/~larry/mj2.html

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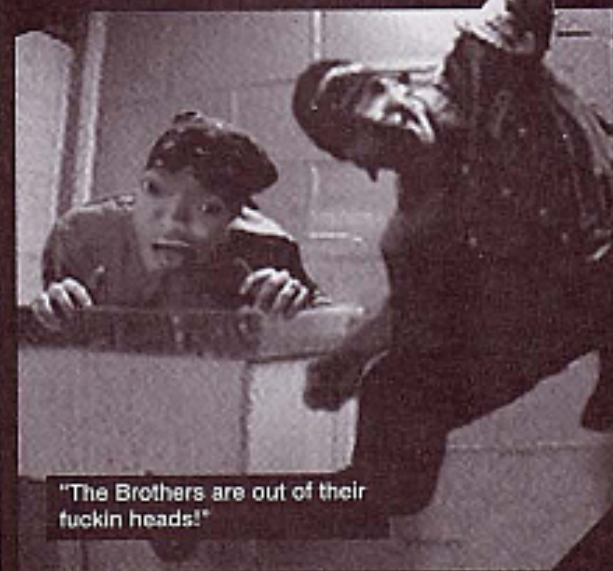
"We go tonight."



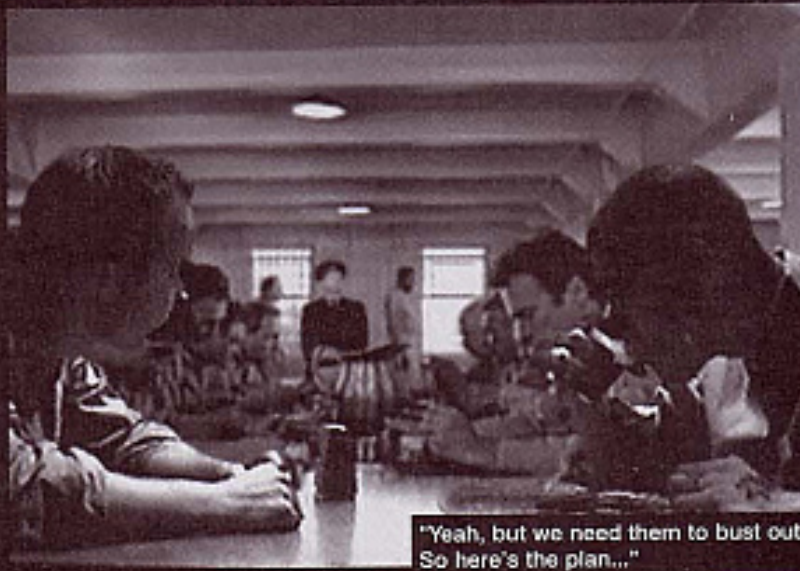
"And the Samizdat Brothers are in."



"WHAT?! Not those guys!"



"The Brothers are out of their fuckin' heads!"

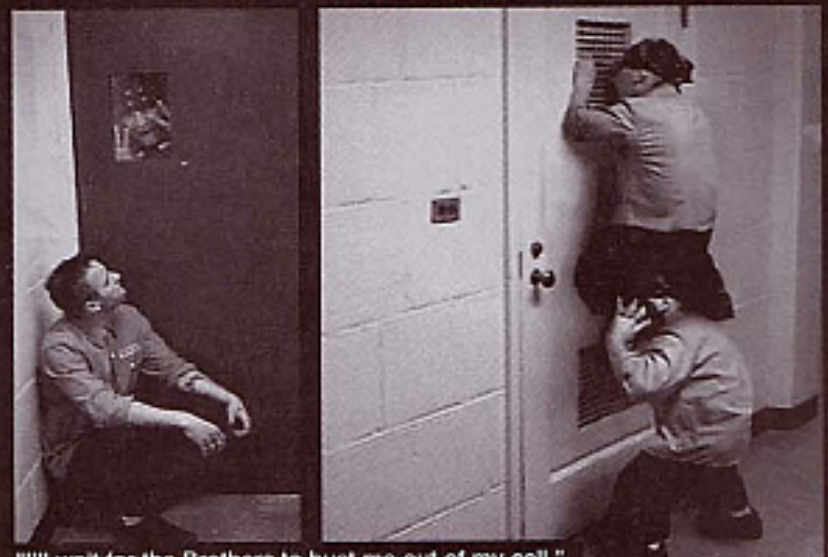
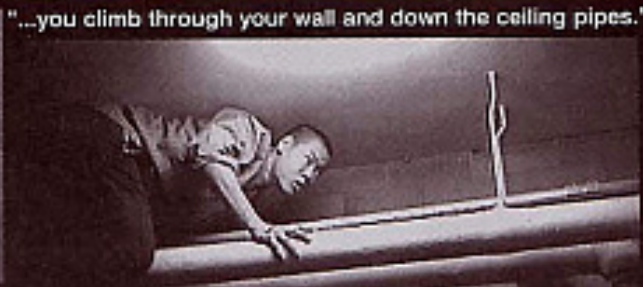


"Yeah, but we need them to bust out. So here's the plan..."

"At the midnight guard change...."



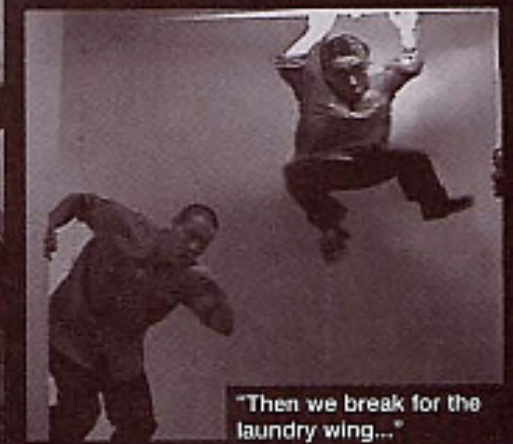
"...you climb through your wall and down the ceiling pipes."



"I'll wait for the Brothers to bust me out of my cell."



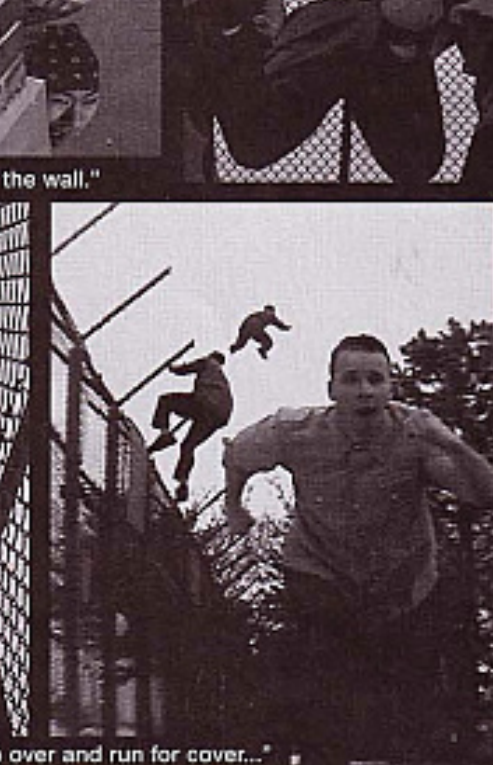
"...and take out the guard."



"Then we break for the laundry wing..."



"...climb in the baskets, and wait for the morning shift to wheel us outside."



"We throw one of the Brothers over to turn off the electric fence."

"The rest of us climb over and run for cover..."



"...and we are free men. Easy, sleazy."

EPILOGUE:

The escape was successful. Sleazy G and Cool Duk Seven laid low for a while, but were picked up four months later in a stolen bike ring and sent back to Northville. The Samizdat Brothers went underground and have not been heard of since. They remain at large.

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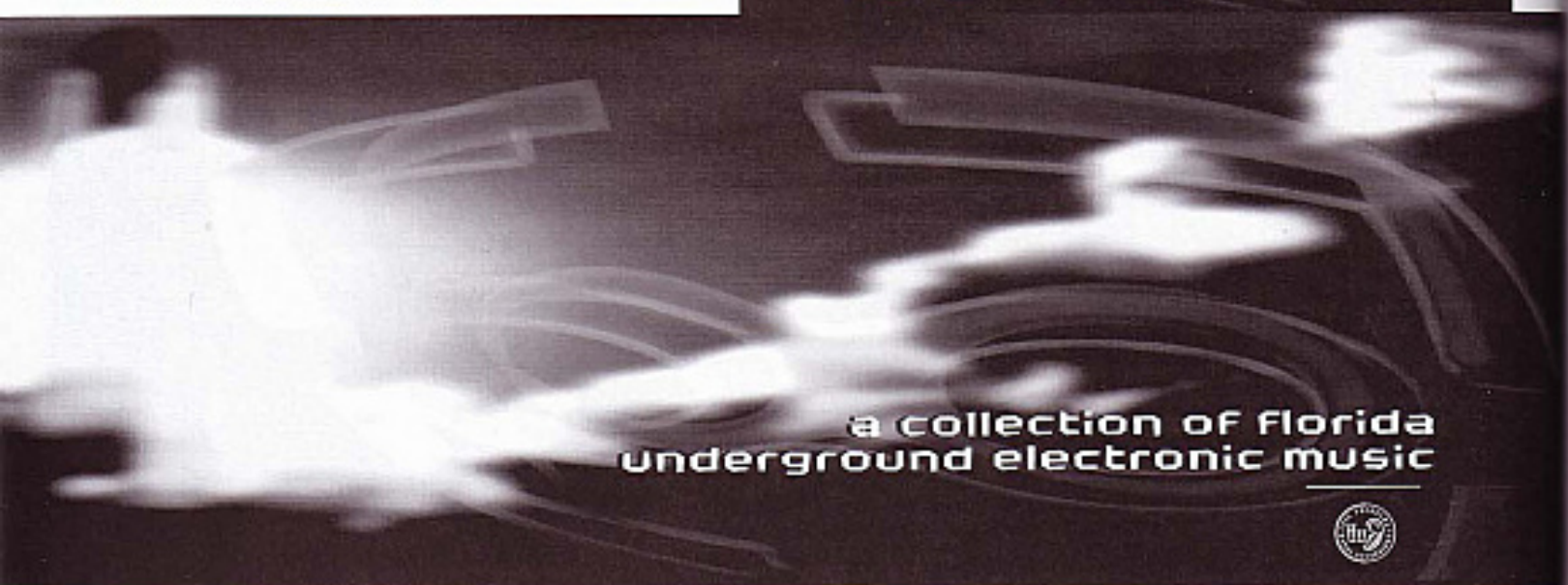


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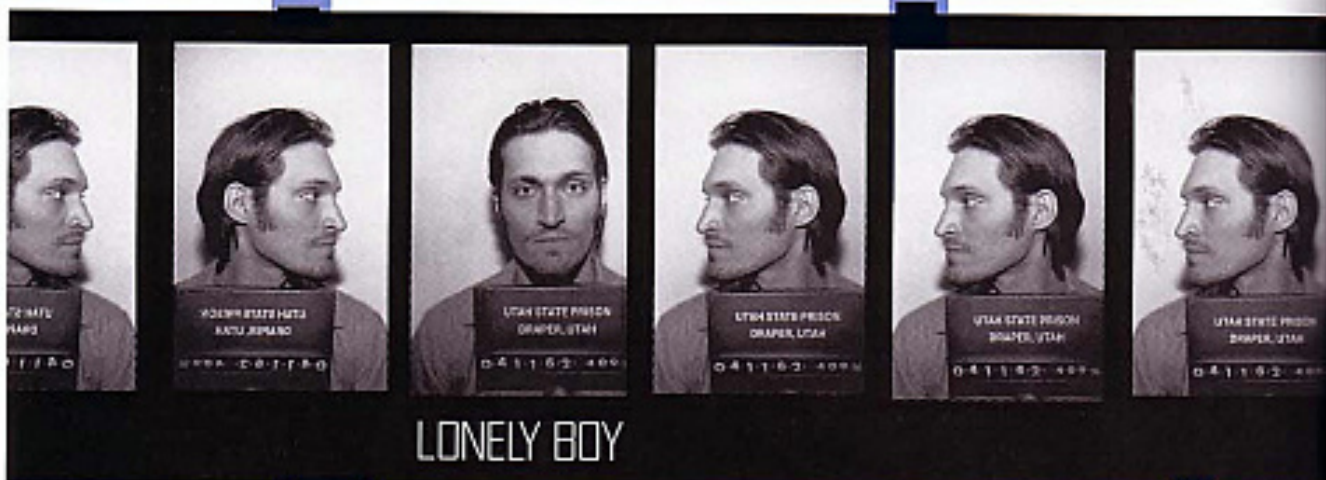
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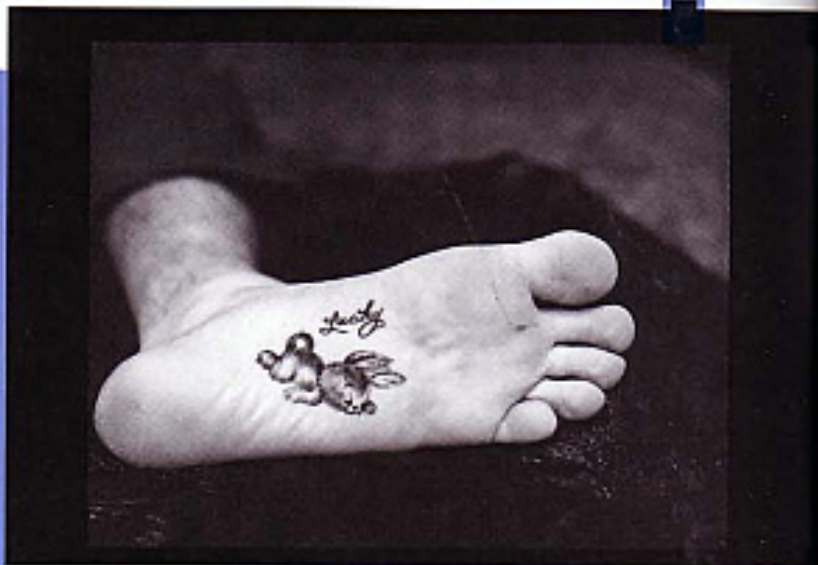
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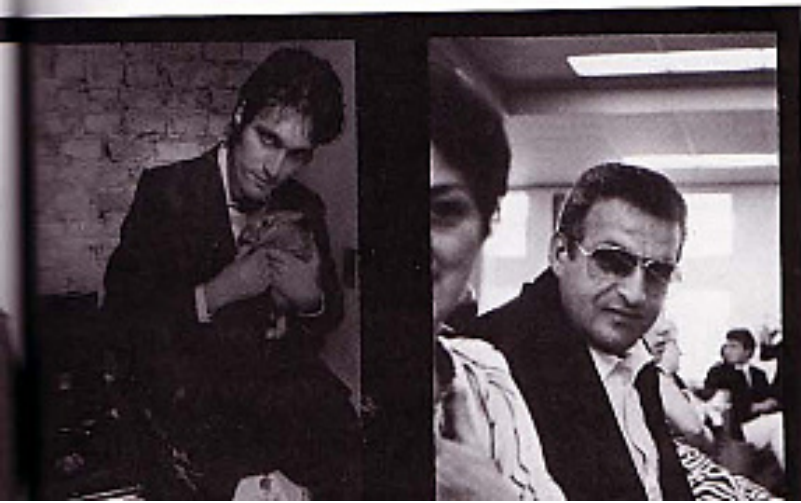
Hair and makeup by VINCENT GALLO



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FIRST ROW (L-R): Me in the Buffalo band The Plastics circa 1976; baby photo; Mudd Club membership card; Peabodyville poster.

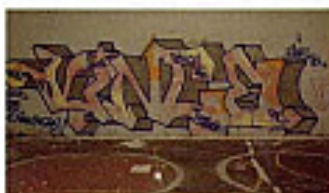
SECOND ROW: Mug shots after being arrested for tremendous lovemaking spree in Utah. THIRD ROW: A tattoo of a bunny on my foot; the very wildstyle gold nameplate; Me and the real Jess Lewis; During winning season as professional motorcycle racer for Yamaha 1985. FOURTH ROW: The band Bay with Jean-Michel Basquiat circa 1979; Me, D.J. High Priest, Phase II & Kate B; Me and my bunny; Father, circa 1984.



LEFT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Wedding portrait with Mike, Ann Magnuson, Val Kilmer, Debbie Massi and Mike Holmen; Mike & Winona Ryder from the movie *House of Spirits*; a classic Vince graffiti piece; dead in the movie *The Funeral*.

MIDDLE COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Mike and my friend Johnny Ramone with Johnny Ramone guitar; Mike in the Buffalo band The Pleasures circa 1977; Mike and "a friend."

RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Mike and Snoop Doggy Dogg broken nose during the filming of *The Funeral*; another classic Vince graffiti piece; football team photo; team from the Vincent Gelfa clothing line; selling guitars at Long Island guitar show; Mike, Cher and Val Kilmer.





Left to right: Me with lesbian friend at Mudd Club; very blonde hair circa 1980; My beloved bunny rabbit; Me & China from NYC Breakers.



February 13, 1997

Dear Mark,

Here's the article. And here's the deal: You print it exactly as written. Or nothing. Exactly as written. Or nothing. Extra credit with the photos, of course. Send them back as soon as you can to calm my nerves. A cover photo would thrill me. Plus, what other job would you not be the cover? What are you going to do? Put a photo of Max Perich looking like a hot lesbian? A still from their latest video. She's into his size. Anyway, I say Gallo goes on the cover. If you ask me, Gallo. Thanks for bearing with me all these months. And I hope you like it.

Best Regards,

Vincent Gallo

Vincent Gallo

vg/vb

A rare chance interview with

Vincent Gallo

Grand Royal magazine had asked me to interview Vincent Gallo ten months ago. Of course I said yes. As a matter of fact, I think I shit my pants. I was so excited. Imagine, little old me, the great Vincent Gallo, getting to interview him, oh my God, the great Vincent Gallo. However, tracking down the elusive, mysterious, handsome, workaholic superstar was not that easy. Neither one of us would make time for the other. We're both so damn busy. Chicks and stuff, you know. And revenge.

For the lost and out of touch who don't know Vincent Gallo: Abel Ferrara, his director on the movie, *The Funeral*, describes Vincent Gallo as, "the best actor I've ever worked with. He makes amateur directors like me look good. I wish I wasn't smoking so much crack during the filming of *The Funeral*, that way I could have come out of my filthy trailer now and then to watch some scenes being filmed. But I heard Vincent was great in my movie. After rehab I hope to be able to see all my films."

Annina Nobel, his art dealer during the '80s (she also represented Jean-Michel Basquiat, the over-rated Barbara Kruger and David "The Tribeca Gimp" Salle), when asked about Vincent had this to say: "He was my favorite artist I've ever shown. All his work sold instantly. I'm sorry I'm such a penny-pinching wacko because I couldn't help myself from cheating him out of penny after penny, tons of pennies I cheated him out of. Plus, I prevented him from showing in other good galleries so I wouldn't lose a penny. And all the years I represented him, I behaved like a bitter, resentful, love-scorched, sexually deprived ex-girlfriend, all because he made tremendous love to me. Once, I never really understood why he left the gallery and stopped painting."

Vincent Gallo was quoted as saying, "I stopped painting in 1990 at the peak of my success just to deny people my beautiful paintings. And I did it out of spite."

I spoke to Michael Holman, one of the creators of the TV show *Graffiti Rock* and co-manager of the New York City Breakers, about Vincent. He had this to say: "I'm just an upper middle class mule to military brat. Vincent is the real thing. Vincent was always way way hipper than me. I relied on him for any of my cool. He was way down with the hip-hop scene. He was the first white boy homeboy in the world. He was a very creative force behind most of early hip-hop. He danced fresh. He dressed fresh. And he made it with the homegirls funky fresh. He was the Almighty Prince Vince. I was merely a beige-colored figurehead."

Kenny Roberts, Formula 1 motorcycle racing champion of the '70s and '80s watched Vincent a lot at the race tracks during the '80s when Vincent raced Formula 2 for Yamaha. Roberts was once quoted as saying, "That Italian kid races fast and smooth. He could be a champ if he wanted to."

DJ Spooky, New York DJ extraordinaire, never DJs without a copy of the Bohack LP (Bohack was one of Gallo's legendary bands during the '80s).

Spooky has said that Gallo's music says it all. Spooky went on to say, "Vincent was actually a friend of Jean-Michel Basquiat. Jean would have hated me. Good thing he's dead so I can pretend to be him. And nobody knows the difference."

Richard Avedon, who photographed Vincent for the prestigious Calvin Klein CK be ads and revolutionary commercials, has said, "My life was no fun. I was photographing loser wannabes like that creep Kenny Jeese, you know, the poseur with the K tattooed on his chest, the guy who sharpens ginsu knives for a living. Then I got to work with Vincent Gallo and I remembered my glory days. I'm back. Eat your heart out, David Sims."

Vincent Gallo wanted to meet at his favorite lunch spot, Petrossian, to do the interview. Funny, it's my favorite lunch spot, too. We got there at exactly the same time. I watched him walking in and it was like they say, you know, he kind of glowed. Like a ray of light was around him. A kind of Jesus. He was wearing a light pink leather suit that had airbrushed flames all over, and engraved into the leather were flowers, hearts and bunnies. He made it himself. God, he does it all. He also made his patent leather hat which was frayed into the shape of Warren Beatty's hair in the movie *Shampoo*. And a pair of transparent Adidas that Mr. Adidas made for him in 1981. He was wearing solid gold socks underneath.

As he walked through the restaurant every chick and queer's head turned (seems like every man becomes queer around Vincent). Our waitress, sweating, gave Vincent a piece of paper with her number on it before she gave us our menus. He just blushed (he's so sweet!). We both ordered the beluga and blinis. Neither one of us drinks alcohol, so we shared a bottle of water. I later discovered neither one of us has every taken any drugs. He's a natural.

ME: Okay, before we begin I just have to tell you something. Although I don't know how to say it. First of all, I have to tell you, right off the bat, I'm not gay. Not even a little. Never have been. Never will be. But I feel like I have to tell you that you are the most handsome guy I've ever seen in my life. And you're even more handsome than you are in the movies.

Gallo blushes again (he's so sweet!).

HIM: Thank you. That's really nice of you to say. I never really know what to say when people tell me that. And by the way, I'm not gay either. Never have been. Never will be. But I was just going to say the same thing to you.

ME: Alright, so, you've had success acting in 17 movies, including the European blockbuster *Arizona Dream*, the painfully sweet and charming *Palo Alto*, which you stole; *The Funeral*, which we all would have liked



to see more of you in *House of the Spirits* in which you rose above an all-star cast; and the upcoming film *Truth or Consequences, N.M.*, which was hardly directed by Kiefer Sutherland; and Roland Joffe's new film *Goodbye Lover*, with the beautiful and kinky Patricia Arquette. Now, you are about to direct your own film, *Buffalo 66* which you wrote and will star in. You headed the legendary band *Gray* with Jean-Michel Basquiat, and have done two solo albums since then. With your new band *Bunny*, you are now recording an LP for Sony Records. You've had 15 one-man shows of your paintings. You have your own clothing line. You won 88 trophies racing motorcycles. You have the most important collection of vintage HiFi gear in the U.S. and you write stunning articles for many HiFi-related magazines. You collect guitars and recording equipment. You do plumbing, electric and plaster work. You cook and clean like a Sicilian immigrant. You co-managed the New York City Breakers and helped create and produce the famed *Graffiti Rock* TV show. You are a supermodel. And you've supermodeled for Calvin Klein, Yohji Yamamoto and Anna Sui all over the world. You satisfied 38 girls at a Motel 6 in Texas in four hours. Legend has it that the maid keeps three dozen rubbers in a shrine in Mexico. You can fix or repair TVs and VCRs. You still maintain a 90 mph fastball even though you must be well into your twenties. Hey Vincent, what the hell don't you do?

HIM: I don't trust or love anyone.

ME: Why?

HIM: Because people are all creepy. Creepy creepy creeps. Creeping around. Creeping here and creeping there. Creeping everywhere. Cripplly cripplly creepies.

ME: Who do you think are the creepiest?

HIM: I'm glad you asked. Well, there's that rat bastard, Tracy Falco, the backstabber from Ted Demme's company; that twisted phony Rene Ricard; Kate Miller that lesbian monster; Kelly Lynch that bullshit bad actress, she's the queen member of the lucky club; Tim Roth, that filthy no-talent mini dwarf Brit; Bill and Hillary Clinton and their ugly orphan-like daughter Chelsea; Greta Scacchi and her poisoned mind—"fucking coach," my ass; Susan Sarandon, that Judea piece of crap, listen everybody, she's the worst wardrobe person in the world, don't hire her for your film; Mick Romanek, that dark, anal photo plagiarist and his useless penis, he's a great example of a world gone wrong; Cheryl "Dumpy" Dunn and her pigeon dung photographs, wow is she creepy; Phil Goldfarb that AIAA basketballer, worst producer who ever lived; Jennifer "Leave me alone" Levy; Dewey's friend, Arelia "The character assassin" Tassin; Vicky Icky she was so sticky Calvez Bick that little lying Lola S, that lumpy-assed Alba Clemente; Paul "I can't direct but boy, can I brown nose" Anderson; Kelly Lynch's bitch-whipped husband Mitch; Nam-Anh Duong, Anh Duong's who? who? boyfriend who? John Kennedy Jr.; my Ex-Mother-in-law; and that performance grandmother hag Ann Magnuson, boy has she been around a long time. That's some creepy losers right there, huh? Huh? Oh yeah, and my mother, Mamma Creepy Corleone. And my father, the Godfather of Creepy.

ME: Wow. That's amazing. I agree with you about all of them. Especially your mother. Boy, people are creepy, huh? Though, chicks after you date them are the creepiest. Anyway, are there any dead or alive folks that you like at all?

HIM: I'm glad you asked. Well, Richard Nixon is number one. And I really loved Andy Kaufman. I also love Ronald and Nancy Reagan, Thomas Jefferson, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Yogi Berra, Dick Aronay from Texas, Robert Ryman, Rush Limbaugh, Cy Twombly, Governor Pataki, Tai Farrow, John Wayne, Charlton Heston and current favorite in the whole world, "He don't give a fuck Newt," the super bright and clever Newt Gingrich. Johnny Ramone's a good guy, too, and I still idolize Chris Squier, bass player from Yoo. Also, my ex-girlfriend Vicky Clay has had moments of kindness too. But those moments

come and go. And then there's the beautiful Cat Doran. Well, she's perfect. When she's not personifying my long before I met her mental illness.

ME: I heard your father beat the shit out of you every day of your childhood. That he said you were nothing but a bum. And that you would always be a bum. That you were grounded once for a year when he found out you raised the heater thermostat from 38° to 41° one cold winter day during your worst flu and bout of strep throat. That your father broke your nose once because you broke your ankle playing football and the doctor bill was \$\$\$.

That your mother was dishonest, cold-hearted and a thief. That she idolized your brother and hated you. That she shaved your head of its beautiful long hair the night before your first day of high school and ruined your life.

HIM: I've totally forgiven my parents for all of that. I have no more resentments or angers. I understand now that they did the best they could. That they're God's children.

ME: Did you see any good movies this year?

HIM: The just-released Rolling Stones film, *Rock-n-Roll Circus*, *Paradise Lost* and especially the PBS documentary *Triumph of the Nerds*. Those were all brilliant.

ME: What were the worst ones you remember?

HIM: *Swingers*, the L.A. Jewish Moan Streets. I hated *Romeo and Juliet*, especially one of the girl leads. That chick, Leonardo DiCaprio. I'm sick of her. And I hate that gay ethnic Leguizamo. He always sucks. However, just seeing a movie poster with Skeet Ulrich on it is more than enough to make me pass gas. In a perfect world, Skeet Ulrich would be stopped by the doorman.

ME: Any actors or actresses you like or want to work with?

HIM: I like Viggo Mortenson and Joaquin Phoenix. I think Christina Ricci's brilliant. And the beautiful, underrated sweetie pie Roseanna Arquette. I like her a lot. I would have liked to do kissing scenes with Tuesday Weld, Sandy Dennis, Kitty Winn, Deborah Winters and Glynis O'Connor (those boobs, wow).

ME: I know you have 10,000 albums, but are there any new bands you like?

HIM: I like Cat Power, especially the song Mr. Gallo. I would like any band that did a song about me. Even though that good looking Cat Power chick, Chan Marshall, wrote some nasty words. What could she do? She loved me. I would've done the same thing if I loved me. Anyway, that chick's a superstar. I should've stayed with her.

ME: Anything in life you're looking forward to?

HIM: I just placed an order for a miniature donkey. I should be getting her in about two months.

ME: A miniature donkey? What's that?

HIM: A very, very small donkey, dummy.

HIM: What do they eat?

HIM: The same things big donkey eat, only a lot less.

ME: What are you going to call her?

HIM: Daisy. I'm going to build myself a sombrero and walk her around the city.

[Our waitress comes over and brings the check. Vincent swipes it out of my hand and lays down some cash. He's such a guy that way. We're talking a hell of a tip, too. As we were getting up to leave I asked him one more question.]

ME: Hey Vincent, are you happy or sad?

HIM: I'm the happiest the saddest guy in the world can be.

ME: Strange. I feel exactly the same way.

[We shake hands and say goodbye, knowing we'll see each other again and again and again. Me and him. Him and me.]

YOU CAN FAX VINCENT GALLO OR VINCENT GALLO AT 212-274-9416



top: Me with gold teeth.
bottom: Gallo home run swing.
left: Me with gold teeth again.
above: Me with Johnny Depp.

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for life.

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MY KNEES!

MY KNEES, MY KNEES,

MY KNEES, MY KNEES! FOLKS WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY KNEES? THOUGHTS OF MY KNEES CAREEN THROUGH MY HEAD, BUMPING AND PUSHING THE OTHER REALMS OF MY BRAIN INTO PARANOID CONTORTIONS, TWISTED AND MISSHAPEN, RELIVING THE PAIN AND AGONY, OVER AND OVER. **A NIGHTMARE OVERBEARING ME,**

TAKING UP MY FULL CONSCIOUSNESS AT TIMES, BENDING MY PERCEPTIONS, FLOODING MY REASON: THE GREATEST SUPER-REALITY MY SENSES HAVE EVER ENDURED, THE BALLROOM FLOOR ON WHICH MY MIND DANCES.

I FIND MYSELF BALANCED ATOP MY TWO SHINS WITH TEETERING FULCRUMS JOINING THEM TO MY THIGHBONES, TINY RUBBERBAND-LIKE LIGAMENTS BARELY KEEPING REIN ON THE DREADED KNEECAPS WHICH HANKER TO BOLT AND DISLOCATE.

THE DREAD, OH THE DREAD. THE WORRY. THE FEAR. MY KNEES.

I was a younger man when I started to know something was wrong. Growing up in the Navy housing in Pedro (my pop was a chief in the U.S. Navy—sort of like a sergeant if it was the army) I of course had Navy doctors. Anyway, it seemed when I was around ten years old I started to notice the hugeness of my knees compared to the other guys around. Asking the doctor one time when he was setting my broken arm what might be wrong he told me, “Don’t worry boy, you’ll grow out of it.” So I went on, business as usual. Now being a younger guy in Navy housing, “business as usual” meant lots of physical stuff, lots of sports, lots of insane war-like games. We’re talking everything from traditional stuff like baseball, basketball and football to insane shit like beating each other with hot wheel tracks, garbage can lids, asphalt from the road, etc. We had this one game where one guy would carry another guy on his back and move around on your knees like some kind of horse. The horse guy would hold the “rider” guy’s legs straight out and use them for lances or battering rams. The rider would hold on around the horse’s neck and keep his legs straight out. Charging the other “horse and rider” teams, we would joust. You can imagine the hell this must’ve been on the knees! And the face, seeing that you couldn’t use your arms to block shoe blows (your arms were busy holding the “rider” on your back). For me, the face damage was minimal compared to what faced for my knees. And this was just one of our spastic games!

Had I know what the future was holding for me, I would of surely committed myself to the bass much earlier and given up that meathead shit. Remember, the doc said: “You’ll grow out of it.” Bullshit, motherfucker, it just got worse and worse. We’d have this bike game where two guys would share a bike. In those days most bikes were stingray type with those long banana seats so one guy would drive while the other sat the other way (facing the rear) with a spray bottle (like the ones that hold shit like windshield) filled with vinegar. The object was to get close enough so that the rider could spray the vinegar in the driver’s eyes, causing him to crash. How many times I flipped over curbs, spun and smashed to the ground (of course with the rider on top of you), ran into telephone poles, bashed cars, caught finger and toes in the spokes I can’t remember. It was slaughter.

We saw roller derby on the television so we played roller derby—our way. “Our way” meant inside the garage on cement with those metal wheel skates, remember them? The wheels would change from round to eight-sided as you would run on them after hitting the deck time after time and then getting up and try to get going again. And how would you hit the deck? Some guy would grab you by the hair and slam you down on concrete. You’d do the same to him—over and over

and over. We beat each other silly. Oh my knees, oh the youth, oh the stupidity.

Then we got into parachutes. There was this field by the Navy housing in Pedro that had some tall-ass trees. We figured we could make parachutes from sheets and jump from them. What a bunch of fucking idiots. We took these small boxes from the commissary (where all us Navy people shopped for chow on the base) that would hold six half-gallons of milk and strapped them to our backs with clothesline. We each got a sheet and tied the four corners each to about four feet of clothesline and tied this through the hole in the box to our back. We had a kite string tied to the center of the sheet to pull it out when the time came. We stuffed the sheet in the box and then climbed the tree. When we jumped and pulled our strings, they broke and the chutes (sheets) never deployed. We took the fast way down. Laying there in a clump on the ground for over an hour we suffered. Thank god the branches broke our fall as we snapped them, grabbing and trying to hold on to them as we plummeted down. We figured we had done something stupid but didn’t realize it was the whole idea but rather that the milk boxes were the cause of our failure. So we got rid of the boxes and just went up the tree with our chutes bunched tied to our backs, dragging behind. When we got to the top, we gathered the chutes in our arms and jumped again! The chutes never opened and filled with air, they were more like streamers marking our plunges and now with many branches missing from the last attempt we really took the fast way down this time. Spained ankles big time, a broken wrist for one of us and yet more blows to those casaba melons I call my knees. We laid there crying and moaning for a long, long time.

The first knee-pop (a phrase I coined to describe my kneecap dislocating) happened while I was in grade school at Taper Avenue. As a kid I had developed this weird way of daydreaming. I would go into my bedroom, close the door and run from one corner to the other one opposite—diagonally. This running back and forth, back and forth, back and forth would allow me to take myself into a deep trance and I would daydream for hours this way. I would put huge black marks on the walls where I would slam into one corner and then head back to the other one, bash into that one and repeat the whole thing over and over, ad infinitum. All this with my eyes closed too. I would dream lots about space and being an astronaut (I was born in ’57 and we were just about to land on the moon at the time) and of course lots of war situations (Combat was a big show on the TV then) where I was the “Monkey Division Man.” I’d be so involved I’d be sweating big time. My ma would later tell me of the stomping and banging sounds that would come from room and think I was insane. Anyway, one time dur-

ing this daily ritual I caught the corner of my bed with my right leg and this popped the kneecap out and I crumpled. I couldn’t believe what was happening. I went into to a deep shock because of the fucking pain, pain so incredible I saw bright white and flashes. I grabbed my calf and looked at my leg. My foot was turned at a hideous angle (actually, it was the whole lower part of my leg) and the kneecap was way over to the side. It looked monstrous. I was stunned beyond belief. Damn! I grabbed my calf and tried to twist it back. Finally, it went back and the kneecap popped back in. Damn! “What the hell was this,” I thought, I laid on the floor and just suffered. Waves and waves of big pain took the big ride through my brain. Immediately my knee swelled to the size of a cantaloupe and started turning heavy purple. I was crippled. It took a couple weeks for the swelling to go down and I could walk normal again. In the meantime, I had to cut down on the daydream ritual and when I did go back to that madness, I kept my eyes open when I’d round the corner of the bed. At least I tried to. Sometimes it would happen after I’d ran into the wall and make my turn around to start to run the other way. In any case, no one knew—I kept it secret from everyone, even my ma and pop.

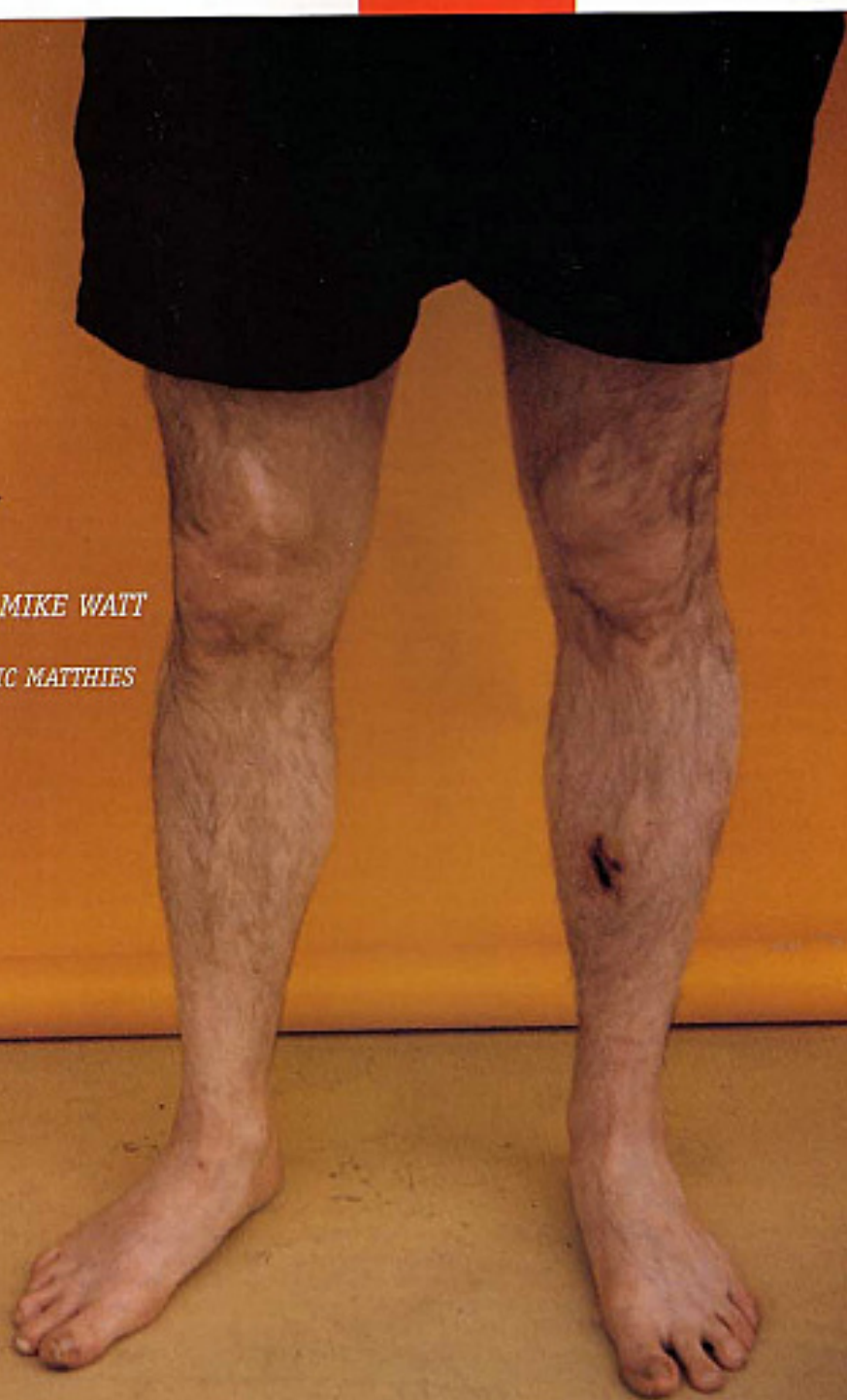
Shit started happening at school too. When I would bend my knees, the gap between the bottom of my thighbone and the top of my shinbone became bigger and bigger. The gym teachers called this “tegood achilles syndrome” or something like that. Funny, the Navy docs didn’t know anything about this. In high school, I had my first dislocation in public. My legs get fidgety even now as I write this, just thinking about it. It was on the gym field running in a game of football and I turned at a weird angle. Pop went the knee and I was down. I put it back in and just laid there. Some guy, an immigrant guy from Mexico named Carlos, picked me up in his arms and ran me to the locker room. I’ll never forget that ride: me bounding in his arms, all broken, nothing but a pile.

Then I got a job washing pots and pans at the San Pedro and Peninsula Hospital. I didn’t always wash pots and pans though. Sometimes I would help with the food line while we were getting the meals ready for the patients. This one time I was on the chow line and my mission was to put the butter on the trays as they went by. Well, I was preparing for the next meal by filling up my tray with all the types, you know, the regular, the low sodium and plain butters. Anyway, I’m in one of the coolers replenishing my stock when BLAM! I slip on the wet floor and BOTH FUCKING KNEES POP! This had never happened before, I couldn’t believe it. First the deep shock, then putting one kneecap in and then the other. WHAT A FUCKING NIGHTMARE, A fucking two-fer! This was the beginning of my big paranoia thing that would grow and grow. Even to write about this now, some 22 years later,



by MIKE WATT

flix by ERIC MATTHIES



THE SURGERY WENT WELL EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.

BECAUSE I SMOKE MOTA, THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST
MISJUDGED THE SODIUM PENTATHOL DOSE

AND KILLED ME.



makes me squirm in my seat. Something was terribly wrong. I was convinced I would be FOREVER VULNERABLE. My knees were now shaping my very mind and the way I would think.

Noce stuff happened at the hospital. Wet floors were the real killer. Carts that were knee-high and pushed my way became pain deliverers. I was scared shitless of anything knee-high and any slippery type of surface. It seemed as if my knees were getting looser and looser with every pop. I would have nightmare re-runs of the incidents over and over in my mind. The hell did not end with the knee-pop itself; it was the hell of knowing it was going to happen again.

Once in high school (Pedro High), I was standing against the wall we always stood by with D. Boon and some friends when my knee just fell out by relaxing it! Since I had the Levis on, no one could see what was wrong—they thought I was just insane, laying there in a big pile. Sports were definitely over for me then and just walking and standing became incredible endeavors. I even had to make sure I was sitting right because they'd go out from a funky position or something. I couldn't even dream of sitting cross-legged. There was this time I was outside the front door calling my cat. Next to the door was this water spigot with no handle on it. My knee goes out and plop. I drop to the ground. You have to realize the shock is so intense, I'd lose control of everything, legs, arms, everything goes limp. So I drop down on this spigot and it rips into one of my butt cheeks, right below the Levi back pocket, about five inches deep into me. I couldn't fucking believe it. I pulled myself off of the spigot and dove myself to Harbor General (the county hospital because I was going to college now and living econo) to get it fixed. The nurse brought me into the room with these two guys who'd just been all burned in a fire. Flesh was floating everywhere. Damn. She kind of pulled a curtain half way and told me to pull down my pants and bend over. She stuffed the spigot pole with about twenty feet of a thin gauze strip, used a pop sickle stick-like tongue depressor to get in all in. She asked me if I was ready. "Ready for what?" I thought. Then, before giving me a chance to answer, she yanks on the goddamn gauze like she's starting a lawnmower. WIDAAAAAAA MAHDDDDDDDD! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?! I could not fucking believe it. Anyway, I did eventually heal up.

I got this job reading meters in Long Beach for So Cal Edison, the electric company. Even wrote a poem about it:

I NEVER GAVE A DAMN
ABOUT THE METERMAN
'TIL I WAS THE MAN

WHO HAD TO READ THE METERS, MAN

Anyway, the job entailed you walking around through people's yards, reading meters so Edison would know how much to bill them. One day about three in the afternoon, getting ready to

finish up in a couple hours and kind of a little bit sleepy-eye. I'm going through this yard and there must've been a hole about one foot in diameter and about five feet deep. Lots of tall grass around and I didn't see it. Whoops! I slip and go down, my right leg going into the hole and popping the knee. Only my leg is in the hole and I'm up to my hip. I can't pull it out to put my leg back and get the kneecap back in place. My mind was being wrenched and wrenched with hurt like a motherfuck. Finally I decided the only thing I could do was to rotate my body around, so I clicked my leg back in like a ratchet. Hell-ride and a half, let me tell you. I came back crippled to the office and told them I was hurt. They sent me to the doctor—the first time I let a doctor see them since the Navy housing days. The first pecker who saw them said he couldn't see anything wrong! ASSHOLE. The next guy was a guy named Dr. Mizaguchi and he said I had trouble. Like no shit. He said it was congenital. I was born with it. He said my kneecaps were too outside and not sitting where they should be, balancing the forces around the joint. I asked him what I could do. He said he could re-attach the ligaments further over on the kneecap and yank it on over closer to the inside of my leg and try to keep it from the dreaded pop. He said there was a 50-50 chance my leg would go stiff. I said I didn't care any more because I was going insane with both pain and paranoia. We went for it.

He cut my knee with surgery (my first) and I woke with this giant cast on my leg. The pain was incredible, a dull, deep, chronic drilling into my head that my knee was hurting and hurting bad because it was healing. Six months I was in that cast and my leg wasted away. When they cut that cast off, my thigh was like three inches around and totally yellow! The knee was like mega-grapefruit size and had this six inch caterpillar-like scar running top to bottom. I couldn't even lift my leg off the bed, not even one inch; my muscles had atrophied too. I would have to learn to walk again. Like a little baby. Two good things though: (1) maybe the knee was fixed and (2) Edison paid for it. Remember, I was very econo at the time. The next big crisis-time occurred when it was time to see if the knee would bend. This was a couple of months after the cast came off. I remember going into Mizaguchi's office and him laying my leg out there on the table. Please realize I had kept that leg stiff for a while, day and night, to guard against ripping out the sutures that were installed during the surgery. I kept that leg nice straight and stiff thus a horny George Harley, let me tell you. So anyway, Mizaguchi is just looking at my knee, feeling around when WOW! he just bends my fucking leg ninety degrees—just like that. I screamed like someone had just sliced my balls off, I couldn't believe he just up and went and did that. I looked up at the ceiling to see if the sutures had popped out through the skin, shot up and splat-

tered up there. I just could not believe what had happened, but it did and slowly, day by day. I went from a crawling child-man to an almost walker. The crutches dug holes a mile deep into my armpits, so that was further incentive to get bipedal again. I was a minuteman then and we did gigs with me in a chair. Hard to work the bass.

That was an ordeal (six more months) but it was successful, so I got working again, this time with cable TV as an installer. We're learning to gaff poles (gaffs are a little spike that straps to the inside of your ankle so you can climb up telephone poles) and at the top of the pole my left knee goes out (the one that DID NOT just get fixed) and I slide that pole down. The splinters were the size of baseball bats. I must've been doing at least 30 miles an hour when I hit the ground with a thud. I had a creosote racing stripe (creosote is what they coat telephone poles with so they won't rot as fast or catch fire easy) running down my face and the front of my shirt and pants. I laid at the bottom of the pole in a pile. It was time for operation number two. The scar from the second operation actually wasn't as fat and obvious (maybe Mizaguchi was better with practice) and yes, the 50-50 odds for a freeze-up were still there but what's a scar when we're talking about ever walking again, right? The surgery went well except for one thing. Because I smoke mota, the anesthesiologist misjudged the sodium pentathol dose and killed me. They revived me with a shot of some sort of adrenaline injected right into my heart. He being knocked of course, prevented me from remembering any of this. Anyway, the doctors prevailed and Watt lived with the knee job a success. Of course the leg was one-tenth its original size (like the other one because of the atrophy) but another six months of therapy and I had learned to walk again for the third time in my life. Well worth the hell, though; maybe now my knees would stay tight.

Both these surgeries happened in the early eighties when I was in my early twenties. The knees stayed together but I was very over-protective of them and walked very slowly and very carefully, trying at all times to keep myself out of scary situations (knee-wise). Things went well until '85, a little after D. Boon died. By that time I was a FIREHOSE and ready for our first time out. Sonic Youth had decided to take us as an opening act for a tour of the States. It was the last gig of the tour when things went bad for Watt. It was a regular thing for us in FIREHOSE to join the Sonics for their encore with one of their songs and a Blue Oyster Cult song. On the last gig at Hampshire College in Amherst, this version of the encore went away. I think Mascis and Dinosaur was the opening act for this gig. Anyway, comes the end of "Starpower" and the whole



I NEVER GAVE A DAMN
ABOUT THE METERMAN
TIL I WAS THE MAN
WHO HAD TO READ THE METERS, MAN

of the Sonics starts tackling us and guess what Kira knocks out? Yep, my fucking knee. Damn, I couldn't believe it. I went down to the deck and twisted it back in. Of course no one knew what was going on because of the Levi's hiding my legs so Thurston just picks me up and puts me in this chair—with my face screwed up and hollering and we go on to do "The Red and the Black". I couldn't play, fuck, I could barely hold the bass. I was in such deep shock and since I sang this song, the microphone was shoved right in my face. I couldn't think of any of the words due to my brain glowing white inside with pure agony so I just yelled and screamed. Folks thought I was disturbed. After what seemed an eternity the fucking song finally finished and I nearly passed out. I had been free of this shit for like five years and now it was back in my life like a motherfuck.

More paranoia set in. I'd always played with my knees all locked up (by extending them backwards as far as they could go) but now I gave it twice the effort. Doubt really struck me deep regarding the surgeries. Was all that shit for nothing? Damn. The insecurities returned. The fears returned. The nightmare paranoias were back with a fistful. I thought I was free by letting Mizaguchi make the hell-cuts and now look. I thought back and remembered everything Mizaguchi said. I remember him saying something like: "those ligaments might stretch out in the future" or something like that. I started thinking about the effect these knees had on Watt being Watt. Had they shaped my entire being? Wasn't the first Minutemen record called "Paranoid Time" and wasn't the crux tune on it called "Paranoid Chant" or what? Why did I even need kneecaps, why couldn't Mizaguchi just put big brass door hinges instead? In my mind my thoughts raced: "So the operation isn't 100%—when will it happen again—how much will it hurt?" Afraid, I cowered, then gathered resolve and stood up to myself and just yanked in some air and stood up straight. "Keep toiling," I told myself and did.

The next time it happened would be the last time so far and boy, it was the worse by far. I would take three big blows in this one fall swoop. What a hand fate dealt me that night in Chicago. It was the fall of 1991 and I was playing with FIREHOSE. We had brought the Minneapolis band Run Westy Run with us on tour for the opening act. It was our last show with them and we were playing the Cabaret Metro near Wrigley Field. While we were finishing our set, the drummer Don comes on stage and starts aquitting us with shaken-up beer from the bottle. I guess he was celebrating. Anyway, I slip in the beer and immediately roll and twist my right ankle. As

this happens, my right knee pops out, fucking christ. Instantly I'm in shock and let go of everything and start to fall to the deck. The bass, however, is still strapped to me so when I finally hit the ground, the bass fellows use down. Now the bass has attachments on it so it a strap can be used to sling the bass over your shoulder. The rear attachment for this strap hit me square in the right top front tooth and jammed it almost to that punching bag thing in the back of my throat. Which almost every FIREHOSE tour had a leg of it where Kira would fly out and do maybe four gigs with me as our two bass-only band called dos (from the Spanish meaning 'two'). We've had this band eleven years now. Anyway, she was there with me that night in Chicago and ran up to help me. When she saw my tooth, she screamed bloody murder: "Your tooth!" By this time I was in deep shock and could finally put my knee back. Damn, it had stayed in for five years, five fucking years. When it finally "thunked" back in, I grabbed my tooth and pulled forward. Damn, those front teeth are long—I could feel the root almost rubbing under my eyeball. I pulled it all the way back to its original place. Only the shock from the knee-pop allowed me to do this and later I was to find out from a dentist that this was a very lucky thing I did. A little longer and the tooth would've died for sure, he said. Meanwhile, it wasn't over yet! Kira and I still had another gig (we had previously played before Run Westy Run), starting midnight at some little place where the stage is right above and behind the bar. Kira got me over there somehow and had some folks lift me up to this little stage to prop me against some stool. I remember she was wearing all flannel, matching plaid flannel pants and shirt. She was the only thing that made me glad I had hope enough to carry on. Her spirit was like "Damn the fates, let's do it for dos, let's do it for us" and I followed her lead and soldiered on. Bourbonians were kept goaded and handed up to me as I somehow got through the gig. It was mainly because of Kira, she's just the best at what she does in dos. I was useless and mostly a burden, howling and hurting. Puffed mouth. Puffed ankle. Puffed knee. Plain puffed period. When it was done, Kira brought me to a Motel-6 and comforted me the best she could. The rest of the tour was done in a chair (so weird for punk rock) and the following tour was done limping standing up with only store-bought Ibuprofen for pain because of the distaste I found for most of that prescription shit that left you in a daze and useless. Had to play good for the folks even if that meant suffering from the damn vibrations coming up from the floor and transferred to my knees through my feet! What a hell-ride. It took me months to recover. I kept wishing and wishing for the bone saw, asking my Dutch dude Carlos for it constantly. I even begged George to break my leg above the knee with a side-

kick. He wouldn't do it. I love him anyway.

It's been almost five years since that last buckling and still I fear. I've never gone more than five years since I was a little kid. Had a tiny slip-out last year playing on the "King Spiel" tour in Providence but it was no knee-pop. Enough to scare the shit out of me though, and make me wear nylon/rubber braces. Even now, playing for Perry in Pomo for Pynce I had to let Shawn London know about Fragile Boy when he just barely bumped me from behind at a big gig in Australia. Anything gets physical and the first thing you hear from Watt is "My knees, my knees—look out." It's a mantra I carry everywhere for everyone for every moment of every fucking day. The memories will flood me when I feel weak, when I feel relaxed about how I'm sitting, how I'm standing, how I'm turning, etc. Memories of twisting, popping, screaming, tearing, contorting and flailing. My face in a wrung-up, stretched and hyper-strained spasm. "Enough," I tell myself. "Enough of this, make your mind free!"

Eight months ago I bought a bike from some Pedro dude who was moving for five dollars. I started riding it. I got my first car (a VW) when I was 16. I hadn't been on a bike since then (22 years!). It was a trip. The first few weeks my knees were like water balloons but then the swelling went down as I got stronger. Maybe this is helping, maybe it's keeping the joints moving and lubed. I don't know. What I do know is it beats waiting for the next time. Well, I'm still waiting but I'm peddling while I'm waiting. Sure, I'm not fast but I'm steady. Watch my knee pop while I'm on the bike and I fall over, only to have my head run over by a passing car. I will always be rolling the dice when it comes to me knees.

Sometimes I get to thinking about how my knees try to keep me humble. Them and of course, the multitude of defects I've suffered on other fields, mainly of my own making. Hardly any of those measure up to the "god's gift" quality as does these beaten knees. Does that sound sick? I remember I would lay on the ground after a knee-pop when I was young, praying and praying to god to put my knee back in and if he did I would right all the wrongs I had ever caused, just like some drunk on the bathroom floor retching with dry heaves and praying to the porcelain god for mercy. That's more the stuff for the self-inflicted disasters I can blame no one but myself. The reckoning of the pain court! Thinking of my knees: the wishing, the waiting, the remembering—all of it has caused me to fix myself against the physical plane in a such a way as to define the terms in which I perceive this universe with a bend toward the pull of knee-pop. Popeye once said "I yam what I yams" and I think this is important because "the knees help make me me," see? I might not be able to ski but at least I can still walk, thank god.

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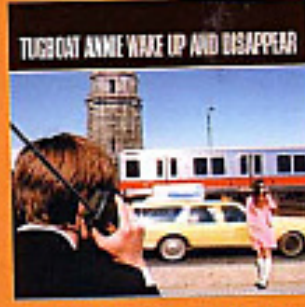
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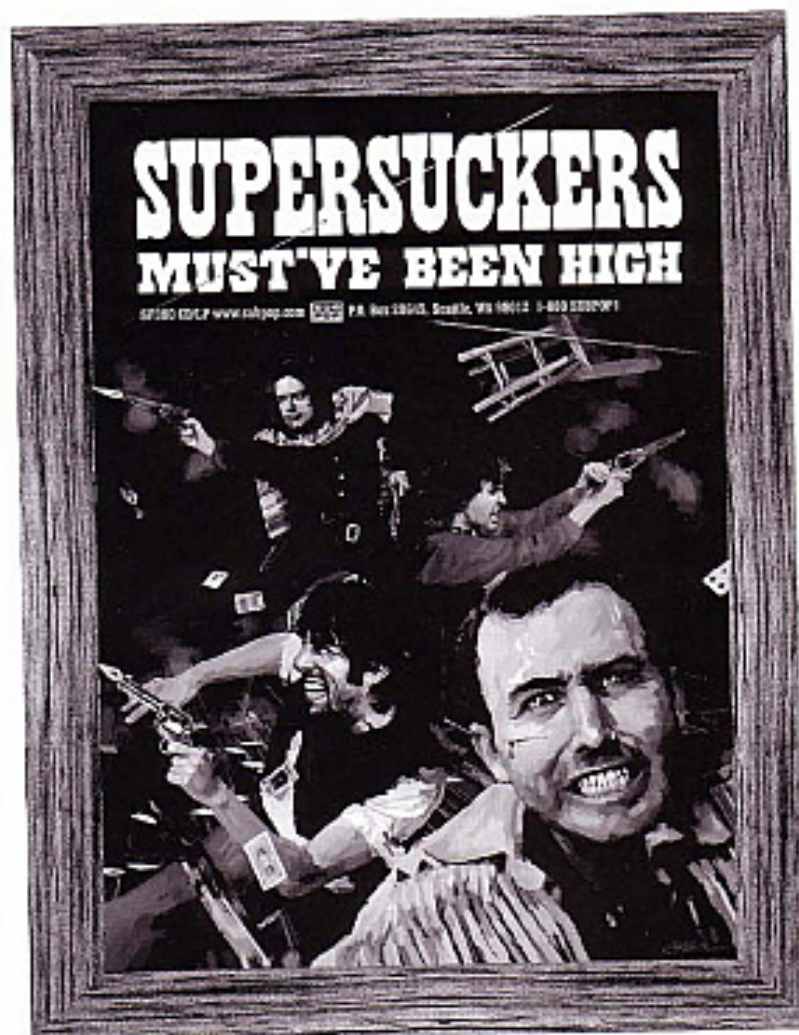


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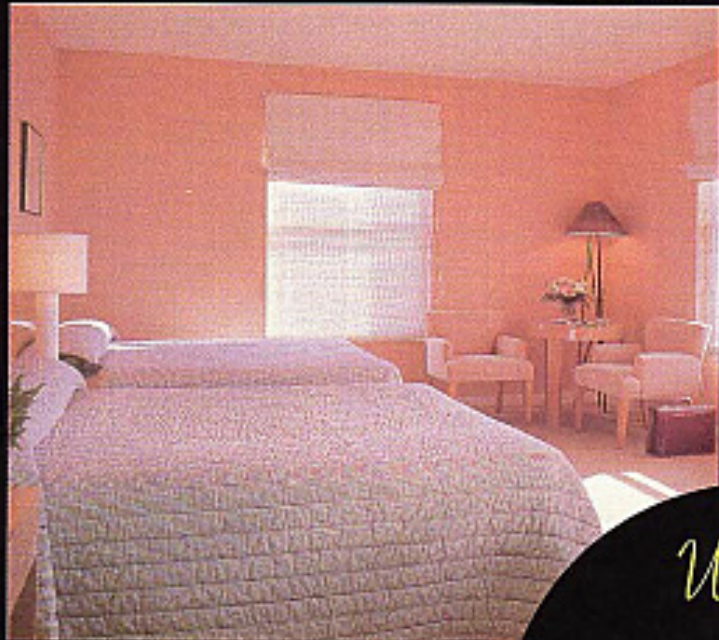
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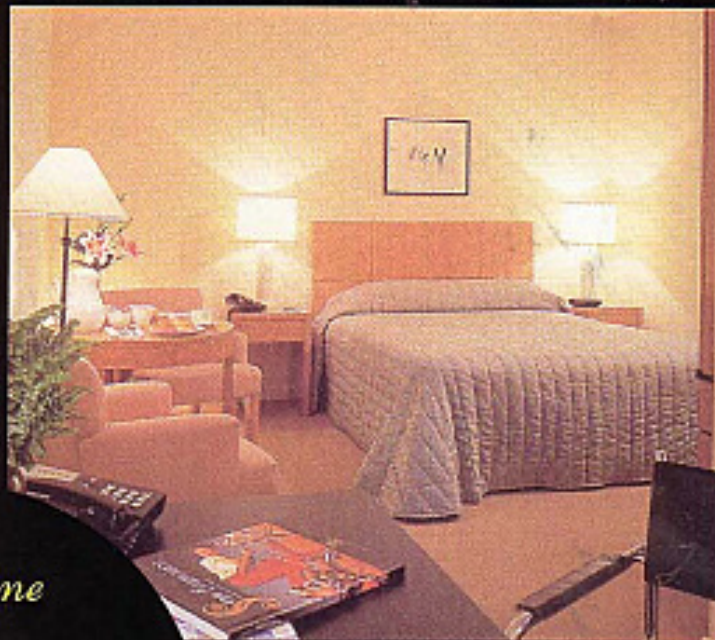
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read some books and try to do different things—like now there are a lot of tours that come to Shaolin Temple. Shaolin Temple opened to tourists in 1978. At 8:00 we opened the door and let tourists come in and have to take care of a lot of tourists, cleaning. Shaolin Temple have a lot of different buildings made of wood; you have to be careful, because a lot of people pray and a lot of incense burn. We open door from 8:00 until 11:30. 11:30 lunchtime for half hour. After we change, different monks.

RZA: Change the shifts. Different monks come.

Sifu: Right. They go to have lunch, we go to work. If you work in the morning, you don't work in the afternoon—you practice, pray and meditation until 6:30 in the evening we have dinner. After, we close the doors and inside we clean and also pray and meditation, reading, practice kung fu. We go to bed, 10:00. From 10:00 we have three sections: 10:00 'til 1:00 have different monks, like kung fu fighting monks take care of Temple, walk around. Like each group for three hours.

RZA: I seen a movie *Master Killer*: 36 Chambers, he had to carry the water. Did you carry water and stuff like that?

Sifu: Yes, we did.

RZA: And then there are a lot of obstacles you gotta go through?

Sifu: We made different kinds of training styles.

RZA: So it's different training you would do—while you're



SIFU GETTING BUSY ON BIG ROCKS.
above: breaking one with his head
left: smashing one with his palm

workin', you're trainin'.

Sifu: Exactly, you walk like wind, you sleep like bow, stand like a big tree, and your movements, your footwork, like drunken, someone cannot understand you, and also your head is wavy like the ocean water, and especially your wrist.

RZA: Constantly moving, your waist has to be very flexible.

Sifu: Have to, it's like the center. If your waist is too stiff, it's not good for you.

RZA: What's a good way to loosen the waist? Bending, stretching?

Sifu: Bending not enough. Depends. Must use mind—is very important.

RZA: So it's like your mind must be so much in tune with your body that you can make your body shape anyway you want because your mind controls it. Like I once thought that the same energy you put into sex, that's a lot of energy, you should be able to put that into any move that you make, do you agree with that? You should be able to put that into anything.

Sifu: Yin and Yang. Men are yang, women are Yin. Man and woman together very natural, it's no problem, very good. But I too much, you lose a lot of chi.

RZA: That's my problem, Sifu. Too much women.

Sifu: You have to control yourself.

RZA: In the hip-hop world, that's a hard thing to do. But that's part of martial art training: you've gotta control your desires. You know there's many people that believe in a lot of myths about Shaolin. Talk about some of the things that can be done, as far as the strength that you can get with that... Like how you broke the bricks on your head.

Sifu: Shaolin Temple has many different kind of styles: empty hands, like 36 internal and 36 external styles. And also have every different weapon. Usually they talk about 18 weapons, but much more than that.

RZA: How many different weapons have you learned to use?

Sifu: I can do all different weapons.

RZA: Is the hands the best?

Sifu: I feel it's the same.

RZA: That's great. You know how martial arts movies that they made in the '70s as we was growing up had a big effect on the music and the hip-hop culture in America. We learned a lot just from watching the movies and trying to see the brotherhood and the loyalty that was there. How does that feel to you to know that your culture was able to influence a culture over here? Do you think that's something good?

Sifu: Of course it's good. Some movies they made is very good, some movies they made is so-so. A lot of people don't understand movies, they think it's real sometimes, they think it's true, but it's not. Like some actors don't know martial arts but they made a movie look like real.

RZA: Yeah, I just did a video.

Sifu: Excellent. You know first time I saw your video, oh my God, I can't stop laughing. I love very much. Before I said, "Where is RZA's video? I cannot see!" My god. All the time I check Channel 20 (MTV) and Channel 42 (BET). "Where's RZA?" On the phone I talk to you and it came on. I said "Wow! Now!" So excellent.

RZA: What kind of music are you into? Do you like hip-hop music?

Sifu: In China, all the time I live at Shaolin Temple, different kinds of music for me is no problem. Especially I know you, I like Wu-Tang Clan more I heard, I listen, I like! You know, can give you lot of energy to practice.

RZA: I feel like my music and my lyrics is like kung fu. Like the Wu-Tang style, we came with that because I like the Wu-Tang sword style—and the tongue is like a sword and your words can either kill you or save you in many situations. That's why with Wu-Tang, we specialize in what we say. And the music that I make is martial arts-driven, and that's why I realize that anything that you could do physically, you could do mentally. And whatever you could do mentally, you should be able to do physically.

Sifu: Very true. Your tongue, just like sword. Can do anything. And also you do music, you have to use your chi and if you don't have enough chi, you cannot do it. Just like kung fu.

RZA: So he's saying all you producers who don't got enough chi energy, you cannot make good music.

Sifu: This is true.

RZA: I remember you were showing me some Chi Kung.

Sifu: Chi is like your life force. Like your born-chi and after you're born-outside-chi try to combine together. Actually, everything—we talk, we walk, we eat, we sleep—everything you have to use your chi. Chi can help your life, can also hurt you.

RZA: ...destroy your life. So there's chi in everything, in every walk of life, in every active force of energy. It's the principal behind every energy.

Sifu: Depends how you use your chi. Like you have philosophy share with people to help world peace.

RZA: Right. So, do you like it in America?

Sifu: Everywhere for monks is same, nothing different.

RZA: It doesn't matter what's around you, it's what's inside you. So you always bring yourself there, you don't care what's the environment. That's great. Me and Ghostface have been doing some of the Chi Kung exercises and stretching. It does build up an internal strength. For me, it made me feel more rooted to the ground, like it made me feel that every step my toes just grabbed the ground.

That's what I got out of it.

Sifu: The roots like the tree?

RZA: Yeah, like the roots of the tree. How about the food, you like the food out here?

Sifu: I think American food, some is good. The fast food is not good for people's health because all deep-fried, too much oil. Too much sugar, too much cheese.

RZA: What you think is going to be your contribution to America?

Sifu: I give the people my best because I know a lot about Zen Buddhism and philosophy and Shaolin Temple martial arts and also acupuncture and medicine, many different kinds. I want to give to everybody, everybody enjoy. If help one people, another people think can help ten people, ten people can help 100 people.

RZA: And it doesn't matter, you're not into races and nationalities. You don't feel that you want to be greater, you just want to share with all.

Sifu: This is my opinion, this is my future. I want world peace and everybody try to think about somebody and take care of somebody. A country has to think about another country, take care of another country. I think if everybody thinks like this, the world is very comfortable.

RZA: If everybody was to help each other it would be more comfortable. But people these days, Sifu, it's more every man for himself. But with that kind of thought and philosophy... right now, America is considered by some to be a bad place, oh, they call it Babylon sometimes. Do you think that a man with your ambition and your desires for peace will ever find peace in a place like this?

Sifu: I think it depends, on yourself, everywhere. Like I live New York right now. If you stay here, you have to love here, have to take care of here. And you take care of everybody and everybody respect you and take care of you. And if you stay here and you can do well, you can go anywhere and do well, it's no problem, no question. And also I have to tell people, if you like to study martial arts with somebody, it's very good but you have to be careful: go to watch class first, make everything sure, don't waste your time.

RZA: I'm gonna tell [the *SAVOIR-FAIT* readers] this: If you wanna learn true and living Shaolin martial arts, go to the U.S.A. Shaolin Temple located at 678 Broadway, third floor. That's for people who are interested in coming in to learn true Shaolin Kung Fu, not no imitation. This is RZA's director from the Wu-Tang Clan with Sifu Shi Yan-Ming. PEACE!

Sifu: AMITABHA! (pronounced o-mi-to-foh) PEACE! The Wu-Tang, Shaolin [in a voice like the soundbyte from the first Wu-Tang album]

RZA: AMITABHA.

The two emerge as the sun is coming up, still full of energy, warmth and smiles. Sifu Shi Yan-Ming can't remember the last time he stayed up all night, never mind the last time he drank \$300 a bottle champagne and discussed *Chow* with the #1 hip-hop producer in the world.

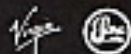
da funk

Homework

the debut album
featuring "Da Funk"

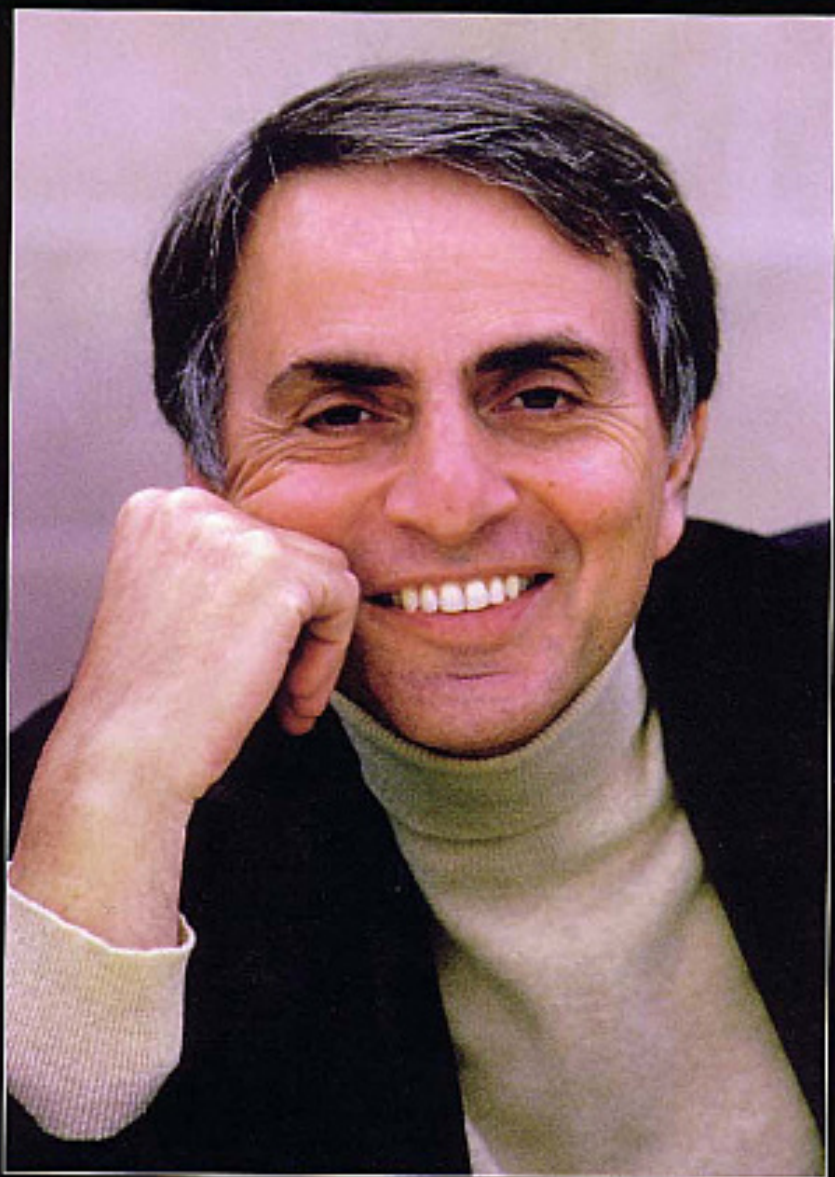
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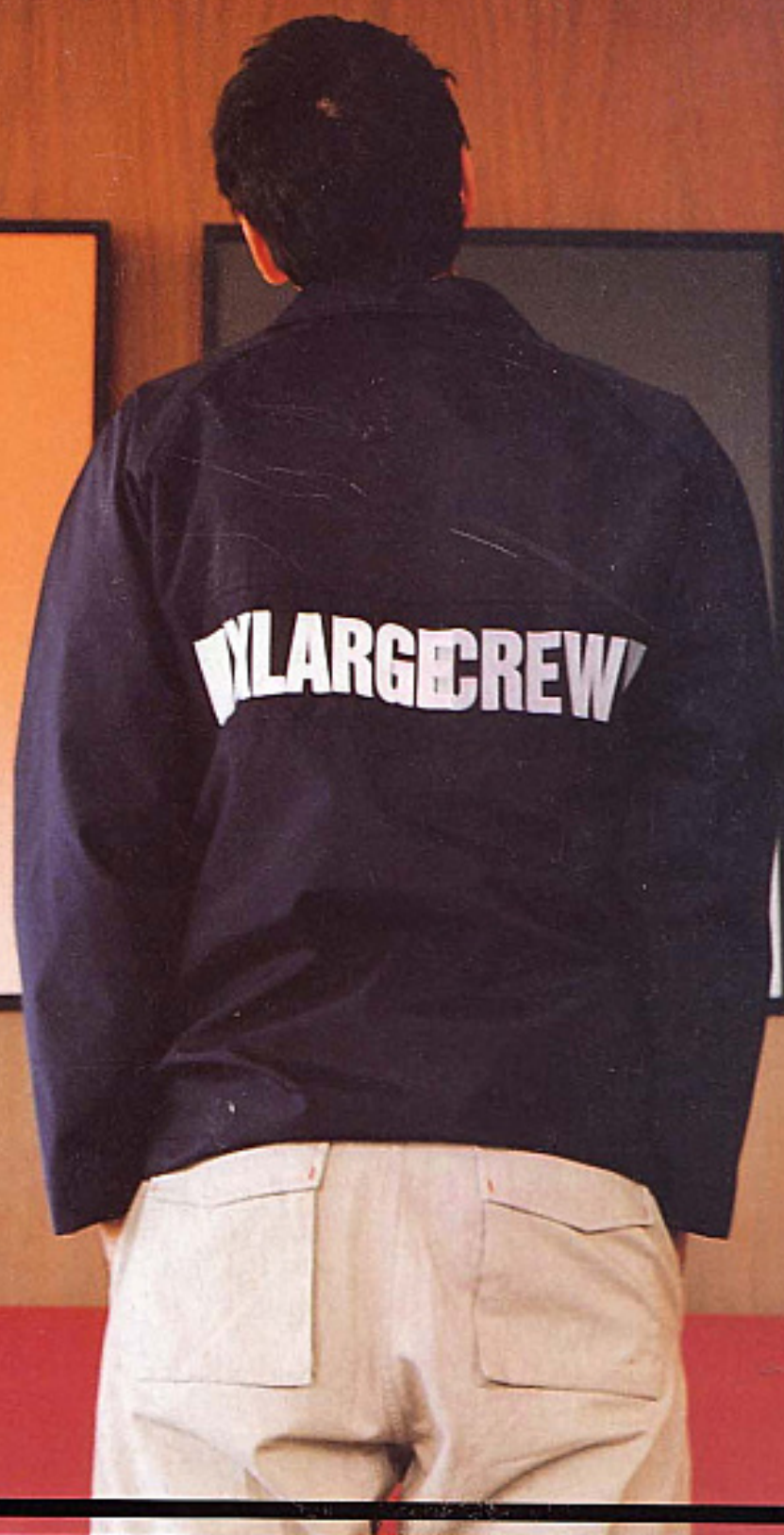
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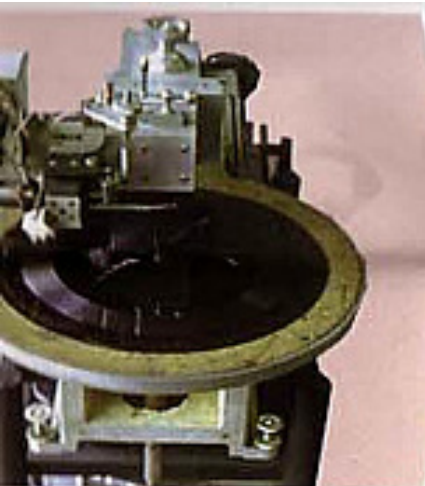
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Record Cutter

86 | Yamaha



90's | VPI - Aries



40's | Sonora



Victor

50's | Fujiya Tf



40's | Webster



50's | Webster / Chicago



80's | Yamaha P - 750



80's | Onkyo - CP - 1130F



60's | Garrard



60's | Webcor



50's | Magnavox Console



60's | Director of design - Joseph D. Portanova, designer - John Ballantyne, Manufacturer - Teledyne Packard Bell



60's | Collins 808 - Remote Turntable

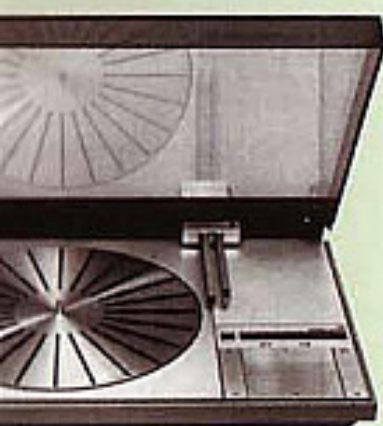


96 | Vacuum, Vinyl Killer

o Seki



ackson



ib Jensen - Beogram 4000



ustic Research, X - A



50's | Futura



60's | Electraphone



60's | Vacuum GP - 3R



86 | Yamaha



80's | Sony



50's | V/M



75 | Garrard



70's | Vanity Fair, Paper portable





86 | JVC - Q1Y3F



70's | Columbia, Original portable (Plays vertical)



80's | Sony, PS - X 75



80's | Orkyo - CP - 1130F

66 | Ron Arad



80's | Sony - PS8880



56 | QRK Electronics - DJ turntables



Late 1800's | Gramophone





David Gammon



Kard Bell



MT0455



Sony

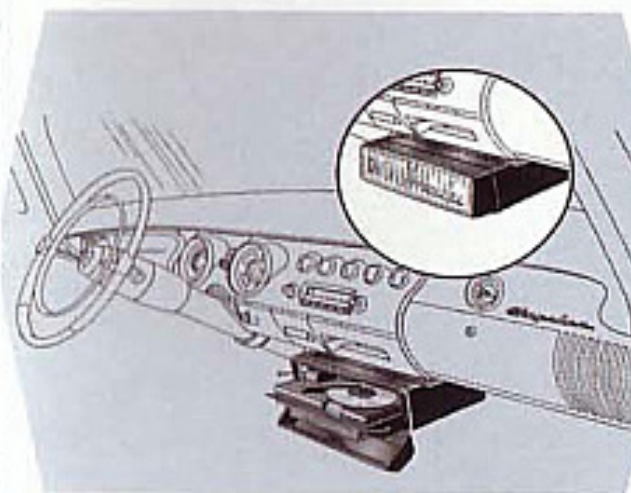
Late 1800's | Gramophone



60's | Atlantic Solid State



83 | Linn Sondek LP - 12



50's | Chrysler Corporation - "Highway Hi-Fi"



90's | Lin Sondek



60's | Unknown

GRAND ROYAL MAGAZ

FOUR | a visual hi



80's | Sony



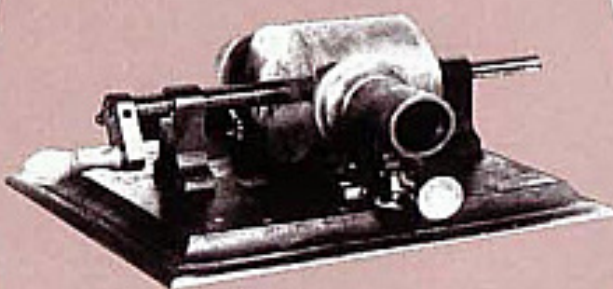
40's | Webber



60's | Designer: Mobiletto Giradschi



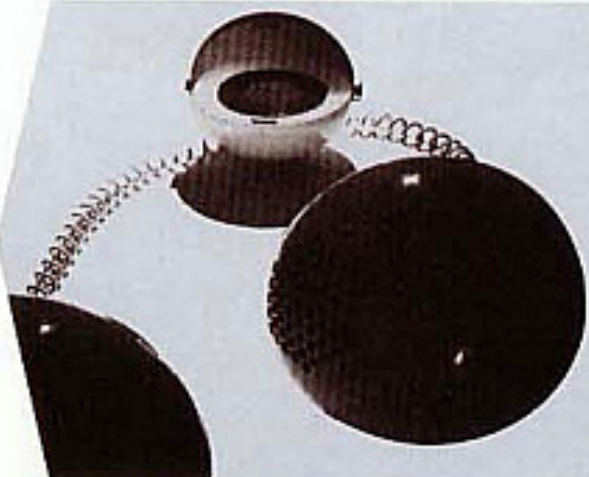
96 | Vacuum - Portable Player



1877 | Thomas Edison- First Cylinder Player



59 | Dieter Rams Combination Phonograph and Pocket radio



67 | David Sykes' - globe series



40's | Magnavox



66 | Ben Arad

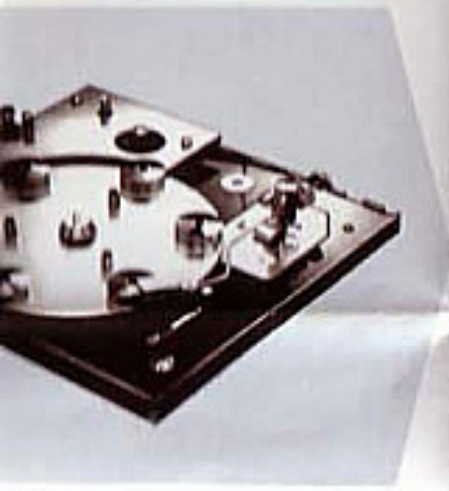
INE
- fi history



Electronics



Rama "Phonosuper" Turntable / Radio



of Common



70's | Silvano 717



60's | ORK Electronics - DJ Booth



Late 1800's | Gramophone



50's | Panasonic



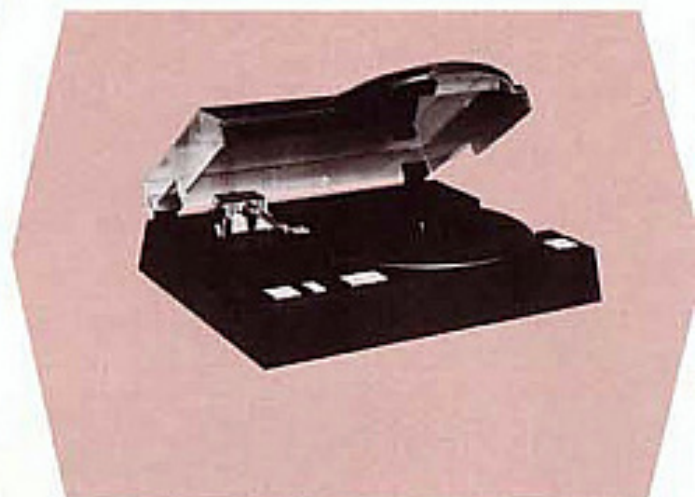
96 | Vacuum, Cornelius Invisible



90's | Lin Soundek



45 | RCA/Victor



80's | Yamaha PX - 2, Linear Tracking



50's | Capitol



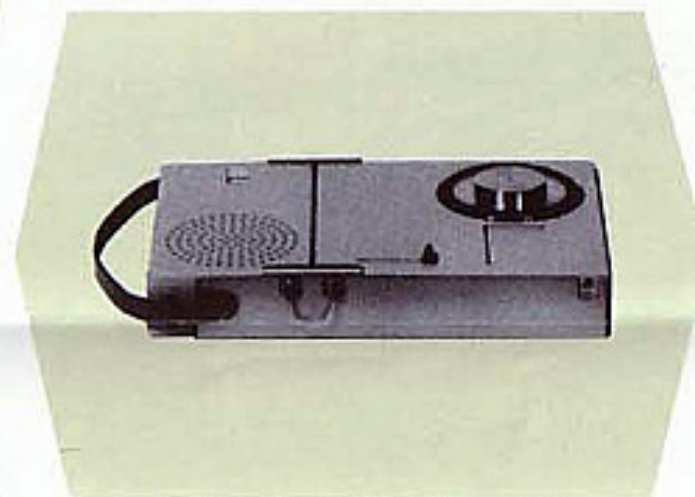
40's | Columbia



Player



40's | Webber



59 | Dieter Rams Combination Phonograph and Pocket radio





80's | Zenith



50's | Silvertone

60's | Anonym



50's | Zenith



50's | Fujiya STP - 84



70's | Ajay



60's | Zenith



60's | Garrard - Console



79 | Technics SL - 1200Mark 2





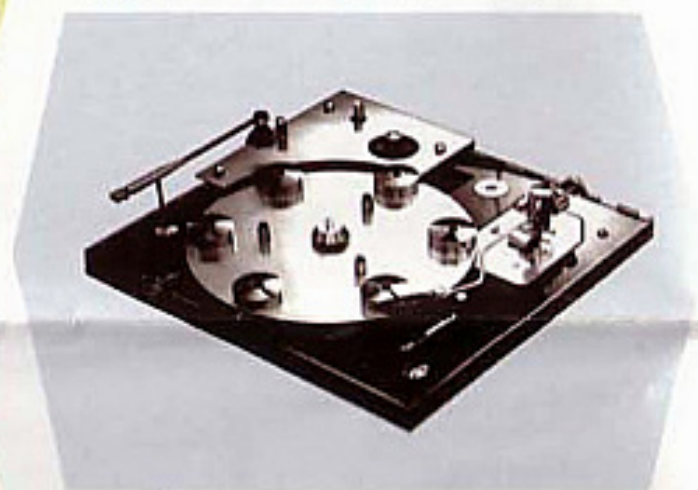
ous - Tappo Kontakt



70's | Topp Electronics



56 | Dieter Rams "Phonosuper" Turntable /Radio



64 | David Garmon



70's | Silvano 717



60's | ORK Electronics - DJ Booth



Late 1800's | Gramophone





92 | Wood Crafter - Kit



40's | DECCA



90's | Oracle



79 | Technics SL - 1200Mark 2



40's | V/M



40's | Melodier



90's | VPI



71 | Mar



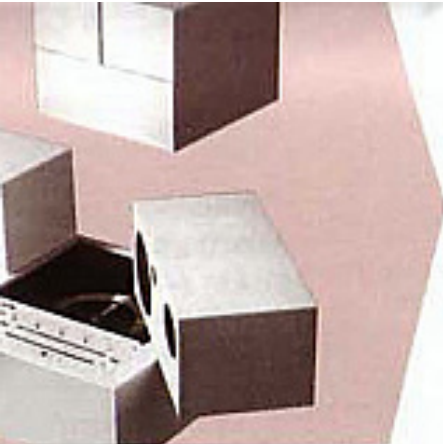
50's | Fujiya



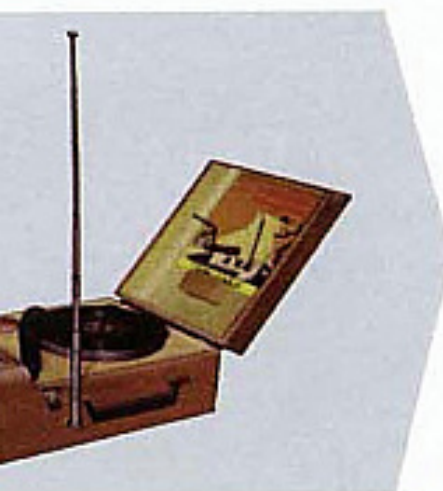
50's | Fujiya



40's | Mic



io Bellini, "Totem"



a TRP 70



- TRP 50



omatic

64

David Gammon



40's

Packard Bell



70's

Fisher MT6455



96

Micro Seki



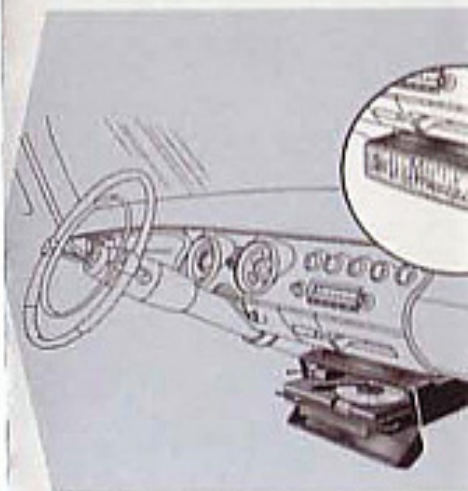
60's

Atlantic Solid State



83

Linn Sondek LP - 12



50's

Chrysler Corporation - "Highway"



50's

Futura

50's | Bing Crosby Junior Juke



79 | Micro Seki BL - 51



40's | Micromat



40's | Radio Service



60's | Empire



50's | Fujiya



40's | RCA/Victor - Victrola



57 | Weather



30's | RCA



95 | VPI, weighty \$10, 000 monolith



60's | QPK Elec





ic



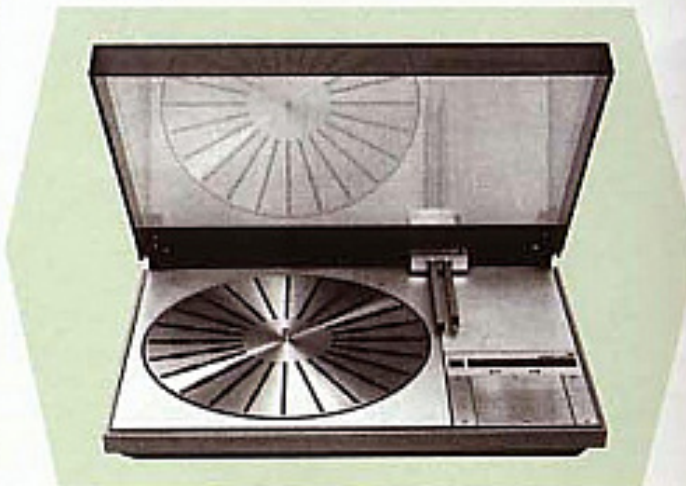
s



ronic Products - Radio DJ Turntable



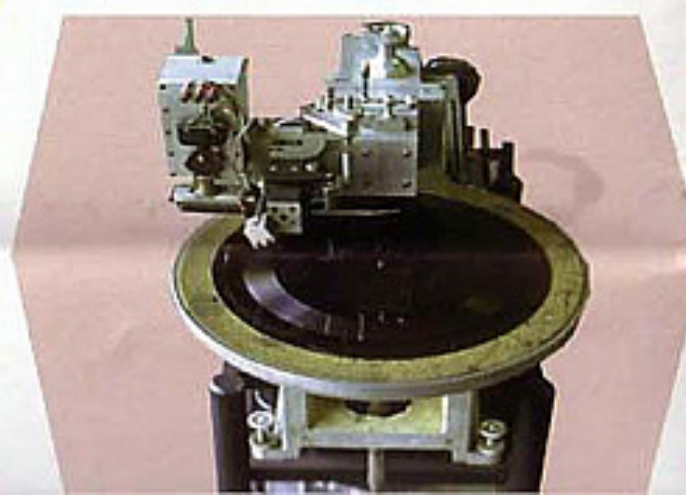
50's | Jackson



72 | Jakob Jensen - Beogram 4000



69 | Acoustic Research, X - A



50's | Futura



60's | Electraphone



60's | Vacuum GP - 3R



86 | Yamaha



95 | VPI, weighty \$10,000 monolith



50's | Steelman

60's | ORK Electro

62 | Dieter Rams - Braun "Audiol"



66 | Achille & Pier Giacomo Castiglioni
Brionvega record player.

40's | RCA

70's | Nobility Solid State



70's | National Solid state



Late 1800's | Gramophone

50's | Silverton

40's | RCA

Electronic Products - Radio DJ Turntable



Silvertone - open



Victrola



50's | Record Cutter



50's | Silvertone - closed



40's | RCA/Victor



86 | Yamaha



90's | VPI - Aries



40's | Sonora



50's | Fujiya TF